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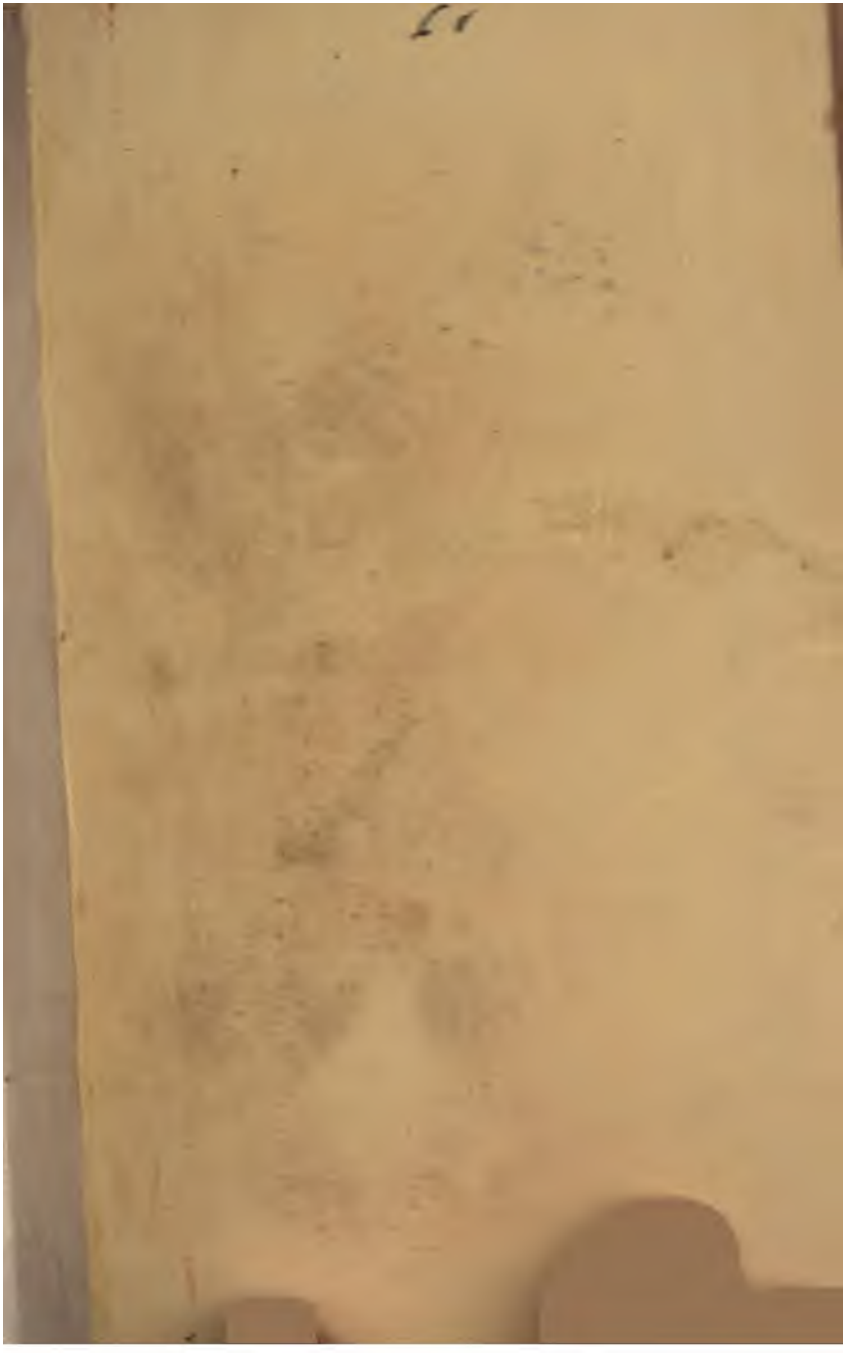

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OF

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with them, and the moderation of an unambitious mind, decided his return to Edinburgh: and here he became, first, partner, and afterwards successor, to Mr. Inglis, in the office of the Attorney for the Crown.

His professional labor, however, did not prevent his attachment to literary pursuits. When in London, he sketched some part of his first, and very popular work, *The Man of Feeling*, which was published in 1771, without his name; and was so much a favorite with the public, as to become, a few years after, the occasion of a remarkable literary fraud. A young clergyman, Mr. Eccles, of Bath, observing that this work was unaccompanied by an author's name, laid claim to it, transcribed the whole in his own hand, with blottings, interlineations, and corrections; and maintained his assumed right with such plausible pertinacity, that Messrs. Cadell and Strachan (Mr. Mackenzie's publishers) found it necessary to undeceive the public by a formal contradiction. This impostor was afterwards drowned while bathing in the river Avon.

In a few years after this, Mr. Mackenzie published his *Man of the World*, which seems to be intended as a second part to *The Man of Feeling*. It breathes the same tone of exquisite moral delicacy, and of refined sensibility. In his former fiction, he imagined a hero constantly obedient to every emotion of his moral sense; in *The Man of the World*, he exhibited, on the contrary, a person rushing headlong into guilt and ruin, and spreading misery all around him, by pursuing a selfish and sensual happiness which he expected to obtain in defiance of the moral sense. His next production was *Julia de Roubigné*, a novel in a series of letters. The fable is deeply interesting, and the letters are written with great elegance and propriety of style

In 1776, Mr. Mackenzie was married to Miss Penuel Grant, daughter of Sir Ludovick Grant, of Grant, Bart., and Lady Margaret Ogilvy, by whom he has a numerous family; the eldest of whom Mr. Henry Joshua Mackenzie, has been called to the situation of a Judge of the Supreme Court of Session, with the unanimous approbation of his profession and his country.

In 1777, or 1778, a society of gentlemen, of Edinburgh, were accustomed at there meetings to read short essays of their composition, in the manner of the *Spectator*, and Mr. Mackenzie

being admitted a member, after hearing several of them read, suggested the advantage of giving greater variety to their compositions, by admitting some of a lighter kind, descriptive of common life and manners; and he exhibited some specimens of the kind in his own writing. From this arose the *Mirror*,* a well-known periodical publication, to which Mr. Mackenzie performed the office of editor, and was also the principal contributor. The success of the *Mirror* naturally led Mr. Mackenzie and his friends to undertake the *Lounger*,† upon the same plan, which was not less read, admired, and generally circulated.

When the Royal Society of Edinburgh was instituted, Mr Mackenzie became one of its most active members, and he has occasionally enriched the volumes of its *Transactions* by his valuable communications; particularly by an elegant tribute to the memory of his friend, Judge Abercromby, and a memoir on German Tragedy. He is one of the original members of the Highland Society; and by him have been published the volumes of their *Transactions*, to which he has prefixed an account of the Institution and principal proceedings of the Society, and an interesting account of Gaelic poetry.

In the year 1792 he was one of those literary men who contributed some little occasional tracts to disabuse the lower orders of the people, led astray at that time by the prevailing frenzy of the French Revolution. In 1793, he wrote the *Life of Dr. Blacklock*, at the request of his widow, prefixed to a quarto edition of that blind poet's works. His intimacy with Blacklock gave him an opportunity of knowing the habits of his life, the bent of his mind, and the feelings peculiar to the privation of sight, under which that amiable and interesting poet labored.

The literary society of Edinburgh, in the latter part of last century, whose intimacy he enjoyed, is described in his *Life of John Home*, which he read to the Royal Society in 1812 and, as a sort of Supplement to that Life, he then added some Critical Essays, chiefly on Dramatic Poetry, which have not been published. He has since contributed to the Society a curious Essay on Dreaming, which was heard with much interest.

* Begun the 23d January 1779; ended 27th May 1780.
† Begun 6th February 1785; ended 6th January 1787.

In 1808, Mr. Mackenzie published a complete edition of his works, in eight volumes octavo; including a tragedy, *The Spanish Father*, and a comedy, *The White Hypocrite*, which last was once performed at the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden. The tragedy had never been represented, in consequence of Mr. Garrick's opinion, that the catastrophe was of too shocking a kind for the modern stage; though he owned the merit of the poetry, the force of some of the scenes, and the scope for fine action in the character of Alphonso, the leading person of the drama. In this edition also is given a carefully corrected copy of the tragedy of *The Prince of Tunis*, which had been represented at Edinburgh in 1763 with great success.

Among the prose compositions of Mr. Mackenzie, is a political tract, *An Account of the Proceedings of the Parliament of* 1784, which he was induced to write at the persuasion of his old and steady friend, Mr. Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville. It introduced him to the countenance and regard of Mr. Pitt, who revised the work with particular care and attention, and made several corrections in it with his own hand. Some years after, Mr. Mackenzie was appointed, on the recommendation of Lord Melville and the Right Hon. George Rose, also his particular friend, to the office of Comptroller of the Taxes for Scotland, an appointment of very considerable labor and responsibility, and in discharging which this fanciful and ingenious author has shown his power of entering into and discussing the most dry and complicated details, when such labor became a matter of duty.

The time, we hope, is yet distant, when speaking of this author as of those with whom his genius ranks him, a biographer may with delicacy trace his personal character and peculiarities, or record the manner in which he has discharged the duties of a citizen. When that hour shall arrive, we trust few of his own contemporaries will be left to mourn him; but we can anticipate the sorrow of a later generation, when deprived of the wit which enlivened their hours of enjoyment, the benevolence which directed and encouraged their studies, and the wisdom which instructed them in their duties to society. It is enough to say here, that Mr. Mackenzie survives, venerable and venerated, as the last link of the chain which connects the Scottish literature of the present age with the period when

there were giants in the land—the days of Robertson, and Hume, and Smith, and Home, and Clerk, and Fergusson; and that the remembrance of an era so interesting could not have been intrusted to a sounder judgment, a more correct taste, or a more tenacious memory. It is much to be wished, that Mr. Mackenzie, taking a wider view of his earlier years than in the *Life of Home*, would place on a more permanent record some of the anecdotes and recollections with which he delights society. We are about to measure his capacity for the task by a singular standard, but it belongs to Mr. Mackenzie's character. He has, we believe, shot game of every description which Scotland contains (deer, and probably grouse, excepted,) on the very grounds at present occupied by the extensive and splendid streets of the New Town of Edinburgh; has sought for hares and wild-ducks, where there are now palaces, churches, and assembly-rooms; and has witnessed moral revolutions as surprising as this extraordinary change of local circumstances. These mutations in manners and in morals have been gradual indeed in their progress, but most important in their results, and they have been introduced into Scotland within the last half century. Every sketch of them, or of the circumstances by which they were produced, from the pen of so intelligent an observer, and whose opportunities of observation have been so extensive, would, however slight and detached, rival in utility and amusement any work of the present time.

As an author, Mr. Mackenzie has shown talents both for poetry and the drama. Indeed we are of opinion, that no man can succeed perfectly in the line of fictitious composition, without most of the properties of a poet, though he may be no writer of verses; but Mr. Mackenzie possesses the powers of melody in addition to those of poetical conception. He has given a beautiful specimen of legendary poetry, in two little Highland ballads, a style of composition which becomes fashionable from time to time, on account of its simplicity and pathos, and then is again laid aside, when worn out by the commonplace productions of mere imitators, to whom its approved facility offers its chief recommendation. But it is as a Novelist that we are now called on to consider our author's powers; and the universal and permanent popularity of his writings en-

titles us to rank him among the most distinguished of his class. His works possess the rare and invaluable property of originality, to which all other qualities are as dust in the balance; and the sources to which he resorts to excite our interest, are rendered accessible by a path peculiarly his own. The reader's attention is not rivetted, as in Fielding's works, by strongly marked character, and the lucid evolution of a well-constructed fable; or as in Smollett's novels, by broad and strong humor, and a decisively superior knowledge of human life in all its varieties; nor, to mention authors whom Mackenzie more nearly resembles, does he attain the pathetic effect which is the object of all three, in the same manner as Richardson, or as Sterne. An accumulation of circumstances, sometimes amounting to tediousness, a combination of minutely traced events, with an ample commentary on each, were thought necessary by Richardson to excite and prepare the mind of the reader for the affecting scenes which he has occasionally touched with such force; and without denying him his due merit, it must be allowed that he has employed preparatory volumes in accomplishing what has cost Mackenzie and Sterne only a few pages, perhaps only a few sentences.

On the other hand, although the two last authors have, in particular passages, a more strong resemblance to each other than those formerly named, yet there remains such essential points of difference between them, as must secure for Mackenzie the praise of originality, which we have claimed for him. It is needless to point out to the reader the difference between the general character of their writings, or how far the chaste, correct, almost studiously decorous manner and style of the works of the author of *The Man of Feeling*, differ from the wild wit, and intrepid contempt at once of decency, and regularity of composition, which distinguish *Tristram Shandy*. It is not in the general conduct or style of their works that they in the slightest degree approach; nay, no two authors in the British language can be more distinct. But even in the particular passages where both had in view to excite the reader's pathetic sympathy, the modes resorted to are different. The pathos of Sterne in some degree resembles his humor, and is seldom attained by simple means; a wild, fanciful, beautiful flight of

thought and expression is remarkable in the former, as an extravagant, burlesque, and ludicrous strain of conception and language characterizes the latter. The celebrated passage, where the tear of the recording Angel blots the profane oath of Uncle Toby out of the register of heaven, a flight so poetically fanciful as to be stretched to the very verge of extravagance, will illustrate our position. To attain his object—that is, to make us thoroughly sympathize with the excited state of mind which betrays Uncle Toby into the indecorous assertion which forms the groundwork of the whole—the author calls Heaven and Hell into the lists, and represents in a fine poetic frenzy, its effects on the accusing Spirit and registering Angel. Let this be contrasted with the fine tale of *La Roche*, in which Mackenzie has described, with such unexampled delicacy, and powerful effect, the sublime scene of the sorrows and resignation of the bereaved father. This also is painted reflectively; that is, the reader's sympathy is excited by the effect produced on one of the drama, neither angel nor devil, but a philosopher, whose heart remains sensitive, though his studies have misled his mind into the frozen regions of scepticism. To say nothing of the tendency of the two passages, which will scarce, in the mind of the most unthinking, bear any comparison, we would only remark, that Mackenzie has given us a moral truth, Sterne a beautiful trope; and that if the one claims the palm of superior brilliancy of imagination, that due to nature and accuracy of human feeling must abide with the Scottish author.

Yet while marking this broad and distinct difference between these two authors, the most celebrated certainly among those who are termed sentimental, it is but fair to Sterne to add, that although Mackenzie has rejected his license of wit, and flights of imagination, retrenched, in a great measure, his episodical digressions, and altogether banished the indecency and buffoonery to which he had too frequent recourse, still their volumes must be accounted as belonging to the same class; and amongst the thousand imitators who have pursued their path, we cannot recollect one English author who is entitled to the same honor. The foreign authors, Riccoboni and Marivaux, belong to the same department; but of the former we remember little; and the latter, though full of the most delicate touches,

often depends for effect on the turn of phrase, and the protracted embarrassments of artificial gallantry, more than upon the truth and simplicity of nature. The *Heloise* and *Emile* partake of the insanity of their author, and are exaggerated, though most eloquent descriptions of overwhelming passion, rather than works of sentiment.

In future compositions, the author dropped even that resemblance which the style of *The Man of Feeling* bears, in some particulars, to the works of Sterne; and his country may boast, that, in one instance at least, she has produced, in Mackenzie, a writer of pure musical Addisonian prose, which retains the quality of vigor, without forfeiting that of clearness and simplicity.

We are hence led to observe, that the principal object of Mackenzie, in all his novels, has been to reach and sustain a tone of moral pathos, by representing the effect of incidents, whether important or trifling, upon the human mind, and especially on those which were not only just, honorable, and intelligent, but so framed as to be responsive to those finer feelings to which ordinary hearts are callous. This is the direct and professed object of Mackenzie's first work, which is in fact no narrative, but a series of successive incidents, each rendered interesting by the mode in which they operate on the feelings of Harley. The attempt had been perilous in a meaner hand; for, sketched by a pencil less nicely discriminating, Harley, instead of a being whom we love, respect, sympathize with, and admire, had become the mere Quixote of sentiment, an object of pity perhaps, but of ridicule at the same time. Against this the author has guarded with great skill; and while duped and swindled in London, Harley neither loses our consideration as a man of sense and spirit, nor is subjected to that degree of contempt with which readers in general regard the misadventures of a novice upon town, whilst they hug themselves in their own superior knowledge of the world. Harley's spirited conduct towards an impertinent passenger in the stage-coach, and his start of animated indignation on listening to Edward's story, are skilfully thrown in, to satisfy the reader that his softness and gentleness of temper were not allied to effeminacy; and that he dared, on suitable occasions, to do all that might become a man. We have heard that some of Harley's feelings

were taken from those of the author himself, when, at his first entrance on the dry and barbarous study of the municipal law, he was looking back, like Blackstone, on the land of the Muses, which he was condemned to leave behind him. It has also been said, that the fine sketch of Miss Walton was taken from the heiress of a family of distinction, who ranked at that time high in the Scottish fashionable world. But such surmises are little worth the tracing; for we believe no original character was ever composed by any author, without the idea having been previously suggested by something which he had observed in nature.

The other novels of Mr. Mackenzie, although assuming a more regular and narrative form, are, like *The Man of Feeling*, rather the history of effects produced on the human mind by a series of events, than the narrative of those events themselves. The villany of Sindall is the tale of a heart hardened to selfishness, by incessant and unlimited gratification of the external senses; a contrast to that of Harley, whose mental feelings have acquired such an ascendancy as to render him unfit for the ordinary business of life. The picture of the former is so horrid, that we would be disposed to deny its truth, did we not unhappily know, that sensual indulgence, in the words of Burns,

> ———hardens a' within,
> And petrifies the feeling;

and that there never did, and never will exist, any thing permanently noble and excellent in character, which was a stranger to the exercise of resolute self-denial. The account of the victims of Sindall's arts and crimes, particularly the early history of the Annesleys, is exquisitely well drawn; and, perhaps, the scene between the brother and sister by the pond, equals any part of the authors writings. Should the reader doubt this, he may easily make the experiment, by putting it into the hands of any young person of feeling and intelligence, and of an age so early as not to have forgotten the sports and passions of childhood.

The beautiful and tragic tale of *Julia de Roubigné*, is of a very different tenor from *The Man of the World;* and we have good authority for thinking, that it was written in some degree as a counter-part to the latter work. A friend of the author the celebrated Lord Kames, we believe, had represented to Mr.

Mackenzie, in how many poems, plays, and novels, the distress of the piece is made to turn upon the designing villany of some one of the dramatis personæ. On considering his observations, the author undertook, as a task fit for his genius, the composition of a story, in which the characters should be all naturally virtuous, and where the calamities of the catastrophe should arise, as frequently happens in actual life, not out of schemes of premeditated villany, but from the excess and over-indulgence of passions and feelings, in themselves blameless, nay praiseworthy, but which, encouraged to a morbid excess, and coming into fatal though fortuitous concourse with each other, lead to the most disastrous consequences. Mr. Mackenzie executed his purpose; and as the plan fell in most happily with the views of a writer, whose object was less to describe external objects, than to read a lesson on the human passions, he has produced one of the most heart-wringing histories that has ever been written. The very circumstances which palliate the errors of the sufferers, in whose distress we interest ourselves, point out to the reader that there is neither room for hope, remedy, nor revenge. When a Lovelace or a Sindall comes forth like an Evil Principle, the agent of all the misery of the scene, we see a chance of their artifices being detected, at least the victims have the consciousness of innocence, the reader the stern hope of vengeance. But when as in *Julia de Roubigné*, the revival of mutual affection on the part of two pure and amiable beings, imprudently and incautiously indulged, awakens, and not unjustly, the jealous honor of a high-spirited husband,—when we see Julia precipitated into misery by her preference of filial duty to early love,—Savillion, by his faithful and tender attachment to a deserving object,—and Montauban, by a jealous regard to his spotless fame,—we are made aware, at the same time, that there is no hope of aught but the most unhappy catastrophe. The side of each sufferer is pierced by the very staff on which he lent, and the natural and virtuous feelings which they at first most legitimately indulged, precipitate them into error, crimes, remorse, and misery. The cruelty to which Montauban is hurried, may, perhaps, be supposed to exempt him from our sympathy, especially in an age when such crimes as that of which Julia is suspected, are usually borne by the

injured parties with more equanimity than her husband displays. But the irritable habits of the time, and of his Spanish descent, must plead the apology of Montauban, as they are admitted to form that of Othello. Perhaps, on the whole, *Julia de Roubigné* gives the reader too much actual pain to be so generally popular as the *The Man of Feeling*, since we have found its superiority to that beautiful essay on human sensibility, often disputed by those whose taste we are in general inclined to defer to. The very acute feelings which the work usually excites among the readers whose sympathies are liable to be awakened by scenes of fictitious distress, we are disposed to ascribe to the extreme accuracy and truth of the sentiments, as well as the beautiful manner in which they are expressed. There are few who have not, at one period of life, broken ties of love and friendship, secret disappointments of the heart, to mourn over; and we know no book which recalls the recollection of such more severely than *Julia de Roubigné*.

We return to consider the key-note, as we may term it, on which Mackenzie has formed his tales of fictitious woe, and which we have repeatedly described to be the illustration of the nicer and finer sensibilities of the human breast. To attain this point, and to place it in the strongest and most unbroken light, the author seems to have kept the other faculties with which we know him to be gifted, in careful subordination. The Northern Addison, who revived the art of periodical writing, and sketched, though with a light pencil, the follies and the lesser vices of his time, has showed himself a master of playful satire. The historian of the Homespun family may place his narrative, without fear of shame, by the side of *The Vicar of Wakefield*. Colonel Caustic and Umfraville are masterly conceptions of the *laudator temporis acti;* and many personages in those papers which Mr. Mackenzie contributed to the *Mirror* and *Lounger*, attest with what truth, spirit, and ease, he could describe, assume, and sustain, a variety of characters. The beautiful landscape-painting which he has exhibited in many passages, (take, for example, that where the country-seat of the old Scottish lady and its accompaniments are so exquisitely delineated,) assures us of the accuracy and delicacy of his touch in delineating the beauties of nature.

But all these powerful talents, any single one of which might have sufficed to bring men of more bounded powers into notice, have been by Mackenzie carefully subjected to the principal object which he proposed to himself—the delineation of the human heart. Variety of character he has introduced sparingly, and has seldom recourse to any peculiarity of incident, availing himself generally of those which may be considered as common property to all writers of romance. His sense of the beauties of nature, and power of describing them, are carefully *kept down*, to use the expression of the artists; and like the single straggling bough, which shades the face of his sleeping veteran, just introduced to relieve his principal object, but not to eclipse it. It cannot be termed an exception to this rule, though certainly a peculiarity of this author, that on all occasions where sylvan sports can be introduced, he displays an intimate familiarity with them, and, from personal habits, to which we have elsewhere alluded, shows a delight to dwell for an instant upon a favorite topic.

Lastly, The wit which sparkles in his periodical Essays, and in his private conversation, shows itself but little in his Novels; and although his peculiar vein of humor may be much more frequently traced, yet it is so softened down, and divested of the broad ludicrous, that it harmonizes with the most grave and affecting parts of the tale, and becomes, like the satire of Jaques, only a more humorous shade of melancholy. In short, Mackenzie aimed at being the historian of feeling, and has succeeded in the object of his ambition. But as mankind are never contented, and as critics are certainly no exception to a rule so general, we could wish that, without losing or altering a line our author has written, he had condescended to give us, in addition to his stores of sentiment,—a romance on life and manners, by which, we are convinced, he would have twisted another branch of laurel into his garland. However, as Sebastian expresses it,

"What has been, is unknown; what is, appears."

We must be proudly satisfied with what we have received, and happy that, in this line of composition, we can boast a living author, of excellence like that of Henry Mackenzie.

THE MAN OF FEELING.

INTRODUCTION

My dog had made a point on a piece of fallow ground, and led the curate and me two or three hundred yards over that and some stubble adjoining, in a breathless state of expectation, on a burning first of September.

It was a false point, and our labor was vain; yet, to do Rover justice, (for he's an excellent dog, though I have lost his pedigree,) the fault was none of his, the birds were gone: the curate showed me the spot where they had lain basking, at the root of an old hedge.

I stopped, and cried, *hem!* The curate is fatter than I; he wiped the sweat from his brow.

There is no state where one is apter to pursue and look round one, than after such a disappointment. It is even so in life. When we have been hurrying on, impelled by some warm wish or other, looking neither to the righthand nor to the left, we find of a sudden that all our gay hopes are flown; and the only slender consolation that some friend can give us, is to point where they were once to be found. And, lo! if we are not of that combustible race, who will rather beat their heads in spite, than wipe their brows with the curate, we look round and say, with the nauseated listlessness of the King of Israel, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit."

I looked round with some such grave apothegm in my mind, when I discovered for the first time, a venerable pile, to which the inclosure belonged. An air of melancholy hung about it. There was a languid stillness in the day, and a single crow, that perched on an old tree by the side of the gate, seemed to delight in the echo of its own croaking.

I leaned on my gun, and looked; but I had not breath enough to ask the curate a question. I observed carving on the bark of some of the trees; 'twas indeed the only mark of human art about the place, except that some branches appeared to have been lopped, to give a view of the cascade, which was formed by a little rill at some distance.

Just at that instant I saw pass between the trees, a young lady with a book in her hand. I stood upon a stone to observe her; but the curate sat him down on the grass, and leaning his back where I stood, told me, "That was the daughter of a neighboring gentleman of the name of WALTON, whom he had seen walking there more than once.

"Some time ago," he said, "one HARLEY lived there, a whimsical sort of a man, I am told, but I was not then in the cure; though, if I had a turn for such things, I might know a good deal of his history, for the greatest part of it is still in my possession."

"His history!" said I. "Nay, you may call it what you please," said the curate; "for indeed it is no more a history than it is a sermon. The way I came by it was this: Some time ago, a grave, oddish kind of a man boarded at a farmer's in this parish. The country people called him the Ghost: and he was known by the slouch in his gait, and the length of his stride. I was but little acquainted with him for he never frequented any of the clubs hereabouts. Yet for all he used to walk a-nights, he was as gentle as a lamb at times; for I have seen him playing at te-totum with the children, on the great stone at the door of our churchyard.

"Soon after I was made curate, he left the parish, and went nobody knows whither; and in his room was found a bundle of papers, which was brought to me by his landlord. I began to read them, but I soon grew weary of the task; for besides that the hand is intolerably bad, I could never find the author in one strain for two chapters together; and I do'nt believe there's a single syllogism from beginning to end."

"I should be glad to see this medley," said I. "You shall see it now," answered the curate, "for I always take it along with me a shooting." "How came it so torn?" "'Tis excellent wadding," said the curate. This was a plea of expediency I was not in a condition to answer; for I had actually in my pocket great part of an edition of one of the German Illustrissimi, for the very same purpose. We exchanged books; and by that means (for the curate was a strenuous logician) we probably saved both.

When I returned to town, I had leisure to peruse the acquisition I had made. I found it a bundle of little episodes, put together without art, and of no importance on the whole, with something of nature, and little else in them. I was a good deal affected with some very trifling passages in it; and had the name of Marmontel, or a Richardson, been on the title page—— 'tis odds that I should have wept. But, one is ashamed to be pleased with the works of one knows not whom.

THE

MAN OF FEELING.

CHAPTER XI.*

Of Bashfulness.—A Character.—His Opinion on that Subject.

THERE is some rust about every man at the beginning, though in some nations (among the French, for instance) the ideas of the inhabitants, from climate, or what other cause you will, are so vivacious, so eternally on the wing, that they must, even in small societies, have a frequent collision; the rust, therefore, will wear off the sooner; but in Britain it often goes with a man to his grave; nay, he dares not even pen a *hic jacet* to speak out for him after his death.

"Let them rub it off by travel," said the baronet's brother, who was a striking instance of excellent metal, shamefully rusted. I had drawn my chair near his. Let me paint the honest old man: 'tis but one passing sentence to preserve his image in my mind.

He sat in his usual attitude, with his elbow rested on his knee, and his fingers pressed on his cheek. His face was shaded by his hand; yet it was a face that might once have been well accounted handsome; its features were manly and striking, and a certain dignity resided on his eyebrows, which were the largest I remember to have seen. His person was tall and well made; but the indolence of his nature had now inclined it to corpulency.

His remarks were few, and made only to his familiar friends; but they were such as the world might have heard with veneration: and his heart, uncorrupted by its ways, was ever warm in the cause of virtue and his friends.

He is now forgotten and gone! The last time I was at Silton-hall, I saw his chair stand in its corner by the fireside; there was an additional cushion on it, and it was occupied by

* The Reader will remember, that the Editor is accountable only for scattered chapters, and fragments of chapters; the curate must answer for the rest. The number at the top, when the chapter was entire, he has given as it originally stood, with the title which its author had affixed to it.

my young lady's favorite lap-dog. I drew near unperceived, and pinched its ears in the bitterness of my soul; the creature howled, and ran to its mistress. She did not suspect the author of its misfortune, but she bewailed it in the most pathetic terms; and, kissing its lips, laid it gently on her lap, and covered it with a cambric handkerchief. I sat in my old friend's seat; I heard the roar of mirth and gaiety around me; poor Ben Silton; I gave thee a tear then; accept of one cordial drop that falls to thy memory now.

"Let them rub it off by travel."—Why, it is true, said I, that will go far; but then it will often happen, that in the velocity of a modern tour, and amidst the materials through which it is commonly made, the friction is so violent, that not only the rust, but the metal too, will be lost in the progress.

Give me leave to correct the expression of your metaphor said Mr. Silton. That is not always rust which is acquired by the inactivity of the body on which it preys; such, perhaps, is the case with me, though indeed I was never cleared from my youth; but (taking it in its first stage) it is rather an incrustation, which Nature has given for purposes of the greatest wisdom.

You are right, I returned; and sometimes, like certain precious fossils, there may be hid under it gems of the purest brilliancy.

Nay, farther, continued Mr. Silton, there are two distinct sorts of what we call bashfulness; this, the awkwardness of a booby, which a few steps into the world will convert into the pertness of a coxcomb; that, a consciousness, which the most delicate feelings produce, and the most extensive knowledge cannot always remove.

From the incidents I have already related, I imagine it will be concluded, that Harley was of the latter species of bashful animals; at least, if Mr. Silton's principle be just, it may be argued on this side; for the gradation of the first mentioned sort, it is certain, he never attained. Some part of his external appearance was modelled from the company of those gentlemen, whom the antiquity of a family, now possessed of bare two hundred and fifty pounds a year, entitled its representative to approach. These indeed were not many; great part of the property in his neighborhood being in the hands of merchants, who had got rich by their lawful calling abroad, and the sons of stewards, who had got rich by their lawful calling at home: persons so perfectly versed in the ceremonial of thousands, tens of thousands, and hundreds of thousands, (whose degrees of precedency are plainly demonstrable from the first page of the Complete Accomptant, or Young Man's best Pocket Companion,) that a bow at church from them, to such a man as Harley, would have made the parson look back into his sermon for some precept of Christian humility.

CHAPTER XII.

Of Worldly Interests.

THERE are certain interests which the world supposes every man to have, and which therefore are properly enough termed worldly; but the world is apt to make an erroneous estimate. Ignorant of the dispositions which constitute our happiness or misery, it brings to an undistinguished scale the means of the one, as connected with power, wealth, or grandeur, and of the other with their contraries. Philosophers and poets have often protested against this decision; but their arguments have been despised as declamatory, or ridiculed as romantic.

There are never wanting to a young man some grave and prudent friends to set him right in this particular, if he need it; to watch his ideas as they arise, and point them to those objects which a wise man should never forget.

Harley did not want for some monitors of this sort. He was frequently told of men, whose fortunes enabled them to command all the luxuries of life, whose fortunes were of their own acquirement; his envy was excited by a description of their happiness, and his emulation by a recital of the means which had procured it.

Harley was apt to hear those lectures with indifference; nay, sometimes they got the better of his temper; and as the instances were not always amiable, provoked, on his part, some reflections, which I am persuaded his good nature would else have avoided.

Indeed, I have observed one ingredient, somewhat necessary in a man's composition towards happiness, which people of feeling would do well to acquire,—a certain respect for the follies of mankind; for there are so many fools, whom the opinion of the world entitles to regard, whom accident has placed in heights of which they are unworthy, that he who cannot restrain his contempt or indignation at the sight, will be too often quarrelling with the diposal of things to relish that share which is allotted to himself. I do not mean, however, to insinuate this to have been the case with Harley; on the contrary, if we might rely on his own testimony, the conceptions he had of pomp and grandeur served to endear the state which Providence had assigned him.

He lost his father, the last surviving of his parents, as I have already related, when he was a boy. The good man, from a fear of offending, as well as from a regard to his son, had named him a variety of guardians; one consequence of which was, that they

seldom met at all to consider the affairs of their ward; and when they did meet, their opinions were so opposite, that the only possible method of conciliation was, the mediatory power of a dinner and a bottle, which commonly interrupted, not ended, the dispute; and after that interruption ceased, left the consulting parties in a condition not very proper for adjusting it. His education, therefore, had been but indifferently attended to; and, after being taken from a country school, at which he had been boarded, the young gentleman was suffered to be his own master in the subsequent branches of literature, with some assistance from the parson of the parish, in languages and philosophy, and from the exciseman, in arithmetic and book-keeping. One of his guardians, indeed, who, in his youth, had been an inhabitant of the Temple, set him to read Coke upon Lyttleton; a book which is very properly put into the hands of beginners in that science, as its simplicity is accommodated to their understandings, and its size to their inclination. He profited but little by the perusal; but it was not without its use in the family; for his maiden aunt applied it commonly to the laudable purpose of pressing her rebellious linens to the folds she had allotted them.

There were particularly two ways of increasing his fortune, which might have occurred to people of less foresight than the counsellors we have mentioned. One of these was, the prospect of his succeeding to an old lady, a distant relation, who was known to be possessed of a very large sum in the stocks; but in this their hopes were disappointed; for the young man was so untoward in his disposition, that, notwithstanding the instructions he daily received, his visits rather tended to alienate than gain the good-will of his kinswoman. He sometimes looked grave when the old lady told the jokes of her youth: he often refused to eat when she pressed him, and was seldom or never provided with sugar-candy or liquorice when she was seized with a fit of coughing; nay, he had once the rudeness to fall asleep, while she was describing the composition and virtues of her favorite cholic-water. In short, he accommodated himself so ill to her humor, that she died, and did not leave him a farthing.

The other method pointed out to him was, an endeavor to get a lease of some crown-lands, which lay contiguous to his little paternal estate. This, it was imagined, might be easily procured as the crown did not draw so much rent as Harley could afford to give, with very considerable profit to himself; and the then lessee had rendered himself so obnoxious to the ministry, by the disposal of his vote at an election, that he could not expect a renewal. This, however, needed some interest with the great, which Harley or his father never possessed.

His neighbor, Mr. Walton, having heard of this affair, generously offered his assistance to accomplish it. He told him, that though he had long been a stranger to courtiers, yet he believed there were some of them who might pay regard to his recommendation; and that, if he thought it worth the while to take a London journey upon the business, he would furnish him with a letter of introduction to a baronet of his acquaintance, who had a great deal to say with the first Lord of the Treasury.

When his friends heard of this offer, they pressed him with the utmost earnestness to accept of it. They did not fail to enumerate the many advantages which a certain degree of spirit and assurance gives a man who would make a figure in the world; they repeated their instances of good fortune in others, ascribed them all to a happy forwardness of disposition; and made so copious a recital of the disadvantages which attended the opposite weakness, that a stranger who had heard them would have been led to imagine, that in the British code there was some disqualifying statute against any citizen who should be convicted of—modesty.

Harley, though he had no great relish for the attempt, yet could not resist the torrent of motives that assaulted him; and as he needed but little preparation for his journey, a day, not very distant, was fixed for his departure.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Man of Feeling in Love.

THE day before that on which he set out, he went to take leave of Mr. Walton.——We would conceal nothing; there was another person of the family to whom also the visit was intended on whose account, perhaps, there were some tenderer feelings in the bosom of Harley, than his gratitude for the friendly notice of that gentleman (though he was seldom deficient in that virtue) could inspire. Mr. Walton had a daughter, and such a daughter! we will attempt some description of her by and by.

Harley's notions of the beautiful, were not always to be defined nor indeed such as the world would always assent to, though we could define them. A blush, a phrase of affability to an inferior, a tear at a moving tale, were to him, like the cestus of Cytherea, unequalled in conferring beauty. For all these, Miss Walton was remarkable; but as these, like the abovementioned cestus,

are perhaps still more powerful, when the wearer is possessed of some degree of beauty, commonly so called; it happened, that from this cause they had more than usual power in the person of that young lady.

She was now arrived at that period of life which takes, or is supposed to take, from the flippancy of girlhood those spritlinesses with which some good-natured old maids oblige the world at threescore. She had been ushered into life (as that word is used in the dialect of St. James's) at seventeen, her father being then in Parliament, and living in London. At seventeen, therefore, she had been a universal toast; her health, now she was four-and-twenty, was only drank by those who new her face at least. Her complexion was mellowed into a paleness, which certainly took from her beauty; but agreed, at least Harley used to say so, with the pensive softness of her mind. Her eyes were of that gentle hazel color which is rather mild than piercing; and, except when they were lighted up by good humor, which was frequently the case, were supposed by the fine gentlemen to want fire. Her air and manner were elegant in the highest degree, and were as sure of commanding respect, as their mistress was far from demanding it. Her voice was inexpressibly soft; it was according to that incomparable simile of Otway's,

> ——"like the shepherd's pipe upon the mountains.
> When all his little flock's at feed before him."

The effect it had upon Harley, himself used to paint ridiculously enough; and ascribed it to powers which few believed, and nobody cared for.

Her conversation was always cheerful, but rarely witty; and, without the smallest affectation of learning, had as much sentiment in it as would have puzzled a Turk, upon his principles of female materialism, to account for. Her beneficence was unbounded; indeed, the natural tenderness of her heart might have been argued, by the frigidity of a casuist, as detracting from her virtue in this respect, for her humanity was a feeling, not a principle; but minds like Harley's are not very apt to make this distinction, and generally give our virtue credit for all that benevolence which is instinctive in our nature.

As her father had for some years retired to the country, Harley had frequent opportunities of seeing her. He looked on her for some time merely with that respect and admiration which her appearance seemed to demand, and the opinion of others conferred upon her. From this cause, perhaps, and from that extreme sensibility of which we have taken frequent notice, Harley was remarkably silent in her presence. He heard her

sentiments with peculiar attention, sometimes with looks very expressive of approbation, but seldom declared his opinion on the subject, much less made compliments to the lady on the justness of her remarks.

From this very reason it was, that Miss Walton frequently took more particular notice of him than of other visitors, who, by the laws of precedency, were better entitled to it. It was a mode of politeness she had peculiarly studied, to bring to the line of that equality, which is ever necessary for the ease of our guests, those whose sensibility had placed them below it.

Harley saw this; for though he was a child in the drama of of the world, yet was it not altogether owing to a want of knowledge on his part; on the contrary, the most delicate consciousness of propriety often kindled that blush which marred the performance of it. This raised his esteem something above what the most sanguine descriptions of her goodness had been able to do; for certain it is, that notwithstanding the labored definitions which very wise men have given us of the inherent beauty of virtue, we are always inclined to think her handsomest when she condescends to smile upon ourselves.

It would be trite to observe the easy gradation from esteem to love. In the bosom of Harley there scarce needed a transition; for there were certain seasons when his ideas were flushed to a degree much above their common complexion. In times not credulous of inspiration, we should account for this from some natural cause; but we do not mean to account for it at all. It were sufficient to describe its effects; but they were sometimes so ludicrous, as might derogate from the dignity of the sensations which produced them to describe. They were treated, indeed, as such by most of Harley's sober friends, who often laughed very heartily at the awkward blunders of the real Harley, when the different faculties, which should have prevented them, were entirely occupied by the ideal. In some of these paroxysms of fancy, Miss Walton did not fail to be introduced; and the picture which had been drawn amidst the surrounding objects of unnoticed levity, was now singled out to be viewed through the medium of romantic imagination. It was improved of course, and esteem was a word inexpressive of the feelings which it excited.

CHAPTER XIV.

He sets out on his Journey.—The Beggar and his Dog.

He had taken leave of his aunt on the eve of his intended departure; but the good lady's affection for her nephew interrupted her sleep, and, early as it was next morning when Harley came down stairs to set out, he found her in the parlor with a tear on her cheek, and her caudle-cup in her hand. She knew enough of physic to prescribe against going abroad of a morning with an empty stomach. She gave her blessing with the draught; her instructions she had delivered the night before. They consisted mostly of negatives; for London, in her idea, was so replete with temptations, that it needed the whole armor of her friendly cautions to repel their attacks.

Peter stood at the door. We have mentioned this faithful fellow formerly. Harley's father had taken him up an orphan, and saved him from being cast on the parish; and he had ever since remained in the service of him and of his son. Harley shook him by the hand as he passed, smiling, as if he had said, "I will not weep." He sprung hastily into the chaise that waited for him: Peter folded up the steps. "My dear master," said he, shaking the solitary lock that hung on either side of his head, "I have been told as how London is a sad place."——He was choaked with the thought, and his benediction could not be heard; but it shall be heard, honest Peter! where these tears will add to its energy.

In a few hours Harley reached the inn where he proposed breakfasting; but the fulness of his heart would not suffer him to eat a morsel. He walked out on the road, and gaining a little height, stood gazing on the quarter he had left. He looked for his wonted prospect, his fields, his woods, and his hills; they were lost in the distant clouds! He penciled them on the clouds, and bade them farewell with a sigh!

He sat down on a large stone to take out a little pebble from his shoe, when he saw, at some distance, a beggar approaching him. He had on a loose sort of coat, mended with different colored rags, amongst which the blue, and the russet were predominant. He had a short knotty stick in his hand, and on the top of it was stuck a ram's horn; his knees, (though he was no pilgrim) had worn the stuff of his breeches; he wore no shoes,

and his stockings had entirely lost that part of them which would have covered his feet and ancles; in his face, however, was the plump appearance of good humor; he walked a good round pace, and a crook-legged dog trotted at his heels.

"Our delicacies," said Harley to himself, "are fantastic; they are not in nature! that beggar walks over the sharpest of these stones barefooted, whilst I have lost the most delightful dream in the world, from the smallest of them happening to get into my shoe."—The beggar had by this time come up, and, pulling off a piece of hat, asked charity of Harley; the dog began to beg too:—it was impossible to resist both; and, in truth, the want of shoes and stockings had made both unnecessary, for Harley had destined sixpence for him before. The beggar, on receiving it, poured forth blessings without number; and, with a sort of smile on his countenance, said to Harley, "that if he wanted to have his fortune told"—Harley turned his eye briskly on the beggar; it was an unpromising look for the subject of a prediction, and silenced the prophet immediately. "I would much rather learn," said Harley, "what it is in your power to tell me. Your trade must be an entertaining one; sit down on this stone, and let me know something of your profession; I have often thought of turning fortuneteller for a week or two myself."

"Master," replied the beggar, "I like your frankness much; God knows I had the humor of plain dealing in me from a child: but there is no doing with it in this world; we must live as we can; and lying is, as you call it, my profession; but I was in some sort forced to the trade, for I dealt once in telling truth.

"I was a laborer, Sir, and gained as much as to make me live. I never laid by, indeed; for I was reckoned a piece of a wag, and your wags, I take it, are seldom rich, Mr. Harley." "So," said Harley, "you seem to know me." "Ay, there are few folks in the country that I don't know something of: How should I tell fortunes else?" "True; but to go on with your story; you were a laborer you say, and a wag: your industry, I suppose, you left with your old trade; but your humor you preserve to be of use to you in your new."

"What signifies sadness, Sir; a man grows lean on't. But I was brought to my idleness by degrees; first I could not work, and it went against my stomach to work ever after. I was seized with a jail-fever at the time of the assizes being in the country where I lived; for I was always curious to get acquainted with the felons, because they are commonly fellows of much mirth and little thought, qualities I had ever an esteem for. In the height of this fever, Mr. Harley, the house where I lay took fire, and burnt to the ground. I was carried out in that

condition, and lay all the rest of my illness in a barn. I got the better of my disease, however; but I was so weak that I spit blood whenever I attempted to work. I had no relation living that I knew of, and I never kept a friend above a week, when I was able to joke. I seldom remained above six months in a parish, so that I might have died before I had found a settlement in any. Thus I was forced to beg my bread, and a sorry trade I have found it, Mr. Harley. I told all my misfortunes truly, but they were seldom believed; and the few who gave me a halfpenny as they passed, did it with a shake of the head, and an injunction not to trouble them with a long story. In short, I found that people don't care to give alms without some security for their money; a wooden leg, or a withered arm, is a sort of draught upon heaven for those who choose to have their money placed to account there; so I changed my plan, and, instead of telling my own misfortunes, began to prophesy happiness to others. This I found by much the better way: folks will always listen when the tale is their own; and of many who say they do not believe in fortunetelling, I have known few on whom it had not a very sensible effect. I pick up the names of their acquaintance; amours and little squabbles are easily gleaned among servants and neighbors; and indeed people themselves are the best intelligencers in the world for our purpose: they dare not puzzle us for their own sakes, for every one is anxious to hear what they wish to believe; and they who repeat it, to laugh at it when they have done, are generally more serious than their hearers are apt to imagine. With a tolerable good memory, and some share of cunning; with the help of walking a-nights over heaths and church-yards; with this, and showing the tricks of that there dog, whom I stole from the serjeant of a marching regiment, (and by the way he can steal too upon occasion,) I make shift to pick up a livelihood. My trade, indeed, is none of the honestest; yet people are not much cheated neither, who give a few halfpence for a prospect of happiness, which I have heard some persons say is all a man can arrive at in this world. But I must bid you good-day, sir; for I have three miles to walk before noon, to inform some boarding-school young ladies, whether their husbands are to be peers of the realm, or captains in the army: a question which I promised to answer them by that time."

Harley had drawn a shilling from his pocket; but Virtue bade him to consider on whom he was going to bestow it.—Virtue held back his arm:—but a milder form, a younger sister of Virtue's, not so severe as Virtue, nor so serious as Pity, smiled upon him: his fingers lost their compression;—nor did Virtue offer to catch the money as it fell. It had no sooner

reached the ground, than the watchful cur (a trick he had been taught) snapped it up; and, contrary to the most approved method of stewardship, delivered it immediately into the hands of his master.

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CHAPTER XIX.

He makes a second expedition to the Baronet's.—The laudable ambition of a young man to be thought something by the world.

We have related, in a former chapter, the little success of his first visit to the great man, for whom he had the introductory letter from Mr. Walton. To people of equal sensibility, the influence of those trifles we mentioned on his deportment will not appear surprising; but to his friends in the country, they could not be stated, nor would they have allowed them any place in the account. In some of their letters, therefore, which he received soon after, they expressed their surprise at his not having been urgent in his application, and again recommended the blushless assiduity of successful merit.

He resolved to make another attempt at the baronet's; fortified with higher notions of his own dignity, and with less apprehension of repulse. In his way to Grosvenor-square, he began to ruminate on the folly of mankind, who affix those ideas of superiority to riches, which reduce the minds of men, by nature equal with the more fortunate, to that sort of servility which he felt in his own. By the time he had reached the Square, and was walking along the pavement which led to the baronet's, he had brought his reasoning on the subject to such a point, that the conclusion, by every rule of logic, should have led him to a thorough indifference in his approaches to a fellow-mortal, whether that fellow-mortal was possessed of six, or six thousand pounds a year. It is probable, however, that the premises had been improperly formed: for it is certain, that when he approached the great man's door, he felt his heart agitated by an unusual pulsation.

He had almost reached it, when he observed a young gentleman coming out, dressed in a white frock, and a red laced waistcoat, with a small switch in his hand, which he seemed to manage with a particular good grace. As he passed him on the steps, the stranger very politely made him a bow, which

Harley returned, though he could not remember ever having seen him before. He asked Harley, in the same civil manner, if he was going to wait on his friend the Baronet? "for I was just calling," said he, "and am sorry to find that he is gone for some days into the country."

Harley thanked him for his information; and was turning from the door, when the other observed that it would be proper to leave his name, and very obligingly knocked for that purpose.

"Here is a gentleman, Tom, who meant to have waited on your master." "Your name, if you please, Sir?" "Harley." "You'll remember, Tom, Harley." The door was shut. "Since we are here," said he, "we shall not lose our walk, if we add a little to it by a turn or two in Hydepark." He accompanied this proposal with a second bow, and Harley accepted of it by another in return.

The conversation, as they walked, was brilliant on the side of his companion. The playhouse, the opera, with every occurrence in high life, he seemed perfectly master of; and talked of some reigning beauties of quality, in a manner the most feeling in the world. Harley admired the happiness of his vivacity; and, opposite as it was to the reserve of his own nature, began to be much pleased with its effects.

Though I am not of opinion with some wise men, that the existence of objects depends on idea; yet, I am convinced, that their appearance is not a little influenced by it. The optics of some minds are so unhappily constructed, as to throw a certain shade on every picture that is presented to them; while those of others, (of which number was Harley,) like the mirrors of the ladies, have a wonderful effect in bettering their complexions. Through such a medium, perhaps, he was looking on his present companion.

When they had finished their walk, and were returning by the corner of the Park, they observed a board hung out of a window, signifying, "an excellent ORDINARY on Saturdays and Sundays." It happened to be Saturday, and the table was covered. "What if we should go in and dine here, if you happen not to be engaged, Sir?" said the young gentleman. "It is not impossible but we shall meet with some original or other; it is a sort of humor I like hugely." Harley made no objection; and the stranger showed him the way into the parlor.

He was placed, by the courtesy of his introductor, in an armchair that stood at one side of the fire. Over against was seated a man of a grave considering aspect, with that look of sober prudence which indicates what is commonly called a warm man. He wore a pretty large wig, which had once been white, but was now of a brownish yellow; his coat was one of those modest colored

drabs which mock the injuries of dust and dirt; two jack-boots concealed, in part, the well-mended knees of an old pair of buckskin breeches, while the spotted handkerchief round his neck, preserved at once its owner from catching cold, and his neckcloth from being dirtied. Next him sat another man, with a tankard in his hand, and a quid of tobacco in his cheek, whose eye was rather more vivacious, and whose dress was something smarter.

The first mentioned gentleman took notice, that the room had been so lately washed, as not to have had time to dry; and remarked, that wet lodging was unwholesome for man or beast. He looked round, at the same time, for a poker to stir the fire with, which, he at last observed to the company, the people of the house had removed, in order to save their coals. The difficulty, however, he overcame, by the help of Harley's stick, saying, "that as they should, no doubt, pay for their fire in some shape or other, he saw no reason why they should not have the use of it while they sat."

The door was now opened for the admission of dinner. "I don't know how it is with you, gentlemen," said Harley's new acquaintance; "but I am afraid I shall not be able to get down a morsel at this horrid mechanical hour of dining." He sat down, however, and did not show any want of appetite by his eating. He took upon him the carving of the meat, and criticised on the goodness of the pudding.

When the table-cloth was removed, he proposed calling for some punch, which was readily agreed to; he seemed at first inclined to make it himself, but afterwards changed his mind, and left that province to the waiter, telling him to have it pure West Indian, or he could not taste a drop of it.

When the punch was brought, he undertook to fill the glasses, and call the toasts.—"The King."—The toast naturally produced politics. It is the privilege of Englishmen to drink the king's health, and to talk of his conduct. The man who sat opposite to Harley (and who by this time, partly from himself, and partly from his acquaintance on his left hand, was discovered to be a grazier) observed, "that it was a shame for so many pensioners to be allowed to take the bread out of the mouth of the poor." "Ay, and provisions," said his friend, "were never so dear in the memory of man; I wish the king and his counsellors would look to that." "As for the matter of provisions, neighbor Wrightson," he replied, "I am sure the prices of cattle"—A dispute would have probably ensued, but it was prevented by the spruce toast-master, who gave a sentiment; and turning to the two politicians, "Pray, gentlemen," said he, "let us have done with these musty politics: I would always leave

them to the beer-suckers in Butcher-row.* Come, let us have something of the fine arts. That was a damn'd hard match between the Nailor and Tim Bucket. The knowing ones were cursedly taken in there! I lost a cool hundred myself, faith."

At mention of the cool hundred, the grazier threw his eyes aslant, with a mingled look of doubt and surprise; while the man at his elbow looked arch, and gave a short emphatical sort of cough.

Both seemed to be silenced, however, by this intelligence; and, while the remainder of the punch lasted, the conversation was wholly engrossed by the gentleman with the fine waistcoat, who told a great many "immense comical stories," and "confounded smart things," as he termed them, acted and spoken by lords, ladies, and young bucks of quality, of his acquaintance. At last, the grazier, pulling out a watch of a very unusual size, and telling the hour, said, that he had an appointment. "Is it so late?" said the young gentleman; "then I am afraid I have missed an appointment already; but the truth is, I am cursedly given to missing of appointments?"

When the grazier and he were gone, Harley turned to the remaining personage, and asked him, if he knew that young gentleman? "A gentleman?" said he; "ay, he is one of your gentlemen, at the top of an affidavit. I knew him, some years ago, in the quality of a footman; and, I believe, he had sometimes the honor to be a pimp. At last, some of the great folks, to whom he had been serviceable in both capacities, had him made a gauger; in which station he remains, and has the assurance to pretend an acquaintance with men of quality. The impudent dog! with a few shillings in his pocket, he will talk you three times as much as my friend Mundy there, who is worth nine thousand, if he's worth a farthing. But I know the rascal, and despise him as he deserves."

Harley began to despise him too, and to conceive some indignation at having sat with patience to hear such a fellow speak nonsense. But he corrected himself, by reflecting, that he was perhaps as well entertained, and instructed too, by this same modest gauger, as he should have been by such a man as he had thought proper to personate. And surely the fault may more properly be imputed to that rank where the futility is real, than where it is feigned; to that rank, whose opportunities for nobler accomplishments have only served to rear a fabric of folly, which the untutored hand of affectation, even among the meanest of mankind, can imitate with success.

* It may be necessary to inform readers of the present day, that the noted political debating society, called the *Robinhood*, was held at a house in Butcher-row.

CHAPTER XX.

He visits Bedlam.—The Distresses of a Daughter.

Of those things called Sights in London, which every stranger is supposed desirous to see, Bedlam is one. To that place, therefore, an acquaintance of Harley's, after having accompanied him to several other shows, proposed a visit. Harley objected to it, "because," said he, "I think it an inhuman practice to expose the greatest misery with which our nature is afflicted, to every idle visitant, who can afford a trifling perquisite to the keeper; especially as it is a distress which the humane must see with the painful reflection, that it is not in their power to alleviate it." He was overpowered, however, by the solicitations of his friend and the other persons of the party, (amongst whom were several ladies;) and they went in a body to Moorfields.

Their conductor led them first to the dismal mansions of those who are in the most horrid state of incurable madness. The clanking of chains, the wildness of their cries, and the imprecations which some of them uttered, formed a scene inexpressibly shocking. Harley and his companions, especially the female part of them, begged their guide to return: he seemed surprised at their uneasiness, and was with difficulty prevailed on to leave that part of the house without showing them some others; who, as he expressed it, in the phrase of those who keep wild beasts for show, were much better worth seeing than any they had passed, being ten times more fierce and unmanageable.

He led them next to that quarter where those reside, who, as they are not dangerous to themselves or others, enjoy a certain degree of freedom, according to the state of their distemper.

Harley had fallen behind his companions, looking at a man who was making pendulums with bits of thread, and little balls of clay. He had delineated a segment of a circle on the wall with chalk, and marked their different vibrations, by intersecting it with cross lines. A decent looking man came up, and smiling at the maniac, turned to Harley, and told him, that gentleman had once been a very celebrated mathematician. "He fell a sacrifice," said he, "to the theory of comets; for having, with infinite labor, formed a table on the conjectures of Sir Isaac Newton, he was disappointed in the return of one of those luminaries, and was very soon after obliged to be placed here by his friends. If you please to follow me, Sir," continued the stranger, "I believe I shall be able to give you a more satisfactory ac-

count of the unfortunate people you see here, than the man who attends your companions." Harley bowed and accepted the offer.

The next person they came up to had scrawled a variety of figures on a piece of slate. Harley had the curiosity to take a nearer view of them. They consisted of different columns, on the top of which were marked South Sea annuities, India stock, and Three per cent. annuities consol. "This," said Harley's instructer, "was a gentleman well known in Change-alley. He was once worth fifty thousand pounds, and had actually agreed for the purchase of an estate in the West, in order to realize his money; but he quarrelled with the proprietor about the repairs of the garden-wall, and so returned to town to follow his old trade of stock-jobbing a little longer; when an unlucky fluctuation of stock, in which he was engaged to an immense extent, reduced him at once to poverty and to madness. Poor wretch! he told me t'other day, that against the next payment of differences, he should be some hundreds above a plum." "It is a spondee, and I will maintain it," interrupted a voice on his left hand. This assertion was followed by a very rapid recital of some verses from Homer. "That figure," said the gentleman, "whose clothes are so bedaubed with snuff, was a schoolmaster of some reputation: he came hither to be resolved of some doubts he entertained concerning the genuine pronunciation of the Greek vowels. In his highest fits, he makes frequent mention of one Mr. Bentley.

"But delusive ideas, Sir, are the motives of the greatest part of mankind, and a heated imagination the power by which their actions are incited: the world, in the eye of a philosopher, may be said to be a large madhouse." "It is true," answered Harley, "the passions of men are temporary madness; and sometimes very fatal in their effects,

"From Macedonia's madman to the Swede."

"It was, indeed," said the stranger, "a very mad thing in Charles, to think of adding so vast a country as Russia to his dominions; that would have been fatal indeed; the balance of the North would then have been lost; but the Sultan and I would never have allowed it."—"Sir!" said Harley, with no small surprise on his countenance. "Why, yes," answered the other, "the Sultan and I; do you know me? I am the Chan of Tartary."

Harley was a good deal struck by this discovery; he had prudence enough, however, to conceal his amazement, and, bowing as low to the monarch as his dignity required, left him immediately, and joined his companions.

He found them in a quarter of the house set apart for the insane of the other sex, several of whom had gathered about the female visiters, and were examining, with rather more accuracy than might have been expected, the particulars of their dress.

Separate from the rest stood one, whose appearance had something of superior dignity. Her face, though pale and wasted, was less squalid than those of the others, and showed a dejection of that decent kind, which moves our pity unmixed with horror: upon her, therefore, the eyes of all were immediately turned. The keeper, who accompanied them, observed it: "This," said he, "is a young lady, who was born to ride in her coach and six. She was beloved, if the story I have heard be true, by a young gentleman, her equal in birth, though by no means her match in fortune: but love, they say, is blind, and so she fancied him as much as he did her. Her father, it seems, would not hear of their marriage, and threatened to turn her out of doors, if ever she saw him again. Upon this, the young gentleman took a voyage to the West Indies, in hopes of bettering his fortune, and obtaining his mistress; but he was scarce landed, when he was seized with one of the fevers, which are common in those islands, and died in a few days, lamented by every one that knew him. This news soon reached his mistress, who was at the same time pressed by her father to marry a rich miserly fellow, who was old enough to be her grandfather. The death of her lover had no effect on her inhuman parent: he was only the more earnest for her marriage with the man he had provided for her; and what between her despair at the death of the one, and her aversion to the other, the poor young lady was reduced to the condition you see her in. But God would not prosper such cruelty: her father's affairs soon after went to wreck, and he died almost a beggar."

Though this story was told in very plain language, it had particularly attracted Harley's notice; he had given it the tribute of some tears. The unfortunate young lady had, till now, seemed entranced in thought, with her eyes fixed on a little garnet ring she wore on her finger: she turned them now upon Harley. "My Billy is no more!" said she; "Do you weep for my Billy? Blessings on your tears! I would weep too, but my brain is dry; and it burns, it burns, it burns!" She drew nearer to Harley. "Be comforted, young lady," said he, "your Billy is in heaven." "Is he, indeed? and shall we meet again? and shall that frightful man (pointing to the keeper) not be there? Alas! I am grown naughty of late; I have almost forgotten to think of heaven: yet I pray sometimes; when I can, I pray, and sometimes I sing; when I am saddest, I sing. You shall hear me —hush!

"Light be the earth on Billy's breast,
And green the sod that wraps his grave."

There was a plaintive wildness in the air not to be withstood; and, except the keeper's, there was not an unmoistened eye around her.

"Do you weep again?" said she; "I would not have you weep. You are like my Billy: you are, believe me; just so he looked, when he gave me this ring; poor Billy! 'twas the last time ever we met!

"'Twas when the seas were roaring"—

"I love you for resembling my Billy; but I shall never love any man like him." She stretched out her hand to Harley; he pressed it between both of his, and bathed it with his tears. "Nay, that is Billy's ring," said she, "you cannot have it, indeed; but here is another, look here, which I plated, to-day, of some gold-thread from this bit of stuff; will you keep it for my sake? I am a strange girl; but my heart is harmless: my poor heart! it will burst some day; feel how it beats!" She pressed his hand to her bosom, then holding her head in the attitude of listening,—"Hark! one, two, three! be quiet, thou little trembler; my Billy's is cold!—but I had forgotten the ring." She put it on his finger. "Farewell! I must leave you now." She would have withdrawn her hand; Harley held it to his lips. "I dare not stay longer; my head throbs sadly: farewell!" She walked with a hurried step to a little apartment at some distance. Harley stood fixed in astonishment and pity; his friend gave money to the keeper. Harley looked on his ring. He put a couple of guineas into the man's hand:—"Be kind to that unfortunate." He burst into tears, and left them.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Misanthrope.

The friend, who had conducted him to Moorfields, called upon him again the next evening. After some talk on the adventures of the preceding day, "I carried you yesterday," said he to Harley, "to visit the mad; let me introduce you to-night, at supper, to one of the wise: but you must not look for anything of the Socratic pleasantry about him; on the contrary, I warn you to expect the spirit of a Diogenes. That you may be

a little prepared for his extraordinary manner, I will let you into some particulars of his history:—

"He is the elder of the two sons of a gentleman of considerable estate in the country. Their father died when they were young: both were remarkable at school for quickness of parts, and extent of genius; this had been bred to no profession, because his father's fortune, which descended to him, was thought sufficient to set him above it; the other was put apprentice to an eminent attorney. In this the expectations of his friends were more consulted than his own inclination; for both his brother and he had feelings of that warm kind, that could ill brook a study so dry as the law, especially in that department of it which was allotted to him. But the difference of their tempers made the characteristical distinction between them. The younger, from the gentleness of his nature, bore, with patience, a situation entirely discordant to his genius and disposition. At times, indeed, his pride would suggest, of how little importance those talents were, which the partiality of his friends had often extolled: they were now incumbrances in a walk of life where the dull and the ignorant passed him at every turn; his fancy and his feeling were invincible obstacles to eminence, in a situation where his fancy had no room for exertion, and his feeling experienced perpetual disgust. But these murmurings he never suffered to be heard; and that he might not offend the prudence of those who had been concerned in the choice of his profession, he continued to labor in it several years, till by the death of a relation, he succeeded to an estate of little better than a hundred pounds a year, with which, and the small patrimony left him, he retired into the country, and made a love-match with a young lady of a temper similar to his own, with whom the sagacious world pitied him for finding happiness.

"But his elder brother, whom you are to see at supper, if you will do us the favor of your company, was naturally impetuous, decisive, and overbearing. He entered into life with those ardent expectations, by which young men are commonly deluded: in his friendships, warm to excess; and equally violent in his dislikes. He was on the brink of marriage with a young lady, when one of those friends, for whose honor he would have pawned his life, made an elopement with that very goddess, and left him besides deeply engaged for sums, which that good friend's extravagance had squandered.

"The dreams he had formerly enjoyed were now changed for ideas of a very different nature. He abjured all confidence in any thing of human form; sold his lands, which still produced him a very large reversion; came to town, and immured himself with a woman, who had been his nurse, in little better than

a garret; and has ever since applied his talents to the vilifying of his species. In one thing I must take the liberty to instruct you;—however different your sentiments may be, (and different they must be,) you will suffer him to go on without contradiction, otherwise he will be silent immediately, and we shall not get a word from him all the night after." Harley promised to remember this injunction, and accepted the invitation of his friend.

When they arrived at the house, they were informed that the gentleman was come, and had been shown into the parlor. They found him sitting with a daughter of his friend's, about three years old, on his knee, whom he was teaching the alphabet from a horn-book: at a little distance stood a sister of hers, some years older. "Get you away, Miss," said he to this last; "you are a pert gossip, and I will have nothing to do with you." "Nay," answered she, "Nancy is your favorite; you are quite in love with Nancy." "Take away that girl," said he to her father, whom he now observed to have entered the room, "she has woman about her already." The children were accordingly dismissed.

Between that and supper time, he did not utter a syllable. When supper came, he quarrelled with every dish at table, but eat of them all; only exempting from his censures a sallad, "which you have not spoiled," said he, "because you have not attempted to cook it."

When the wine was set upon the table, he took from his pocket a particular smoking apparatus, and filled his pipe, without taking any more notice of Harley, or his friend, than if no such persons had been in the room.

Harley could not help stealing a look of surprise at him; but his friend, who knew his humor, returned it, by annihilating his presence in the like manner, and, leaving him to his own meditations, addressed himself entirely to Harley.

In their discourse, some mention happened to be made of an amiable character, and the words *honor* and *politeness* were applied to it. Upon this, the gentleman, laying down his pipe, and changing the tone of his countenance, from an ironical grin to something more intently contemptuous—"Honor," said he, "Honor and Politeness! this is the coin of the world, and passes current with the fools of it. You have substituted the shadow Honor, instead of the substance Virtue; and have banished the reality of friendship for the fictitious semblance, which you have termed politeness: politeness, which consists in a certain ceremonious jargon, more ridiculous to the ear of reason than the voice of a puppet. You have invented sounds, which you worship, though they tyrannize over your peace; and are surrounded with empty forms, which take from the honest emotions of joy.

and add to the poignancy of misfortune."—"Sir!" said Harley —His friend winked to him, to remined him of the caution he had received. He was silenced by the thought. The philosopher turned his eye upon him: he examined him from top to toe, with a sort of triumphant contempt. Harley's coat happened to be a new one; the other's was as shabby as could possibly be supposed to be on the back of a gentleman: there was much significance in his look with regard to his coat: it spoke of the sleekness of folly, and the threadbareness of wisdom.

"Truth," continued he, "the most amiable, as well as the most natural, of virtues, you are at pains to eradicate. Your very nurseries are seminaries of falsehood; and what is called Fashion in manhood, completes the system of avowed insincerity. Mankind, in the gross, is a gaping monster, that loves to be deceived, and has seldom been disappointed: nor is their vanity less fallacious to your philosophers, who adopt modes of truth to follow them through the paths of error, and defend paradoxes merely to be singular in defending them. These are they whom ye term Ingenious; 'tis a phrase of commendation I detest; it implies an attempt to impose on my judgment, by flattering my imagination; yet these are they whose works are read by the old with delight, which the young are taught to look upon as the codes of knowledge and philosophy.

"Indeed, the education of your youth is every way preposterous; you waste at school years in improving talents, without having ever spent an hour in discovering them; one promiscuous line of instruction is followed, without regard to genius, capacity, or probable situation in the commonwealth.

"From this bear garden of the pedagogue, a raw unprincipled boy is turned loose upon the world to travel; without any ideas but those of improving his dress at Paris, or starting into taste by gazing on some paintings at Rome. Ask him of the manners of the people, and he will tell you, That the skirt is worn much shorter in France, and that every body eats macaroni in Italy. When he returns home, he buys a seat in parliament, and studies the constitution at Arthur's.

"Nor are your females trained to any more useful purpose: they are taught, by the very rewards which their nurses propose for good behaviour, by the first thing like a jest which they hear from every male visiter of the family, that a young woman is a creature to be married; and, when they are grown somewhat older, are instructed, that it is the purpose of marriage to have the enjoyment of pinmoney, and the expectation of a jointure.

* "These indeed are the effects of luxury, which is perhaps

* Though the curate could not remember having shown this chapter to any body, I strongly suspect that those political observations are the work

inseparable from a certain degree of power and grandeur in a nation. But it is not simply of the progress of luxury that we have to complain: did its votaries keep in their own sphere of thoughtless dissipation, we might despise them without emotion; but the frivolous pursuits of pleasure are mingled with the most important concerns of the state; and public enterprise shall sleep till he who should guide its operation has decided his bets at Newmarket, or fulfilled his engagement with a favorite mistress in the country. We want some man of acknowledged eminence to point our counsels with that firmness which the counsels of a great people require. We have hundreds of ministers, who press forward into office, without having ever learned that art which is necessary for every business—the art of thinking; and mistake the petulance, which could give inspiration to smart sarcasms on an obnoxious measure in a popular assembly, for the ability which is to balance the interest of kingdoms, and investigate the latent sources of national superiority. With the administration of such men, the people can never be satisfied; for, besides that their confidence is gained only by the view of superior talents, there needs that depth of knowledge, which is not only acquainted with the just extent of power, but can also trace its connexion with the expedient, to preserve its possessors from the contempt which attends irresolution, or the resentment which follows temerity."

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[Here a considerable part is wanting.]

* * "In short, man is an animal equally selfish and vain. Vanity, indeed, is but a modification of selfishness. From the latter, there are some who pretend to be free: they are generally such as declaim against the lust of wealth and power, because they have never been able to attain any high degree in either: they boast of generosity and feeling. They tell us, (perhaps they tell us in rhyme,) that the sensation of an honest heart, of a mind universally benevolent, make up the quiet bliss which they enjoy; but they will not, by this, be exempted from the charge of selfishness. Whence the luxurious happiness they describe in their little family circles? Whence the pleasure which they feel, when they trim their evening fires, and listen to the howl of the winter's wind? Whence, but from the secret reflection of what houseless wretches feel from it? Or do you

of a later pen than the rest of this performance. There seems to have been by some accident a gap in the manuscript, from the words, "Expectation of a jointure," to these, "In short, man is an animal," where the present blank ends; and some other person (for the hand is different, and the ink whiter) has filled part of it with sentiments of his own. Whoever he was, he seems to have caught some portion of the spirit of the man he personates.

administer comfort in affliction—the motive is at hand; I have had it preached to me in nineteen out of twenty of your consolatory discourses—the comparative littleness of our own misfortunes.

"With vanity your best virtues are grossly tainted: your benevolence, which ye deduce immediately from the natural impulse of the heart, squints to it for its reward. There are some, indeed, who tell us of the satisfaction which flows from a secret consciousness of good actions: this secret satisfaction is truly excellent—when we have some friend to whom we may discover its excellence."

He now paused a moment to relight his pipe, when a clock, that stood at his back, struck eleven; he started up at the sound; took his hat and his cane, and, nodding good night with his head, walked out of the room. The gentleman of the house called a servant to bring the stranger's surtout. "What sort of a night is it, fellow?" said he. "It rains, Sir," answered the servant, "with an easterly wind."—"Easterly for ever!"——He made no other reply; but shrugging up his shoulders till they almost touched his ears, wrapped himself tight in his great coat, and disappeared.

"This is a strange creature," said his friend to Harley. "I cannot say," answered he, "that his remarks are of the pleasant kind: it is curious to observe how the nature of truth may be changed by the garb it wears; softened to the admonition of friendship, or soured into the severity of reproof. Yet this severity may be useful to some tempers: it somewhat resembles a file; disagreeable in its operation, but hard metals may be the brighter for it."

CHAPTER XXV.

His Skill in Physiognomy.

The company at the baronet's removed to the playhouse accordingly, and Harley took his usual route into the Park. He observed, as he entered, a fresh-looking elderly gentleman in conversation with a beggar, who, leaning on his crutch, was recounting the hardships he had undergone, and explaining the wretchedness of his present condition. This was a very interesting dialogue to Harley; he was rude enough, therefore, to slacken his pace, as he approached, and, at last, to make a full

stop at the gentleman's back, who was just then expressing his compassion for the beggar, and regretting that he had not a farthing of change about him. At saying this, he looked piteously on the fellow: there was something in his physiognomy which caught Harley's notice: indeed, physiognomy was one of Harley's foibles, for which he had been often rebuked by his aunt in the country; who used to tell him, that when he was come to her years and experience, he would know that all's not gold that glitters: and it must be owned, that his aunt was a very sensible, harsh-looking, maiden lady, of threescore and upwards. But he was too apt to forget this caution; and now, it seems, it had not occurred to him: stepping up, therefore, to the gentleman, who was lamenting the want of silver, "Your intentions, Sir," said he, "are so good, that I cannot help lending you my assistance to carry them into execution," and gave the beggar a shilling. The other returned a suitable compliment, and extolled the benevolence of Harley. They kept walking together, and benevolence grew the topic of discourse.

The stranger was fluent on the subject. "There is no use of money," said he, "equal to that of beneficence: with the profuse, it is lost; and even with those who lay it out according to the prudence of the world, the objects acquired by it pall on the sense, and have scarce become our own till they lose their value with the power of pleasing; but here the enjoyment grows on reflection, and our money is most truly ours, when it ceases being in our possession."

"Yet I agree in some measure," answered Harley, "with those who think, that charity to our common beggars is often misplaced; there are objects less obtrusive, whose title is a better one."

"We cannot easily distinguish," said the stranger; "and even of the worthless, are there not many whose imprudence, or whose vice, may have been one dreadful consequence of misfortune?"

Harley looked again in his face, and blessed himself for his skill in physiognomy.

By this time they had reached the end of the walk, the old gentleman leaning on the rails to take breath, and in the mean time they were joined by a younger man, whose figure was much above the appearance of his dress, which was poor and shabby; Harley's former companion addressed him as an acquaintance, and they turned on the walk together.

The elder of the strangers complained of the closeness of the evening, and asked the other if he would go with him into a house hard by, and take a draught of excellent cider. "The man who keeps this house," said he to Harley, "was once a servant of mine; I could not think of turning loose upon the

world a faithful old fellow, for no other reason but that his age had incapacitated him; so I gave him an annuity of ten pounds with the help of which he has set up this little place here, and his daughter goes and sells milk in the city, while her father manages his tap-room, as he calls it, at home. I can't well ask a gentleman of your appearance to accompany me to so paltry a place."—"Sir," replied Harley, interrupting him, "I would much rather enter it than the most celebrated tavern in town: to give to the necessitous, may sometimes be a weakness in the man; to encourage industry, is a duty in the citizen." They entered the house accordingly.

On a table at the corner of the room lay a pack of cards, loosely thrown together. The old gentleman reproved the man of the house for encouraging so idle an amusement. Harley attempted to defend him, from the necessity of accommodating himself to the humor of his guests, and, taking up the cards, began to shuffle them backwards and forwards in his hand. "Nay, I don't think cards so unpardonable an amusement as some do," replied the other; "and now and then, about this time of the evening, when my eyes begin to fail me for my book, I divert myself with a game at piquet, without finding my morals a bit relaxed by it. Do you play piquet, Sir?" (to Harley.) Harley answered in the affirmative; upon which the other proposed playing a pool at a shilling the game, doubling the stakes; adding, that he never played higher with any body.

Harley's good nature could not refuse the benevolent old man: and the younger stranger, though he at first pleaded prior engagements, yet being earnestly solicited by his friend, at last yielded to solicitation.

When they began to play, the old gentleman, somewhat to the surprise of Harley, produced ten shillings to serve for markers of his score. "He had no change for the beggar," said Harley to himself; "but I can easily account for it; it is curious to observe the affection that inanimate things will create in us by a long acquaintance: if I may judge from my own feelings, the old man would not part with one of these counters for ten times its intrinsic value; it even got the better of his benevolence! I myself have a pair of old brass sleeve-buttons"—Here he was interrupted by being told, that the old gentleman had beat the younger, and that it was his turn to take up the conqueror. "Your game has been short," said Harley. "I repiqued him," answered the old man, with joy sparkling in his countenance. Harley wished to be repiqued too, but he was disappointed; for he had the same good fortune against his opponent. Indeed, never did fortune, mutable as she is, delight in mutability so much as at that moment: the victory was so

quick, and so constantly alternate, that the stake, in a short time, amounted to no less a sum than twelve pounds; Harley's proportion of which was within half a guinea of the money he had in his pocket. He had before proposed a division, but the old gentleman opposed it with such a pleasant warmth in his manner, that it was always over-ruled. Now, however, he told them, that he had an appointment with some gentlemen, and it was within a few minutes of his hour. The young stranger had gained one game, and was engaged in the second with the other; they agreed, therefore, that the stake should be divided, if the old gentleman won that; which was more than probable, as his score was ninety to thirty-five, and he was elder hand; but a momentous repique decided it in favor of his adversary, who seemed to enjoy his victory mingled with regret, for having won too much, while his friend, with great ebullience of passion, many praises of his own good play, and many maledictions on the power of chance, took up the cards, and threw them into the fire.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Man of Feeling in a Brothel.

The company he was engaged to meet were assembled in Fleet-street. He had walked some time along the Strand, amidst a crowd of those wretches who wait the uncertain wages of prostitution, with ideas of pity suitable to the scene around him, and the feelings he possessed, and had got as far as Somerset-house, when one of them laid hold of his arm, and with a voice tremulous and faint, asked him for a pint of wine, in a manner more supplicatory than is usual with those whom the infamy of their profession has deprived of shame: he turned round at the demand, and looked steadfastly on the person who made it.

She was above the common size, and elegantly formed; her face was thin and hollow, and showed the remains of tarnished beauty. Her eyes were black, but had little of their lustre left: her cheeks had some paint laid on without art, and productive of no advantage to her complexion, which exhibited a deadly paleness on the other parts of her face.

Harley stood in the attitude of hesitation; which she interpreting to her advantage, repeated her request, and endeavored to force a leer of invitation into her countenance. He took her arm, and they walked on to one of those obsequious taverns in

the neighborhood, where the dearness of the wine is a discharge in full for the character of the house. From what impulse he did this, we do not mean to inquire; as it has ever been against our nature to search for motives where bad ones are to be found. They entered, and a waiter showed them a room, and placed a bottle of wine on the table.

Harley filled the lady's glass; which she had no sooner tasted, than, dropping it on the floor, and eagerly catching his arm, her eye grew fixed, her lip assumed a clayey whiteness, and she fell back lifeless in her chair.

Harley started from his seat, and, catching her in his arms, supported her from falling to the ground, looking wildly at the door, as if he wanted to run for assistance, but durst not leave the miserable creature. It was not till some minutes after, that it occurred to him to ring the bell, which at last, however, he thought of, and rung with repeated violence even after the waiter appeared. Luckily, the waiter had his senses somewhat more about him; and snatching up a bottle of water, which stood on a buffet at the end of the room, he sprinkled it over the hands and face of the dying figure before him. She began to revive, and with the assistance of some hartshorn drops, which Harley now for the first time drew from his pocket, was able to desire the waiter to bring her a crust of bread, of which she swallowed some mouthfuls with the appearance of the keenest hunger. The waiter withdrew: when turning to Harley, sobbing at the same time, and shedding tears, "I am sorry, Sir," said she, "that I should have given you so much trouble; but you will pity me when I tell you, that till now I have not tasted a morsel these two days past." He fixed his eyes on hers—every circumstance but the last was forgotten; and he took her hand with as much respect as if she had been a duchess. It was ever the privilege of misfortune to be revered by him. "Two days!" said he; "and I have fared sumptuously every day!"—He was reaching to the bell; she understood his meaning, and prevented him. "I beg, Sir," said she, "that you would give yourself no more trouble about a wretch who does not wish to live; but, at present, I could not eat a bit; my stomach even rose at the last mouthful of that crust." He offered to call a chair, saying, that he hoped a little rest would relieve her. He had one half-guinea left: "I am sorry," he said, "that at present I should be able to make you an offer of no more than this paltry sum."—She burst into tears: "Your generosity, Sir, is abused; to bestow it on me is to take it from the virtuous: I have no title but misery to plead; misery of my own procuring." "No more of that," answered Harley; "there is virtue in these tears; let the fruit of them be virtue."—He rung, and ordered a chair.—"Though

I am the vilest of beings," said she, "I have not forgotten every virtue; gratitude, I hope, I shall still have left, did I but know who is my benefactor."—"My name is Harley."—"Could I ever have an opportunity"—"You shall, and a glorious one too! your future conduct—but I do not mean to reproach you—if, I say,—it will be the noblest reward—I will do myself the pleasure of seeing you again."—Here the waiter entered, and told them the chair was at the door; the lady informed Harley of her lodgings, and he promised to wait on her at ten next morning.

He led her to the chair, and returned to clear with the waiter, without ever once reflecting that he had no money in his pocket. He was ashamed to make an excuse; yet an excuse must be made: he was beginning to frame one, when the waiter cut him short, by telling him, that he could not run scores; but that, if he would leave his watch, or any other pledge, it would be as safe as if it lay in his pocket. Harley jumped at the proposal, and, pulling out his watch, delivered it into his hands immediately; and having, for once, had the precaution to take a note of the lodging he intended to visit next morning, sallied forth with a blush of triumph on his face, without taking notice of the sneer of the waiter, who, twirling the watch in his hand, made him a profound bow at the door, and whispered to a girl, who stood in the passage, something, in which the word CULLY was honored with a particular emphasis.

CHAPTER XXVII.

His Skill in Physiognomy is doubted.

After he had been some time with the company he had appointed to meet, and the last bottle was called for, he first recollected that he would be again at a loss how to discharge his share of the reckoning. He applied, therefore, to one of them, with whom he was most intimate, acknowledging that he had not a farthing of money about him; and, upon being jocularly asked the reason, acquainted them with the two adventures we have just now related. One of the company asked him, if the old man in Hydepark did not wear a brownish coat, with a narrow gold edging, and his companion an old green frock, with a buff-colored waistcoat. Upon Harley's recollecting that they did, "Then," said he, "you may be thankful you have

come off so well; they are two as noted sharpers, in their way, as any in town, and but t'other night took me in for a much larger sum: I had some thoughts of applying to a justice, but one does not like to be seen in those matters."

Harley answered "That he could not but fancy the gentleman was mistaken, as he never saw a face promise more honesty than that of the old man he had met with."—"His face!" said a grave looking man, who sat opposite to him, squirting the juice of his tobacco obliquely into the grate. There was something very emphatical in the action; for it was followed by a burst of laughter round the table. "Gentlemen," said Harley, "you are disposed to be merry; it may be as you imagine, for I confess myself ignorant of the town: but there is one thing which makes me bear the loss of my money with temper: the young fellow who won it must have been miserably poor; I observed him borrow money for the stake from his friend: he had distress and hunger in his countenance: be his character what it may, his necessities at least plead for him."—At this there was a louder laugh than before. "Gentlemen," said the lawyer, one of whose conversations with Harley we have already recorded, "here's a very pretty fellow for you; to have heard him talk some nights ago, as I did, you might have sworn he was a saint; yet now he games with sharpers, and loses his money; and is bubbled by a fine story invented by a whore, and pawns his watch; here are sanctified doings with a witness!"

"Young gentleman," said his friend on the other side of the table, "let me advise you to be a little more cautious for the future; and as for faces—you may look into them to know, whether a man's nose be a long or a short one."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

He keeps his Appointment.

The last night's raillery of his companions was recalled to his remembrance when he awoke, and the colder homilies of prudence began to suggest some things which were nowise favorable for a performance of his promise to the unfortunate female he had met with before. He rose uncertain of his purpose; but the torpor of such considerations was seldom prevalent over the warmth of his nature. He walked some turns backwards and forwards in his room; he recalled the languid

form of the fainting wretch to his mind; he wept at the recollection of her tears. "Though I am the vilest of beings, I have not forgotten every virtue; gratitude, I hope, I shall still have left."—He took a larger stride—"Powers of mercy that surround me!" cried he, "do ye not smile upon deeds like these! to calculate the chances of deception is too tedious a business for the life of man!" The clock struck ten!—When he had got down stairs, he found that he had forgot the note of her lodgings; he gnawed his lips at the delay: he was fairly on the pavement, when he recollected having left his purse; he did but just prevent himself from articulating an imprecation. He rushed a second time up into his chamber. "What a wretch I am," said he; "ere this time, perhaps"—'Twas a perhaps not to be borne;—two vibrations of a pendulum would have served him to lock his bureau;—but they could not be spared.

When he reached the house, and inquired for Miss Atkins, (for that was the lady's name,) he was shown up three pair of stairs, into a small room lighted by one narrow lattice, and patched round with shreds of a different colored paper. In the darkest corner stood something like a bed, before which a tattered coverlet hung by way of curtain. He had not waited long when she appeared. Her face had the glister of new-washed tears on it. "I am ashamed, Sir," said she, "that you should have taken this fresh piece of trouble about one so little worthy of it; but, to the humane, I know there is a pleasure in goodness for its own sake: if you have patience for the recital of my story, it may palliate, though it cannot excuse, my faults." Harey bowed, as a sign of assent; and she began as follows:

"I am the daughter of an officer, whom a service of forty years had advanced no higher than to the rank of captain. I have had hints from himself, and been informed by others, that it was in some measure owing to those principles of rigid honor, which it was his boast to possess, and which he early inculcated on me, that he had been able to arrive at no better station. My mother died when I was a child; old enough to grieve for her death, but incapable of remembering her precepts. Though my father was doatingly fond of her, yet there were some sentiments in which they materially differed: she had been bred from her infancy in the strictest principles of religion, and took the morality of her conduct from the motives which an adherence to those principles suggested. My father, who had been in the army from his youth, affixed an idea of pusillanimity to that virtue, which was formed by the doctrines, excited by the rewards, or guarded by the terrors of revelation; his darling idol was the honor of a soldier; a term which he held in such reverence, that he used it for his most sacred asseveration. When my mother

died, I was some time suffered to continue in those sentiments which her instructions had produced; but soon after, though, from respect to her memory, my father did not absolutely ridicule them, yet he showed, in his discourse to others, so little regard to them, and at times suggested to me motives of action so different, that I was soon weaned from opinions, which I began to consider as the dreams of superstition, or the artful inventions of designing hypocrisy. My mother's books were left behind at the different quarters we removed to, and my reading was principally confined to plays, novels, and those poetical descriptions of the beauty of virtue and honor, which the circulating libraries easily afforded.

"As I was generally reckoned handsome, and the quickness of my parts extolled by all our visiters, my father had a pride in showing me to the world. I was young, giddy, open to adulation, and vain of those talents which acquired it.

"After the last war, my father was reduced to half-pay; with which we retired to a village in the country, which the acquaintance of some genteel families who resided in it, and the cheapness of living, particularly recommended. My father rented a small house, with a piece of ground sufficient to keep a horse for him, and a cow for the benefit of his family. An old man-servant managed his ground; while a maid, who had formerly been my mother's, and had since been mine, undertook the care of our little dairy: they were assisted in each of their provinces by my father and me; and we passed our time in a state of tranquillity, which he had always talked of with delight, and which my train of reading had taught me to admire.

"Though I had never seen the polite circles of the metropolis, the company my father had introduced me into had given me a degree of good-breeding, which soon discovered a superiority over the young ladies of our village. I was quoted as an example of politeness, and my company courted by most of the considerable families in the neighborhood.

"Amongst the houses to which I was frequently invited, was Sir George Winbrooke's. He had two daughters nearly of my age, with whom, though they had been bred up in those maxims of vulgar doctrine, which my superior understanding could not but despise, yet as their good-nature led them to an imitation of my manners in every thing else, I cultivated a particular friendship.

"Some months after our first acquaintance, Sir George's eldest son came home from his travels. His figure, his address, and conversation, were not unlike those warm ideas of an accomplished man which my favorite novels had taught me to form; and his sentiments on the article of religion were as liberal as my own: when any of these happened to be the topic

of our discourse, I, who before had been silent, from a fear of being single in opposition, now kindled at the fire he raised, and defended our mutual opinions with all the eloquence I was mistress of. He would be respectfully attentive all the while; and when I had ended, would raise his eyes from the ground, look at me with a gaze of admiration, and express his applause in the highest strain of encomium. This was an incense the more pleasing, as I seldom or never had met with it before; for the young gentlemen who visited Sir George were for the most part of that common race of country squires, the pleasure of whose lives is derived from fox-hunting; these are seldom solicitous to please the women at all; or if they were, would never think of applying their flattery to the mind.

"Mr. Winbrooke observed the weakness of my soul, and took every occasion of improving the esteem he had gained. He asked my opinion of every author, of every sentiment, with that submissive diffidence, which showed an unlimited confidence in my understanding. I saw myself revered, as a superior being, by one whose judgment my vanity told me was not likely to err; preferred by him to all the other visiters of my sex, whose fortunes and rank should have entitled them to a much higher degree of notice: I saw their little jealousies at the distinguished attention he paid me; it was gratitude, it was pride, it was love! love, which had made too fatal a progress in my heart, before any declaration on his part should have warranted a return: but I interpreted every look of attention, every expression of compliment, to the passion I imagined him inspired with, and imputed to his sensibility that silence which was the effect of art and design. At length, however, he took an opportunity of declaring his love: he now expressed himself in such ardent terms, that prudence might have suspected their sincerity: but prudence is rarely found in the situation I had been unguardedly led into; besides, that the course of reading to which I had been accustomed, did not lead me to conclude, that his expressions could be too warm to be sincere: nor was I even alarmed at the manner in which he talked of marriage, a subjection, he often hinted, to which genuine love should scorn to be confined. The woman, he would often say, who had merit like mine to fix his affection, could easily command it for ever. That honor, too, which I revered, was often called in to enforce his sentiments. I did not, however, absolutely assent to them; but I found my regard for their opposites diminish by degrees. If it is dangerous to be convinced, it is dangerous to listen, for our reason is so much of a machine, that it will not always be able to resist, when the ear is perpetually assailed. In short, Mr. Harley, (for I tire you with a relation, the catastrophe of which you will

already have imagined,) I fell a prey to his artifices. He had not been able so thoroughly to convert me, that my conscience was silent on the subject; but he was so assiduous to give repeated proofs of unabated affection, that I hushed its suggestions as they rose. The world, however, I knew, was not to be silenced; and therefore I took occasion to express my uneasiness to my seducer, and entreat him, as he valued the peace of one to whom he professed such attachment, to remove it by a marriage. He made excuses from his dependance on the will of his father, but quieted my fears by the promise of endeavoring to win his assent.

"My father had been some days absent on a visit to a dying relation, from whom he had considerable expectations. I was left at home, with no other company than my books: my books I found were not now such companions as they used to be; I was restless, melancholy, unsatisfied with myself. But judge of my situation when I received a billet from Mr. Winbrooke, informing me that he had sounded Sir George on the subject we had talked of, and found him so averse to any match so unequal to his own rank and fortune, that he was obliged, with whatever reluctance, to bid adieu to a place, the remembrance of which should ever be dear to him.

"I read this letter a hundred times over. Alone, helpless, conscious of guilt, and abandoned by every better thought, my mind was one motley scene of terror, confusion, and remorse. A thousand expedients suggested themselves, and a thousand fears told me they would be vain: at last, in an agony of despair, I packed up a few clothes, took what money and trinkets were in the house, and set out for London, whither I understood he was gone; pretending to my maid, that I had received letters from my father requiring my immediate attendance. I had no other companion than a boy, a servant to the man from whom I hired my horses. I arrived in London within an hour of Mr. Winbrooke, and accidentally alighted at the very inn where he was.

"He started and turned pale when he saw me; but recovered himself in time enough to make many new protestations of regard, and beg me to make myself easy under a disappointment which was equally afflicting to him. He procured me lodgings where I slept, or rather endeavored to sleep, for that night. Next morning I saw him again; he then mildly observed on the imprudence of my precipitate flight from the country, and proposed my removing to lodgings at another end of the town, to elude the search of my father, till he should fall upon some method of excusing my conduct to him, and reconciling him to my return. We took a hackney-coach, and drove to the house he mentioned.

"It was situated in a dirty lane, furnished with a tawdry affectation of finery, with some old family pictures hanging on walls which their own cobwebs would better have suited. I was struck with a secret dread at entering; nor was it lessened by the appearance of the landlady, who had that look of selfish shrewdness, which, of all others, is the most hateful to those whose feelings are untinctured with the world. A girl, who she told us was her niece, sat by her, playing on a guitar, while herself was at work, with the assistance of spectacles, and had a prayer-book, with the leaves folded down in several places, lying on the table before her. Perhaps, Sir, I tire you with my minuteness; but the place, and every circumstance about it, is so impressed on my mind, that I never shall forget it.

"I dined that day with Mr. Winbrooke alone. He lost by degrees that restraint which I perceived too well to hang about him before, and, with his former gayety and good-humor, repeated the flattering things, which, though they had once been fatal, I durst not now distrust. At last, taking my hand and kissing it, 'It is thus,' said he, 'that love will last, while freedom is preserved; thus let us ever be blest, without the galling thought that we are tied to a condition where we may cease to be so.' I answered, 'That the world thought otherwise; that it had certain ideas of good fame, which it was impossible not to wish to maintain.' 'The world,' said he, 'is a tyrant; they are slaves who obey it: let us be happy without the pale of the world. To-morrow I shall leave this quarter of it, for one where the talkers of the world shall be foiled, and lose us. Could not my Emily accompany me? my friend, my companion, the mistress of my soul! Nay, do not look so, Emily! your father may grieve for a while, but your father shall be taken care of; this bank bill I intend as the comfort for his daughter.'

"I could contain myself no longer; 'Wretch!' I exclaimed, 'dost thou imagine that my father's heart could brook dependance on the destroyer of his child, and tamely accept of a base equivalent for her honor and his own?' 'Honor, my Emily,' said he, 'is the word of fools, or of those wiser men who cheat them. 'Tis a fantastic bauble, that does not suit the gravity of your father's age; but, whatever it is, I am afraid it can never be perfectly restored to you: exchange the word then, and let pleasure be your object now.' At these words he clasped me in his arms, and pressed his lips rudely to my bosom. I started from my seat. 'Perfidious villain!' said I, 'who dar'st insult the weakness thou hast undone; were that father here, thy coward soul would shrink from the vengeance of his honor. Curst be that wretch who has deprived him of it! oh! doubly curst, who has dragged on his hoary head the infamy which

should have crushed her own!" I snatched a knife which lay beside me, and would have plunged it in my breast; but the monster prevented my purpose, and smiling with a grin of barbarous insult, 'Madam,' said he, 'I confess you are too much in heroics for me: I am sorry we should differ about trifles; but as I seem somehow to have offended you, I would willingly remedy it by taking my leave. You have been put to some foolish expense in this journey on my account; allow me to reimburse you.' So saying, he laid a bank bill, of what amount I had no patience to see, upon the table. Shame, grief, and indignation, choked my utterance; unable to speak my wrongs, and unable to bear them in silence, I fell in a swoon at his feet.

"What happened in the interval I cannot tell; but when I came to myself, I was in the arms of the landlady, with her niece chafing my temples, and doing all in her power for my recovery. She had much compassion in her countenance: the old woman assumed the softest look she was capable of, and both endeavored to bring me comfort. They continued to show me many civilities, and even the aunt began to be less disagreeable in my sight. To the wretched, to the forlorn, as I was, small offices of kindness are endearing.

"Mean time my money was far spent, nor did I attempt to conceal my wants from their knowledge. I had frequent thoughts of returning to my father; but the dread of a life of scorn is insurmountable. I avoided therefore going abroad when I had a chance of being seen by any former acquaintance, nor indeed did my health for a great while permit it; and suffered the old woman, at her own suggestion, to call me niece at home, where we now and then saw (when they could prevail on me to leave my room) one or two other elderly women, and sometimes a grave business-like man, who showed great compassion for my indisposition, and made me very obligingly an offer of a room at his country-house for the recovery of my health. This offer I did not choose to accept; but told my landlady, that I would be glad to be employed in any way of business which my skill in needlework could recommend me to; confessing, at the same time, that I was afraid I should scarce be able to pay her what I already owed for board and lodging; and that for her other good offices, I had nothing but thanks to give her."

"My dear child, said she, do not talk of paying; since I lost my own sweet girl, (here she wept,) your very picture she was, Miss Emily, I have nobody except my niece, to whom I should leave any little thing I have been able to save: you shall live with me, my dear; and I have sometimes a little millinery work, in which, when you are inclined to it, you may assist us. By

the way, here are a pair of ruffles we have just finished for that gentleman you saw here at tea; a distant relation of mine, and a worthy man he is. 'Twas pity you refused the offer of an apartment at his country-house; my niece, you know, was to have accompanied you, and you might have fancied yourself at home; a most sweet place it is, and but a short mile beyond Hampstead. Who knows, Miss Emily, what effect such a visit might have had! if I had half your beauty, I should not waste it pining after e'er a worthless fellow of them all. I felt my heart swell at her words; I would have been angry if I could; but I was in that stupid state which is not easily awakened to anger: when I would have chid her, the reproof stuck in my throat; I could only weep!

"Her want of respect increased, as I had not spirit enough to assert it; my work was now rather imposed than offered, and I became a drudge for the bread I eat: but my dependance and servility grew in proportion, and I was now in a situation which could not make any extraordinary exertions to disengage itself from either; I found myself with child.

"At last the wretch who had thus trained me to destruction, hinted the purpose for which those means had been used. I discovered her to be an artful procuress for the pleasures of those, who are men of decency to the world in the midst of debauchery.

"I roused every spark of courage within me at the horrid proposal. She treated my passion at first somewhat mildly; but when I continued to exert it, she resented it with insult, and told me plainly, That if I did not soon comply with her desires, I should pay every farthing I owed, or rot in a jail for life. I trembled at the thought; still, however, I resisted her importunities, and she put her threats in execution. I was conveyed to prison, weak from my condition, weaker from that struggle of grief and misery which for some time I had suffered. A miscarriage was the consequence.

"Amidst all the horrors of such a state, surrounded with wretches totally callous, lost alike to humanity and to shame, think, Mr. Harley, think what I endured; nor wonder that I at last yielded to the solicitations of that miscreant I had seen at her house, and sunk to the prostitution which he tempted. But that was happiness compared to what I suffered since. He soon abandoned me to the common use of the town, and I was cast among those miserable beings in whose society I have since remained.

"Oh! did the daughters of virtue know our sufferings; did they see our hearts torn with anguish amidst the affectation of gayety which our faces are obliged to assume! our bodies tor-

tured by disease, our minds with that consciousness which they cannot lose! Did they know, did they think of this, Mr. Harley! —their censures are just; but their pity, perhaps, might spare the wretches whom their justice should condemn.

"Last night, but for an exertion of benevolence which the infection of our infamy prevents even in the humane, I had been thrust out from this miserable place which misfortune has yet left me; exposed to the brutal insults of drunkenness, or dragged by that justice which I could not bribe, to the punishment which may correct, but, alas! can never amend, the abandoned objects of its terrors. From that, Mr. Harley, your goodness has relieved me."

He beckoned with his hand: he would have stopped the mention of his favors; but he could not speak, had it been to beg a diadem.

She saw his tears; her fortitude began to fail at the sight, when the voice of some stranger on the stairs awakened her attention. She listened for a moment; then starting up, exclaimed, "Merciful God! my father's voice!"

She had scarce uttered the word, when the door burst open, and a man entered in the garb of an officer. When he discovered his daughter and Harley, he started back a few paces; his look assumed a furious wildness; he laid his hand on his sword. The two objects of his wrath did not utter a syllable. "Villain," he cried, "thou seest a father who had once a daughter's honor to preserve; blasted as it now is, behold him ready to avenge its loss!"

Harley had by this time some power of utterance. "Sir," said he, "if you will be a moment calm"—"Infamous coward!" interrupted the other, "dost thou preach calmness to wrongs like mine?" He drew his sword. "Sir," said Harley, "let me tell you"—The blood ran quicker to his cheeks—his pulse beat one—no more—and regained the temperament of humanity! —"You are deceived, Sir," said he, "you are much deceived; but I forgive suspicions which your misfortunes have justified: I would not wrong you, upon my soul I would not, for the dearest gratification of a thousand worlds; my heart bleeds for you!"

His daughter was now prostrate at his feet. "Strike," said she, "strike here a wretch, whose misery cannot end but with that death she deserves." Her hair had fallen on her shoulders! her look had the horrid calmness of out-breathed despair! Her father would have spoken; his lip quivered; his cheek grew pale; his eyes lost the lightning of their fury! there was a reproach in them, but with a mingling of pity! He turned them up to heaven—then on his daughter. He laid his left hand on his heart—the sword dropped from his right—he burst into tears.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Distresses of a Father.

HARLEY kneeled also at the side of the unfortunate daughter; "Allow me, Sir," said he, "to entreat your pardon for one whose offences have been already so signally punished. I know, I feel, that those tears, wrung from the heart of a father, are more dreadful to her than all the punishments your sword could have inflicted: accept the contrition of a child, whom heaven has restored to you."

"Is she not lost," answered he, "irrecoverably lost? Damnation! a common prostitute to the meanest ruffian!"

"Calmly, my dear Sir," said Harley, "did you know by what complicated misfortunes she had fallen to that miserable state in which you now behold her, I should have no need of words to excite your compassion. Think, Sir, of what once she was! Would you abandon her to the insults of an unfeeling world, deny her opportunity for penitence, and cut off the little comfort that still remains for your afflictions and her own?"

"Speak," said he, addressing himself to his daughter; "speak I will hear thee." The desperation that supported her was lost: she fell to the ground, and bathed his feet with her tears!

Harley undertook her cause: he related the treacheries to which she had fallen a sacrifice, and again solicited the forgiveness of her father. He looked on her for some time in silence; the pride of a soldier's honor checked for a while the yearnings of his heart; but nature at last prevailed, he fell on her neck, and mingled his tears with hers.

Harley, who discovered from the dress of the stranger, that he was just arrived from a journey, begged that they would both remove to his lodgings, till he could procure others for them. Atkins looked at him with some marks of surprise. His daughter now first recovered the power of speech: "Wretch as I am," said she, "yet there is some gratitude due to the preserver of your child. See him now before you. To him I owe my life, or at least the comfort of imploring your forgiveness before I die." "Pardon me, young gentleman," said Atkins, "I fear my passion wronged you."

"Never, never, Sir," said Harley; "if it had, your reconci-

liation to your daughter were an atonement a thousand fold." He then repeated his request that he might be allowed to conduct them to his lodgings; to which Mr. Atkins at last consented. He took his daughter's arm. "Come, my Emily," said he, "we can never, never recover that happiness we have lost! but time may teach us to remember our misfortunes with patience."

When they arrived at the house where Harley lodged, he was informed, that the first floor was then vacant, and that the gentleman and his daughter might be accommodated there. While he was upon his inquiry, Miss Atkins informed her father more particularly what she owed to his benevolence. When he turned into the room where they were, Atkins ran and embraced him; begged him again to forgive the offence he had given him, and made the warmest protestations of gratitude for his favors. We would attempt to describe the joy which Harley felt on this occasion, did it not occur to us, that one half of the world could not understand it, though we did; and the other half will, by this time, have understood it without any description at all.

Miss Atkins now retired to her chamber, to take some rest from the violence of the emotions she had suffered. When she was gone, her father, addressing himself to Harley, said, "You have a right, Sir, to be informed of the present situation of one who owes so much to your compassion for his misfortunes. My daughter, I find, has informed you what that was at the fatal juncture when they began. Her distresses you have heard, you have pitied as they deserved; with mine, perhaps, I cannot so easily make you acquainted. You have a feeling heart, Mr. Harley; I bless it that it has saved my child; but you never were a father, a father torn by that most dreadful of calamities, the dishonor of a child he doated on! You have been already informed of some of the circumstances of her elopement. I was then from home, called by the death of a relation, who, though he would never advance me a shilling, on the utmost exigency, in his life-time, left me all the gleanings of his frugality at his death. I would not write this intelligence to my daughter, because I intended to be the bearer of it myself; and as soon as my business would allow me, I set out on my return, winged with all the haste of paternal affection. I fondly built those schemes of future happiness, which present prosperity is ever busy to suggest: my Emily was concerned in them all. As I approached our little dwelling, my heart throbbed with the anticipation of joy and welcome. I imagined the cheering fire, the blissful contentment of a frugal meal, made luxurious by a daughter's smile: I painted to myself her surprise at the tidings of our new-acquired riches, our fond disputes about the disposal of them.

"The road was shortened by the dreams of happiness I enjoyed, and it began to be dark as I reached the house: I alighted from my horse, and walked softly up stairs to the room we commonly sat in. I was somewhat disappointed at not finding my daughter there. I rung the bell; her maid appeared, and showed no small signs of wonder at the summons. She blessed herself, as she entered the room: I smiled at her surprise. 'Where is Miss Emily, Sir?' said she.—'Emily!'—'Yes, Sir; she has been gone hence some days, upon receipt of those letters you sent her.'—'Letters!' said I.—'Yes, Sir; so she told me, and went off in all haste that very night.'

"I stood aghast as she spoke; but was able so far to recollect myself, as to put on the affectation of calmness, and telling her there was certainly some mistake in the affair, desired her to leave me.

"When she was gone, I threw myself into a chair in that state of uncertainty which is of all others the most dreadful. The gay visions, with which I had delighted myself, vanished in an instant: I was tortured with tracing back the same circle of doubt and disappointment. My head grew dizzy, as I thought. I called the servant again, and asked her a hundred questions to no purpose; there was not room even for conjecture.

"Something at last arose in my mind, which we call Hope, without knowing what it is. I wished myself deluded by it; but it could not prevail over my returning fears. I arose, and walked through the room. My Emily's spinnet stood at the end of it, open, with a book of music folded down at some of my favorite lessons. I touched the keys; there was a vibration in the sound that froze my blood. I looked around, and methought the family pictures on the walls gazed on me with compassion in their faces. I sat down again, with an attempt at more composure; I started at every creaking of the door, and my ears rung with imaginary noises!

"I had not remained long in this situation, when the arrival of a friend, who had accidentally heard of my return, put an end to my doubts, by the recital of my daughter's dishonor. He told me he had his information from a young gentleman, to whom Winbrooke had boasted of having seduced her.

"I started from my seat, with broken curses on my lips, and without knowing whither I should pursue them, ordered my servant to load my pistols, and saddle my horses. My friend, however, with great difficulty, persuaded me to compose myself for that night, promising to accompany me on the morrow to Sir George Winbrooke's in quest of his son.

"The morrow came, after a night spent in a state little distant from madness. We went as early as decency would allow to

Sir George's. He received me with politeness, and indeed compassion; protested his abhorrence of his son's conduct, and told me, that he had set out some days before for London, on which place he had procured a draught for a large sum, on pretence of finishing his travels; but that he had not heard from him since his departure.

"I did not wait for any more, either of information or comfort, but, against the united remonstrances of Sir George and my friend, set out instantly for London, with a frantic uncertainty of purpose; but there all manner of search was in vain. I could trace neither of them any farther than the inn where they first put up on their arrival; and, after some days' fruitless inquiry, returned home, destitute of every little hope that had hitherto supported me. The journeys I had made, the restless nights I had spent, above all, the perturbation of my mind, had the effect which naturally might be expected: a very dangerous fever was the consequence. From this, however, contrary to the expectation of my physicians, I recovered. It was now that I first felt something like calmness of mind; probably from being reduced to a state which could not produce the exertions of anguish or despair. A stupid melancholy settled on my soul: I could endure to live with an apathy of life: at times, I forgot my resentment, and wept at the remembrance of my child.

"Such has been the tenor of my days since that fatal moment when these misfortunes began, till yesterday, that I received a letter from a friend in town, acquainting me of her present situation. Could such tales as mine, Mr. Harley, be sometimes suggested to the daughters of levity; did they but know with what anxiety the heart of a parent flutters round the child he loves; they would be less apt to construe into harshness that delicate concern for their conduct, which they often complain of as laying restraint upon things to the young, the gay, and the thoughtless, seemingly harmless and indifferent. Alas! I fondly imagined that I needed not even these common cautions! my Emily was the joy of my age, and the pride of my soul! Those things are now no more! they are lost for ever! Her death I could have borne; but the death of her honor has added obloquy and shame to that sorrow which bends my gray hairs to the dust!"

As he spoke these last words, his voice trembled in his throat; it was now lost in his tears! He sat with his face half turned from Harley, as if he would have hid the sorrow which he felt. Harley was in the same attitude himself; he durst not meet Atkins' eye with a tear; but gathering his stifled breath, "Let me entreat you, Sir," said he, "to hope better things. The world is ever tyrannical; it warps our sorrows to edge them

with keener affliction: let us not be slaves to the names it affixes to motive or to action. I know an ingenuous mind cannot help feeling when they sting: but there are considerations by which it may be overcome: its fantastic ideas vanish as they rise; they teach us—to look beyond it."

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A FRAGMENT.

Showing his success with the Baronet.

*** The card he received was in the politest style in which disappointment could be communicated: the baronet "was under the necessity of giving up his application for Mr. Harley, as he was informed, that the lease was engaged for a gentleman who had long served his majesty in another capacity, and whose merit had entitled him to the first lucrative thing that should be vacant." Even Harley could not murmur at such a disposal. "Perhaps," said he to himself, "some war-worn officer, who, like poor Atkins, had been neglected from reasons which merited the highest advancement; whose honor could not stoop to solicit the preferment he deserved; perhaps, with a family, taught the principles of delicacy, without the means of supporting it; a wife and children,—gracious heaven! whom my wishes would have deprived of bread!"——

He was interrupted in his reverie by some one tapping him on the shoulder; and, on turning round, he discovered it to be the very man who had explained to him the condition of his gay companion at Hyde-park corner. "I am glad to see you, Sir," said he; "I believe we are fellows in disappointment." Harley started, and said, that he was at a loss to understand him. "Poh! you need not be so shy," answered the other; "every one for himself is but fair, and I had much rather you had got it than the rascally guager." Harley still protested his ignorance of what he meant. "Why, the lease of Bancroft-manor: had not you been applying for it?"—"I confess I was," replied Harley; "but I cannot conceive how you should be interested in the matter."—"Why, I was making interest for it myself," said he, "and I think I had some title: I voted for this same baronet at the last election, and made some of my friends do so too; though I would not have you imagine that I sold my vote; no, I scorn it, let me tell you, I scorn it: but I thought as how this man was staunch and true, and I find he's but a

double-faced fellow after all, and speechifies in the house for any side he hopes to make most by. Oh! how many fine speeches, and squeezings by the hand, we had of him on the canvass! 'And if ever I shall be so happy as to have an opportunity of serving you;'—a murrain on the smooth-tongued knave! and after all to get it for this pimp of a guager."—"The guager! there must be some mistake," said Harley; "he writes me, that it was engaged for one, whose long services"—"Services!" interrupted the other; "you shall hear. Services! yes, his sister arrived in town a few days ago, and is now seamstress to the baronet. A plague on all rogues! says honest Sam Wrightson: I shall but just drink damnation to them to-night, in a crown's-worth of Ashley's, and leave London to-morrow by sunrise."—"I shall leave it too," said Harley; and so he accordingly did.

In passing through Piccadilly, he had observed, on the window of an inn, a notification of the departure of a stage-coach for a place in his road homewards; in the way back to his lodgings, he took a seat in it for his return.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

He leaves London—Characters in a Stage-Coach.

The company in the stage-coach consisted of a grocer and his wife, who were going to pay a visit to some of their country friends; a young officer, who took this way of marching to quarters; a middle-aged gentlewoman, who had been hired as housekeeper to some family in the country; and an elderly, well-looking man, with a remarkable old-fashioned periwig.

Harley, upon entering, discovered but one vacant seat, next the grocer's wife, which, from his natural shyness of temper, he made no scruple to occupy, however aware that riding backwards always disagreed with him.

Though his inclination to physiognomy had met with some rubs in the metropolis, he had not yet lost his attachment to that science: he set himself, therefore, to examine, as usual, the countenances of his companions. Here, indeed, he was not long in doubt as to the preference; for, besides that the elderly gentleman, who sat opposite to him, had features by nature more expressive of good dispositions, there was something in

that periwig we mentioned, peculiarly attractive of Harley's regard.

He had not been long employed in these speculations, when he found himself attacked with that faintish sickness, which was the natural consequence of his situation in the coach. The paleness of his countenance was first observed by the housekeeper, who immediately made offer of her smelling-bottle, which Harley, however, declined, telling, at the same time, the cause of his uneasiness. The gentleman on the opposite side of the coach now first turned his eye from the side-direction in which it had been fixed, and begged Harley to exchange places with him, expressing his regret that he had not made the proposal before. Harley thanked him, and, upon being assured that both seats were alike to him, was about to accept his offer, when the young gentleman of the sword, putting on an arch look, laid hold of the other's arm. "So, my old boy," said he, "I find you have still some youthful blood about you, but, with your leave, I will do myself the honor of sitting by this lady;" and took his place accordingly. The grocer stared him as full in the face as his own short neck would allow; and his wife, who was a little round-faced woman, with a great deal of color in her cheeks, drew up at the compliment that was paid her, looking first at the officer, and then at the housekeeper.

This incident was productive of some discourse; for before, though there was sometimes a cough or a hem from the grocer, and the officer now and then humm'd a few notes of a song, there had not a single word passed the lips of any of the company.

Mrs. Grocer observed, how ill-convenient it was for people, who could not bear to ride backwards, to travel in a stage. This brought on a dissertation on stage-coaches in general, and the pleasure of keeping a chay of one's own; which led to another, on the great riches of Mr. Deputy Bearskin, who, according to her, had once been of that industrious order of youths who sweep the crossings of the streets for the conveniency of passengers, but, by various fortunate accidents, had now acquired an immense fortune, and kept his coach and a dozen livery servants. All this afforded ample fund for conversation, if conversation it might be called, that was carried on solely by the before mentioned lady, nobody offering to interrupt her, except that the officer sometimes signified his approbation by a variety of oaths, a sort of phraseology in which he seemed extremely conversant. She appealed, indeed, frequently to her husband for the authenticity of certain facts, of which the good man as often protested his total ignorance; but as he was always called fool, or something very like it, for his pains, he at last contrived to support the credit of his wife without preju-

dice to his conscience, and signified his assent by a noise not unlike the grunting of that animal which in shape and fatness he somewhat resembled.

The housekeeper, and the old gentleman who sat next to Harley, were now observed to be fast asleep; at which the lady, who had been at such pains to entertain them, muttered some words of displeasure, and, upon the officer's whispering to smoke the old put, both she and her husband pursed up their mouths into a contemptuous smile. Harley looked sternly on the grocer: "You are come, Sir," said he, "to those years when you might have learned some reverence for age: as for this young man, who has so lately escaped from the nursery, he may be allowed to divert himself." "Damme, Sir," said the officer, "do you call me young?" striking up the front of his hat, and stretching forward on his seat, till his face almost touched Harley's. It is probable, however, that he discovered something there which tended to pacify him; for, on the lady's entreating them not to quarrel, he very soon resumed his posture and calmness together, and was rather less profuse of his oaths during the rest of the journey.

It is possible the old gentleman had waked time enough to hear the last part of this discourse; at least (whether from that cause, or that he too was a physiognomist) he wore a look remarkably complacent to Harley, who, on his part, showed a particular observance of him: indeed they had soon a better opportunity of making their acquaintance, as the coach arrived that night at the town where the officer's regiment lay, and the places of destination of their other fellow-travellers, it seems, were at no great distance; for next morning the old gentleman and Harley were the only passengers remaining.

When they left the inn in the morning, Harley, pulling out a little pocket-book, began to examine the contents, and make some corrections with a pencil. "This," said he, turning to his compa ion, "is an amusement with which I sometimes pass idle hours at an inn: these are quotations from those humble poets, who trust their fame to the brittle tenure of windows and drinking-glasses." "From our inns," returned the gentleman, "a stranger might imagine that we were a nation of poets; machines at least containing poetry which the motion of a journey emptied of their contents: is it from the vanity of being thought geniuses, or a mere mechanical imitation of the custom of others, that we are tempted to scrawl rhyme upon such places?"

"Whether vanity is the cause of our becoming rhymesters or not," answered Harley, "it is a pretty certain effect of it. An old man of my acquaintance, who deals in apothegms, used to say, That he had known few men without envy, few wits without

ill-nature, and no poet without vanity; and I believe his remark is a pretty just one: vanity has been immemorially the charter of poets. In this the ancients were more honest than we are: the old poets frequently make boastful predictions of the immortality their works will obtain for them; ours, in their dedications and prefatory discourses, employ much eloquence to praise their patrons, and much seeming modesty to condemn themselves, or at least to apologize for their productions to the world: but this, in my opinion, is the more assuming manner of the two; for of all the garbs I ever saw Pride put on, that of her humility is to me the most disgusting."

"It is natural enough for a poet to be vain," said the stranger: "the little worlds which he raises, the inspiration which he claims, may easily be productive of self-importance; though that inspiration is fabulous, it brings on egotism, which is always the parent of vanity."

"It may be supposed," answered Harley, "that inspiration of old was an article of religious faith; in modern times it may be translated, a propensity to compose; and I believe it is not always most readily found where the poets have fixed its residence, amidst groves and plains, and the scenes of pastoral retirement. The mind may be there unbent from the cares of the world; but it will frequently, at the same time, be unnerved from any great exertion: it will feel the languor of indolence, and wander without effort over the regions of reflection."

"There is at least," said the stranger, "one advantage in the poetical inclination, that it is an incentive to philanthropy. There is a certain poetic ground, on which a man cannot tread without feelings that enlarge the heart: the causes of human depravity vanish before the romantic enthusiasm he professes, and many who are not able to reach the Parnassian heights, may yet approach so near as to be bettered by the air of the climate."

"I have always thought so," replied Harley; "but this is an argument with the prudent against it: they urge the danger of unfitness for the world."

"I allow it," returned the other; "but I believe it is not always rightfully imputed to the bent for poetry: that is only one effect of the common cause.—Jack, says his father, is indeed no scholar; nor could all the drubbings from his master ever bring him one step forward in his accidence or syntax: but I intend him for a merchant.—Allow the same indulgence to Tom.—Tom reads Virgil and Horace when he should be casting accounts; and but t'other day he pawned his great-coat for an edition of Shakspeare.—But Tom would have been as he is, though Virgil and Horace had never been born, though Shaks

peare had died a link-boy; for his nurse will tell you, that when he was a child, he broke his rattle, to discover what it was that sounded within it; and burnt the sticks of his go-cart, because he liked to see the sparkling of timber in the fire.—'Tis a sad case; but what is to be done?—Why, Jack shall make a fortune, dine on venison, and drink claret.—Ay, but Tom—Tom shall dine with his brother, when his pride will let him; at other times he shall bless God over a half-pint of ale and a Welsh rabbit; and both shall go to heaven as they may.—That's a poor prospect for Tom, says the father.—To go to heaven! I cannot agree with him."

"Perhaps," said Harley, "we now-a-days discourage the romantic turn a little too much. Our boys are prudent too soon. Mistake me not, I do not mean to blame them for want of levity or dissipation; but their pleasures are those of hackneyed vice, blunted to every finer emotion by the repetition of debauch; and their desire of pleasure is warped to the desire of wealth, as the means of procuring it. The immense riches acquired by individuals have erected a standard of ambition, destructive of private morals and of public virtue. The weaknesses of vice are left us; but the most allowable of our failings we are taught to despise. Love, the passion most natural to the sensibility of youth, has lost the plaintive dignity it once possessed, for the unmeaning simper of a dangling coxcomb; and the only serious concern, that of a dowry, is settled, even amongst the beardless leaders of the dancing-school. The Frivolous and the Interested (might a satirist say) are the characteristical features of the age; they are visible even in the essays of our philosophers. They laugh at the pedantry of our fathers, who complained of the times in which they lived; they are at pains to persuade us how much those were deceived; they pride themselves in defending things as they find them, and in exploding the barren sounds which had been reared into motives for action. To this their style is suited; and the manly tone of reason is exchanged for perpetual efforts at sneer and ridicule. This I hold to be an alarming crisis in the corruption of a state; when not only is virtue declined, and vice prevailing, but when the praises of virtue are forgotten, and the infamy of vice unfelt."

They soon after arrived at the next inn upon the route of the stage-coach, when the stranger told Harley, that his brother's house, to which he was returning, lay at no great distance, and he must therefore unwillingly bid him adieu.

"I should like," said Harley, taking his hand, "to have some word to remember so much seeming worth by: my name is Harley."—"I shall remember it," answered the old gentleman, "in my prayers; mine is Silton."

And Silton indeed it was! Ben Silton himself! Once more, my honored friend, farewell!—Born to be happy without the world, to that peaceful happiness which the world has not to bestow! Envy never scowled on thy life, nor hatred smiled on thy grave.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

He meets an old Acquaintance.

When the stage-coach arrived at the place of its destination, Harley began to consider how he should proceed the remaining part of his journey. He was very civilly accosted by the master of the inn, who offered to accommodate him either with a post-chaise or horses, to any distance he had a mind; but as he did things frequently in a way different from what other people call natural, he refused these offers, and set out immediately a-foot, having first put a spare shirt in his pocket, and given directions for the forwarding of his portmanteau. This was a method of travelling which he was accustomed to take; it saved the trouble of provision for any animal but himself, and left him at liberty to choose his quarters, either at an inn, or at the first cottage in which he saw a face he liked: nay, when he was not peculiarly attracted by the reasonable creation, he would sometimes consort with a species of inferior rank, and lay himself down to sleep by the side of a rock, or on the banks of a rivulet. He did few things without a motive, but his motives were rather eccentric: and the usual and expedient were terms which he held to be very indefinite, and which, therefore, he did not always apply to the sense in which they are commonly understood.

The sun was now in his decline, and the evening remarkably serene, when he entered a hollow part of the road, which winded between the surrounding banks, and seamed the sward in different lines, as the choice of travellers had directed them to tread it. It seemed to be little frequented now, for some of those had partly recovered their former verdure. The scene was such as induced Harley to stand and enjoy it; when, turning round, his notice was attracted by an object, which the fixture of his eye on the spot he walked had before prevented him from observing.

An old man, who, from his dress, seemed to have been a soldier, lay fast asleep on the ground; a knapsack rested on a stone at his right hand, while his staff and brass-hilted sword were crossed at his left.

Hurley looked on him with the most earnest attention. He was one of those figures which Salvator would have drawn; nor was the surrounding scenery unlike the wildness of that painter's back-grounds. The banks on each side were covered with fantastic shrub-wood, and at a little distance, on the top of one of them, stood a finger-post, to mark the directions of two roads which diverged from the point where it was placed. A rock with some dangling wild flowers, jutting out above where the soldier lay; on which grew the stump of a large tree, white with age, and a single twisted branch shaded his face as he slept. His face had the marks of manly comeliness impaired by time; his forehead was not altogether bald, but his hairs might have been numbered; while a few white locks behind crossed the brown of his neck with a contrast the most venerable to a mind like Harley's. "Thou art old," said he to himself; "but age has not brought thee rest for its infirmities: I fear those silver hairs have not found shelter from thy country, though that neck has been bronzed in its service." The stranger waked. He looked at Harley with the appearance of some confusion: it was a pain the latter knew too well to think of causing in another; he turned and went on. The old man re-adjusted his knapsack, and followed in one of the tracks on the opposite side of the road.

When Harley heard the tread of his feet behind him, he could not help stealing back a glance at his fellow-traveller. He seemed to bend under the weight of his knapsack; he halted in his walk, and one of his arms was supported by a sling, and lay motionless across his breast. He had that steady look of sorrow, which indicates that its owner has gazed upon his griefs till he has forgotten to lament them; yet not without those streaks of complacency, which a good mind will sometimes throw into the countenance, through all the incumbent load of its depression.

He had now advanced nearer to Harley, and, with an uncertain sort of voice, begged to know what it was o'clock; "I fear," said he, "sleep has beguiled me of my time, and I shall hardly have light enough left to carry me to the end of my journey." "Father!" said Harley, (who by this time found the romantic enthusiasm rising within him,) "how far do you mean to go?" "But a little way, Sir," returned the other; "and indeed it is but a little way I can manage now: 'tis just four miles from the height to the village, whither I am going." "I am going thither too," said Harley; "we may make the road shorter to each other. You seem to have served your country, Sir, to have served it hardly, too; 'tis a character I have the highest esteem for.—I would not be impertinently inquisitive;

but there is that in your appearance which excites my curiosity to know something more of you: in the mean time, suffer me to carry that knapsack."

The old man gazed on him; a tear stood in his eye! "Young gentleman," said he, "you are too good: may Heaven bless you for an old man's sake, who has nothing but his blessing to give! but my knapsack is so familiar to my shoulders, that I should walk the worse for wanting it; and it would be troublesome to you, who have not been used to its weight." "Far from it," answered Harley, "I should tread the lighter; it would be the most honorable badge I ever wore."

"Sir," said the stranger, who had looked earnestly in Harley's face during the last part of his discourse, "is not your name Harley?" "It is," replied he; "I am ashamed to say I have forgotten yours." "You may well have forgotten my face," said the stranger;—"'tis a long time since you saw it; but possibly you may remember something of old Edwards."—"Edwards!" cried Harley, "oh! heavens!" and sprung to embrace him; "let me clasp those knees on which I have sat so often: Edwards!—I shall never forget that fireside, round which I have been so happy! But where, where have you been? where is Jack? where is your daughter? How has it fared with them, when fortune, I fear, has been so unkind to you?"—"'Tis a long tale," replied Edwards; "but I will try to tell it you as we walk.

"When you were at school in the neighborhood, you remember me at South-hill: that farm had been possessed by my father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, which last was a younger brother of that very man's ancestor, who is now lord of the manor. I thought I managed it as they had done, with prudence; I paid my rent regularly as it became due, and had always as much behind as gave bread to me and my children. But my last lease was out soon after you left that part of the country; and the squire, who had lately got a London attorney for his steward, would not renew it, because, he said, he did not choose to have any farm under 300*l.* a-year value on his estate; but offered to give me the preference on the same terms with another, if I chose to take the one he had marked out, of which mine was a part.

"What could I do, Mr. Harley? I feared the undertaking was too great for me; yet to leave, at my age, the house I had lived in from my cradle! I could not, Mr. Harley, I could not; there was not a tree about it that I did not look on as my father my brother, or my child: so I even ran the risk, and took the squire's offer of the whole. But I had soon reason to repent of my bargain; the steward had taken care that my former farm

should be the best land of the division: I was obliged to hire more servants, and I could not have my eye over them all; some unfavorable seasons followed one another, and I found my affairs entangling on my hands. To add to my distress, a considerable corn-factor turned bankrupt with a sum of mine in his possession: I failed paying my rent so punctually as I was wont to do, and the same steward had my stock taken in execution in a few days after. So, Mr. Harley, there was an end of my prosperity. However, there was as much produced from the sale of my effects as paid my debts and saved me from a jail: I thank God I wronged no man, and the world could never charge me with dishonesty.

"Had you seen us, Mr. Harley, when we were turned out of South-hill, I am sure you would have wept at the sight. You remember old Trusty, my shag house-dog; I shall never forget it while I live; the poor creature was blind with age, and could scarce crawl after us to the door: he went, however, as far as the gooseberry-bush, which you may remember stood on the left side of the yard; he was wont to bask in the sun there: when he had reached that spot, he stopped; we went on: I called to him; he wagged his tail, but did not stir: I called again; he lay down: I whistled, and cried Trusty; he gave a short howl, and died!—I could have lain down and died too; but God gave me strength to live for my children."

The old man now paused a moment to take breath. He eyed Harley's face; it was bathed with tears: the story was grown familiar to himself; he dropped one tear, and no more.

"Though I was poor," continued he, "I was not altogether without credit. A gentleman in the neighborhood, who had a small farm unoccupied at the time, offered to let me have it, on giving security for the rent; which I made shift to procure. It was a piece of ground which required management to make any thing of; but it was nearly within the compass of my son's labor and my own. We exerted all our industry to bring it into some heart. We began to succeed tolerably, and lived contented on its produce, when an unlucky accident brought us under the displeasure of a neighboring justice of the peace, and broke all our family happiness again.

"My son was a remarkable good shooter; he had always kept a pointer on our former farm, and thought no harm in doing so now; when, one day, having sprung a covey of partridges, in our own ground, the dog, of his own accord, followed them into the justice's. My son laid down his gun, and went after his dog to bring him back: the game-keeper, who had marked the birds, came up, and, seeing the pointer, shot him, just as my son approached. The creature fell: my son ran up to him: he

died, with a complaining sort of cry, at his master's feet. Jack could bear it no longer, but, flying at the game-keeper, wrenched his gun out of his hand, and, with the butt end of it, felled him to the ground.

"He had scarce got home, when a constable came with a warrant, and dragged him to prison; there he lay, for the justices would not take bail, till he was tried at the quarter-sessions for the assault and battery. His fine was hard upon us to pay; we contrived, however, to live the worse for it, and make up the loss by our frugality. But the justice was not content with that punishment, and soon after had an opportunity of punishing us indeed.

"An officer, with press-orders, came down to our county, and, having met with the justices, agreed, that they should pitch on a certain number, who could most easily be spared from the county, of whom he would take care to clear it: my son's name was in the justices' list.

"'Twas on a Christmas eve, and the birth-day, too, of my son's little boy. The night was piercing cold, and it blew a storm, with showers of hail and snow. We had made up a cheering fire in an inner room; I sat before it in my wicker-chair, blessing Providence, that had still left a shelter for me and my children. My son's two little ones were holding their gambols around us; my heart warmed at the sight: I brought a bottle of my best ale, and all our misfortunes were forgotten.

"It had long been our custom to play a game at blindman's-buff on that night, and it was not omitted now; so to it we fell, I, and my son, and his wife, the daughter of a neighboring farmer, who happened to be with us at the time, the two children, and an old maid-servant, who had lived with me from a child. The lot fell on my son to be blindfolded. We had continued some time at our game, when he groped his way into an outer room, in pursuit of some of us, who, he imagined, had taken shelter there; we kept snug in our places, and enjoyed his mistake. He had not been long there, when he was suddenly seized from behind; 'I shall have you now,' said he, and turned about. 'Shall you so, master?' answered the ruffian, who had laid hold of him; 'we shall make you play at another sort of game by and by.'"—At these words, Harley started with a convulsive sort of motion, and, grasping Edwards' sword, drew it half out of the scabbard, with a look of the most frantic wildness. Edwards gently replaced it in its sheath, and went on with his relation.

"On hearing these words in a strange voice, we all rushed out to discover the cause; the room, by this time, was almost full of the gang. My daughter-in-law fainted at the sight; the

maid and I ran to assist her, while my poor son remained motionless, gazing by turns on his children and their mother. We soon recovered her to life, and begged her to retire, and wait the issue of the affair; but she flew to her husband, and clung round him in an agony of terror and grief.

"In the gang was one of a smoother aspect, whom, by his dress, we discovered to be a sergeant of foot: he came up to me, and told me, that my son had his choice of the sea or land service, whispering, at the same time, that if he chose the land, he might get off, on procuring him another man, and paying a certain sum for his freedom. The money we could just muster up in the house, by the assistance of the maid, who produced, in a green bag, all the little savings of her service; but the man we could not expect to find. My daughter-in-law gazed upon her children with a look of the wildest despair. 'My poor infants!' said she, 'your father is forced from you; who shall now labor for your bread? or must your mother beg for herself and you?' I prayed her to be patient; but comfort I had none to give her. At last, calling the sergeant aside, I asked him, 'If I was too old to be accepted in place of my son?' 'Why, I don't know,' said he; 'you are rather old, to be sure, but yet the money may do much.' I put the money in his hand; and, coming back to my children, 'Jack,' said I, 'you are free; live to give your wife and these little ones bread; I will go, my child, in your stead: I have but little life to lose, and if I staid, I should add one to the wretches you left behind.'—'No,' replied my son, 'I am not that coward you imagine me; Heaven fordid that my father's gray hairs should be so exposed, while I sat idle at home; I am young, and able to endure much, and God will take care of you and my family.'—'Jack,' said I, 'I will put an end to this matter; you have never hitherto disobeyed me; I will not be contradicted in this: stay at home, I charge you, and, for my sake, be kind to my children.'

"Our parting, Mr. Harley, I cannot describe to you; it was the first time we ever had parted: the very press-gang could scarce keep from tears; but the sergeant, who had seemed the softest before, was now the least moved of them all. He conducted me to a party of new-raised recruits, who lay at a village in the neighborhood; and we soon after joined the regiment. I had not been long with it, when we were ordered to the East Indies, where I was soon made a sergeant, and might have picked up some money, if my heart had been as hard as some others were; but my nature was never of that kind, that could think of getting rich at the expense of my conscience.

"Amongst our prisoners was an old Indian, whom some of our officers supposed to have a treasure hidden some where;

which is no uncommon practice in that country. They pressed him to discover it. He declared he had none; but that would not satisfy them; so they ordered him to be tied to a stake, and suffer fifty lashes every morning, till he should learn to speak out, as they said. Oh! Mr. Harley, had you seen him, as I did, with his hands bound behind him suffering in silence, while the big drops trickled down his shrivelled cheeks, and wet his gray beard, which some of the inhuman soldiers plucked in scorn! I could not bear it, I could not for my soul; and one morning, when the rest of the guard were out of the way, I found means to let him escape. I was tried by a court-martial for negligence on my post, and ordered, in compassion of my age, and having got this wound in my arm, and that in my leg, in the service, only to suffer three hundred lashes, and be turned out of the regiment; but my sentence was mitigated, as to the lashes, and I had only two hundred. When I had suffered these, I was turned out of the camp, and had between three and four hundred miles to travel before I could reach a sea-port, without guide to conduct me, or money to buy me provisions by the way. I set out, however, resolved to walk as far as I could, and then to lay myself down and die. But I had scarce gone a mile, when I was met by the Indian whom I had delivered. He pressed me in his arms, and kissed the marks of the lashes on my back a thousand times; he led me to a little hut, where some friend of his dwelt; and, after I was recovered of my wounds, conducted me so far on my journey himself, and sent another Indian to guide me through the rest. When we parted, he pulled out a purse with two hundred pieces of gold in it:—'Take this,' said he, 'my dear preserver, it is all I have been able to procure.' I begged him not to bring himself to poverty for my sake, who should probably have no need of it long: but he insisted on my accepting it. He embraced me:—'You are an Englishman,' said he, 'but the Great Spirit has given you an Indian heart; may he bear up the weight of your old age, and blunt the arrow that brings it rest!' We parted, and not long after I made shift to get my passage to England. 'Tis but about a week since I landed, and I am going to end my days in the arms of my son. This sum may be of use to him and his children; 'tis all the value I put upon it. I thank Heaven, I never was covetous of wealth; I never had much, but was always so happy as to be content with my little."—

When Edwards had ended his relation, Harley stood a while looking at him in silence; at last he pressed him in his arms, and when he had given vent to the fulness of his heart by a shower of tears, "Edwards," said he "let me hold thee to my

bosom; let me imprint the virtue of thy sufferings on my soul. Come, my honored veteran! let me endeavor to soften the last days of a life, worn out in the service of humanity: call me also thy son, and let me cherish thee as a father." Edwards, from whom the recollection of his own sufferings had scarce forced a tear, now blubbered like a boy; he could not speak his gratitude, but by some short exclamations of blessings upon Harley.

CHAPTER XXXV.

He misses an old Acquaintance.—An Adventure consequent upon it.

When they had arrived within a little way of the village they journeyed to, Harley stopped short, and looked steadfastly on the mouldering walls of a ruined house that stood on the road-side. "Oh, heavens!" he cried, "what do I see! silent, unroofed, and desolate! Are all the gay tenants gone? Do I hear their hum no more? Edwards, look there, look there! the scene of my infant joys, my earliest friendships, laid waste and ruinous! That was the very school where I was boarded when you were at South-hill; 'tis but a twelvemonth since I saw it standing, and its benches filled with little cherubs: that opposite side of the road was the green on which they sported; see it now ploughed up! I would have given fifty times its value to have saved it from the sacrilege of the plough.

"Dear Sir," replied Edwards, "perhaps they have left it from choice, and may have got another spot as good."—"They cannot," said Harley, "they cannot; I shall never see the sward covered with its daisies, nor pressed by the dance of the dear innocents; I shall never see that stump decked with the garlands which their little hands had gathered. These two long stones, which now lie at the foot of it, were once the supports of a hut I myself assisted to rear: I have sat on the sods within it, when we had spread our banquet of apples before us, and been more blest—Oh! Edwards! infinitely more blest than ever I shall be again."

Just then a woman passed them on the road, and discovered some signs of wonder at the attitude of Harley, who stood, with his hands folded together, looking with a moistened eye on the fallen pillars of the hut. He was too much entranced in

thought to observe her at all; but Edwards civilly accosting her, desired to know, if that had not been the school-house, and how it came into the condition in which they now saw it? "Alack-a-day!" said she, "it was the school-house indeed; but to be sure, Sir, the squire has pulled it down, because it stood in the way of his prospects."—"What! how! prospects! pulled down!" cried Harley. "Yes, to be sure, Sir; and the green, where the children used to play, he has ploughed up, because, he said, they hurt his fence on the other side of it."—"Curses on his narrow heart," cried Harley, "that could violate a right so sacred! Heaven blast the wretch!

'And from his derogate body never spring
A babe to honor him!'

But I need not, Edwards, I need not," recovering himself a little; "he is cursed enough already: to him the noblest source of happiness is denied: and the cares of his sordid soul shall know it, while thou sittest over a brown crust, smiling on those mangled limbs that have saved thy son and his children!" "If you want any thing of the school-mistress, Sir," said the woman, "I can show you the way to her house." He followed her, without knowing whither he went.

They stopped at the door of a snug habitation, where sat an elderly woman with a boy and a girl before her, each of whom held a supper of bread and milk in their hands. "There, Sir, is the school-mistress."—"Madam," said Harley, "was not an old venerable man school-master here some time ago?" "Yes, Sir, he was: poor man! the loss of his former school-house, I believe, broke his heart, for he died soon after it was taken down; and as another has not yet been found, I have that charge in the mean time."—"And this boy and girl, I presume, are your pupils?"—"Ay, Sir, they are poor orphans, put under my care by the parish; and more promising children I never saw." "Orphans!" said Harley. "Yes, Sir, of honest creditable parents as any in the parish; and it is a shame for some folks to forget their relations, at a time when they have most need to remember them."—"Madam," said Harley, "let us never forget that we are all relations." He kissed the children.

"Their father, Sir," continued she, "was a farmer here in the neighborhood, and a sober industrious man he was; but nobody can help misfortunes: what with bad crops, and bad debts, which are worse, his affairs went to wreck; and both he and his wife died of broken hearts. And a sweet couple they were, Sir; there was not a properer man to look on in the country than John Edwards, and so indeed were all the Ed-

wards's." "What Edwards's?" cried the old soldier hastily. "The Edwards's of South-hill; and a worthy family they were." "South-hill!" said he, in a languid voice, and fell back into the arms of the astonished Harley. The school-mistress ran for some water, and a smelling-bottle, with the assistance of which they soon recovered the unfortunate Edwards. He stared wildly for some time; then folding his orphan grandchildren in his arms, "Oh! my children, my children!" he cried, "have I found you thus? My poor Jack! art thou gone? I thought thou shouldst have carried thy father's gray hairs to the grave! and these little ones"—his tears choked his utterance, and he fell again on the necks of the children.

"My dear old man!" said Harley, "Providence has sent you to relieve them; it will bless me, if I can be the means of assisting you."—"Yes, indeed, Sir," answered the boy; "father, when he was a-dying, bade God bless us; and prayed, that if grandfather lived, he might send him to support us."—"Where did they lay my boy?" said Edwards. "In the Old Church yard," replied the woman, "hard by his mother."—"I will show it you," answered the boy; "for I have wept over it many a time, when first I came among strange folks." He took the old man's hand, Harley laid hold of his sister's, and they walked in silence to the church yard.

There was an old stone, with the corner broken off, and some letters, half covered with moss, to denote the names of the dead: there was a cyphered R. E. plainer than the rest: it was the tomb they sought. "Here it is, grandfather," said the boy. Edwards gazed upon it without uttering a word: the girl, who had only sighed before, now wept outright: her brother sobbed, but he stifled his sobbing. "I have told sister," said he, "that she should not take it so to heart; she can knit already, and I shall soon be able to dig; we shall not starve, sister, indeed we shall not, nor shall grandfather neither."—The girl cried afresh: Harley kissed off her tears as they flowed, and wept between every kiss.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

He returns home—A description of his retinue.

It was with some difficulty that Harley prevailed on the old man to leave the spot where the remains of his son were laid. At last, with the assistance of the school-mistress, he prevailed;

and she accommodated Edwards and him with beds in her house, there being nothing like an inn nearer than the distance of some miles.

In the morning, Harley persuaded Edwards to come with the children to his house, which was distant but a short day's journey. The boy walked in his grandfather's hand; and the name of Edwards procured him a neighboring farmer's horse, on which a servant mounted, with the girl on a pillow before him.

With this train Harley returned to the abode of his fathers: and we cannot but think, that his enjoyment was as great as if he had arrived from the tour of Europe, with a Swiss valet for his companion, and half a dozen snuff-boxes, with invisible hinges, in his pocket. But we take our ideas from sounds which folly has invented; Fashion, Bon-ton, and Vertu, are the names of certain idols, to which we sacrifice the genuine pleasures of the soul: in this world of semblance, we are contented with personating happiness; to feel it, is an art beyond us.

It was otherwise with Harley; he ran up stairs to his aunt, with the history of his fellow-travellers glowing on his lips. His aunt was an economist; but she knew the pleasure of doing charitable things, and withal was fond of her nephew, and solicitous to oblige him. She received old Edwards, therefore, with a look of more complacency than is perhaps natural to maiden ladies of three score, and was remarkably attentive to his grandchildren: she roasted apples with her own hands for their supper, and made up a little bed beside her own for the girl. Edwards made some attempts towards an acknowledgment for these favors; but his young friend stopped them in their beginnings. "Whosoever receiveth any of these children"—said his aunt; for her acquaintance with her Bible was habitual.

Early next morning, Harley stole into the room where Edwards lay: he expected to have found him a-bed; but in this he was mistaken: the old man had risen, and was leaning over his sleeping grandson, with the tears flowing down his cheeks. At first he did not perceive Harley; when he did, he endeavored to hide his grief, and crossing his eyes with his hand, expressed his surprise at seeing him so early astir. "I was thinking of you," said Harley, "and your children: I learned last night that a small farm of mine in the neighborhood is now vacant: if you will occupy it, I shall gain a good neighbor, and be able, in some measure, to repay the notice you took of me when a boy; and as the furniture of the house is mine, it will be so much trouble saved." Edwards' tears gushed afresh, and Harley led him to see the place he intended for him.

The house upon this farm was indeed little better than a hut; its situation, however, was pleasant; and Edwards, assisted by the beneficence of Harley, set about improving its neatness and convenience. He staked out a piece of the green before for a garden, and Peter, who acted in Harley's family as valet, butler, and gardener, had orders to furnish him with parcels of the different seeds he chose to sow in it. I have seen his master at work in this little spot, with his coat off, and his dibble in his hand: it was a scene of tranquil virtue to have stopped an angel on his errands of mercy! Harley had contrived to lead a little bubbling brook through a green walk in the middle of the ground, upon which he had erected a mill in miniature for the diversion of Edwards' infant grandson, and made shifts in its construction to introduce a pliant bit of wood, that answered with its fairy clack to the murmuring of the rill that turned it. I have seen him stand, listening to these mingled sounds, with his eye fixed on the boy, and the smile of conscious satisfaction on his cheek; while the old man, with a look half turned to Harley, and half to Heaven, breathed an ejaculation of gratitude and piety.

Father of mercies! I also would thank thee, that not only hast thou assigned eternal rewards to virtue, but that, even in this bad world, the lines of our duty and our happiness, are so frequently woven together.

A FRAGMENT.

The Man of Feeling talks of what he does not understand. An Incident.

**** "Edwards," said he, "I have a proper regard for the prosperity of my country: every native of it appropriates to himself some share of the power or the fame, which, as a nation, it acquires; but I cannot throw off the man so much, as to rejoice at our conquests in India. You tell me of immense territories subject to the English; I cannot think of their possessions, without being led to inquire, by what right they possess them. They came there as traders, bartering the commodities they brought, for others which their purchasers could spare; and however great their profits were, they were then equitable. But what title have the subjects of another kingdom to establish an empire in India? to give laws to a country where the inhabitants received them on the terms of friendly com-

merce? You say they are happier under our regulations than under the tyranny of their own petty princes. I must doubt it, from the conduct of those by whom these regulations have been made. They have drained the treasuries of Nabobs, who must fill them by oppressing the industry of their subjects. Nor is this to be wondered at, when we consider the motive upon which those gentlemen do not deny their going to India. The fame of conquest, barbarous as that motive is, is but a secondary consideration: there are certain stations in wealth, to which the warriors of the East aspire. It is there indeed where the wishes of their friends assign them eminence, and to that object the question of their country is pointed at their return. When shall I see a commander return from India in the pride of honorable poverty?—You describe the victories they have gained; they are sullied by the cause in which they fought: you enumerate the spoils of those victories; they are covered with the blood of the vanquished!

"Could you tell me of some conqueror giving peace and happiness to the conquered? did he accept the gifts of their princes, to use them for the comfort of those whose fathers, sons, or husbands, fell in battle? did he use his power to gain security and freedom to the regions of oppression and slavery? did he endear the British name by examples of generosity, which the most barbarous or most depraved are rarely able to resist? did he return with the consciousness of duty discharged to his country, and humanity to his fellow-creatures? did he return with no lace on his coat, no slaves in his retinue, no chariot at his door, and no burgundy at his table?—these were laurels which princes might envy—which an honest man would not condemn!"

"Your maxims, Mr. Harley, are certainly right," said Edwards. "I am not capable of arguing with you; but I imagine there are great temptations in a great degree of riches, which it is no easy matter to resist: those a poor man like me cannot describe, because he never knew them; and perhaps I have reason to bless God that I never did; for then, it is likely, I should have withstood them no better than my neighbors. For you know, Sir, that it is not the fashion now, as it was in former times, that I have read of in books, when your great generals died so poor, that they did not leave wherewithal to buy them a coffin; and people thought the better of their memories for it: if they did so now-a-days, I question if any body, except yourself, and some few like you, would thank them."

"I am sorry," replid Harley, "that there is so much truth in what you say; but, however the general current of opinion may point, the feelings are not yet lost that applaud benevo-

lence, and censure inhumanity. Let us endeavor to strengthen them in ourselves; and we who live sequestered from the noise of the multitude, have better opportunities of listening undisturbed to their voice."

They now approached the little dwelling of Edwards. A maid-servant, whom he had hired to assist in the care of his grandchildren, met them a little way from the house: "There is a young lady within with the children," said she. Edwards expressed his surprise at the visit: it was, however, not the less true; and we mean to account for it.

This young lady, then, was no other than Miss Walton. She had heard the old man's history from Harley, as we have already related it. Curiosity, or some other motive, made her desirous to see his grandchildren; this she had an opportunity of gratifying soon; the children, in some of their walks, having strolled as far as her father's avenue. She put several questions to both; she was delighted with the simplicity of their answers, and promised, that if they continued to be good children, and do as their grandfather bid them, she would soon see them again, and bring some present or other for their reward. This promise she had performed now: she came attended only by her maid, and brought with her a complete suit of green for the boy, and a chintz gown, a cap, and a suit of ribands, for his sister. She had time enough, with her maid's assistance, to equip them in their new habiliments before Harley and Edwards returned. The boy heard his grandfather's voice, and, with that silent joy which his present finery inspired, ran to the door to meet him: putting one hand in his, with the other pointing to his sister, "See," said he, "what Miss Walton has brought us!"—Edwards gazed on them. Harley fixed his eye on Miss Walton; her's were turned to the ground;—in Edwards' was a beamy moisture.—He folded his hands together—"I cannot speak, young lady," said he, "to thank you." Neither could Harley. There were a thousand sentiments; but they gushed so impetuously on his heart, that he could not utter a syllable. ****

CHAPTER XL.

The Man of Feeling jealous.

The desire of communicating knowledge or intelligence, is an argument with those who hold, that man is naturally a social animal. It is, indeed, one of the earliest propensities we discover; but it may be doubted whether the pleasure (for pleasure there certainly is) arising from it be not often more selfish than social: for we frequently observe the tidings of ill communicated as eagerly as the annunciation of good. Is it that we delight in observing the effects of the stronger passions? for we are all philosophers in this respect; and it is, perhaps, amongst the spectators at Tyburn that the most genuine are to be found.

Was it from this motive that Peter came one morning into his master's room with a meaning face of recital? His master, indeed, did not at first observe it, for he was sitting with one shoe buckled, delineating portraits in the fire. "I have brushed those clothes, Sir, as you ordered me." Harley nodded his head; but Peter observed that his hat wanted brushing too: his master nodded again. At last Peter bethought him, that the fire needed stirring; and taking up the poker, demolished the turbaned head of a Saracen, while his master was seeking out a body for it. "The morning is main cold, Sir," said Peter.—"Is it?" said Harley.—"Yes, Sir. I have been as far as Tom Dowson's to fetch some barberries he had picked for Mrs. Margery. There was a rare junketting last night at Thomas's among Sir Harry Benson's servants; he lay at Squire Walton's, but he would not suffer his servants to trouble the family: so, to be sure, they were all at Tom's, and had a fiddle and a hot supper in the big room where the justices meet about the destroying of hares and partridges, and them things; and Tom's eyes looked so red and so bleared when I called him to get the barberries.—And I hear as how Sir Harry is going to be married to Miss Walton."——"How! Miss Walton married!" said Harley. "Why, it mayn't be true, Sir, for all that; but Tom's wife told it me, and to be sure the servants told her, and their master told them, as I guess, Sir; but it mayn't be true for all that, as I said before."—"Have done with your idle information," said Harley. "Is my aunt come down into the parlor to breakfast?"—"Yes, Sir."—"Tell her I'll be with her immediately."

When Peter was gone, he stood with his eyes fixed on the

ground, and the last words of his intelligence vibrating in his ears. —"Miss Walton married!" he sighed—and walked down stairs, with his shoe as it was, and the buckle in his hand. His aunt, however, was pretty well accustomed to those appearances of absence; besides, that the natural gravity of her temper, which was commonly called into exertion by the care of her household concerns, was such as not easily to be discomposed by any circumstance of accidental impropriety. She, too, had been informed of the intended match between Sir Harry Benson and Miss Walton. "I have been thinking," said she, "that they are distant relations: for the great-grandfather of this Sir Harry Benson, who was knight of the shire in the reign of Charles the First, and one of the cavaliers of those times, was married to a daughter of the Walton family." Harley answered dryly, that it might be so; but that he never troubled himself about those matters. "Indeed," said she, "you are to blame, nephew, for not knowing a little more of them: before I was near your age, I had sewed the pedigree of our family in a set of chair-bottoms, that were made a present to my grandmother, who was a very notable woman, and had a proper regard for gentility, I'll assure you; but now-a-days, it is money, not birth, that makes people respected; the more shame for the times."

Harley was in no very good humor for entering into a discussion of this question; but he always entertained so much filial respect for his aunt, as to attend to her discourse.

"We blame the pride of the rich," said he, "but are not we ashamed of our poverty?"

"Why, one would not choose," replied his aunt, "to make a much worse figure than one's neighbors; but, as I was saying before, the times (as my friend Mrs. Dorothy Walton observes) are shamefully degenerated in this respect. There was, but t'other day, at Mr. Walton's, that fat fellow's daughter, the London merchant, as he calls himself,—though I have heard that he was little better than the keeper of a chandler's shop,—we were leaving the gentlemen to go to tea. She had a hoop, forsooth, as large and as stiff—and it showed a pair of bandy legs, as thick as two——I was nearer the door by an apron's length, and the pert hussy brushed by me, as who should say, Make way for your betters, and with one of her London bobs—but Mrs. Dorothy did not let her pass with it; for all the time of drinking tea, she spoke of the precedency of family, and the disparity there is between people who are come of something, and your mushroom-gentry, who wear their coats of arms in their purses."

Her indignation was interrupted by the arrival of her maid with a damask table-cloth, and a set of napkins, from the loom, which had been spun by her mistress's own hand. There was

the family crest in each corner, and in the middle a view of the battle of Worcester, where one of her ancestors had been a captain in the king's forces; and with a sort of poetical license, in perspective, there was seen the Royal Oak, with more wig than leaves upon it.

On all this the good lady was very copious, and took up the remaining intervals of filling up tea, to describe its excellencies to Harley; adding, that she intended this as a present for his wife, when he should get one. He sighed, and looked foolish, and commending the serenity of the day, walked out into the garden.

He sat down on a little seat which commanded an extensive prospect round the house. He leaned on his hand, and scored the ground with his stick; "Miss Walton married!" said he; "but what is that to me? May she be happy! her virtues deserve it; to me, her marriage is otherwise indifferent:—I had romantic dreams! they are fled!—it is perfectly indifferent."

Just at that moment, he saw a servant with a knot of ribands in his hat, go into the house. His cheeks grew flushed at the sight! He kept his eyes fixed for some time on the door by which he had entered; then, starting to his feet, hastily followed him.

When he approached the door of the kitchen, where he supposed the man had entered, his heart throbbed so violently, that, when he would have called Peter, his voice failed in the attempt. He stood a moment listening in this breathless state of palpitation: Peter came out by chance. "Did your honor want any thing?"—"Where is the servant that came just now from Mr. Walton's?"—"From Mr. Walton's, Sir! there is none of his servants here, that I know of."—"Nor of Sir Harry Benson's?"—He did not wait for an answer; but, having by this time observed the hat with its party-colored ornament hanging on a peg near the door, he pressed forward into the kitchen, and addressing himself to a stranger whom he saw there, asked him, with no small tremor in his voice, "If he had any commands for him?" The man looked silly, and said, "That he had nothing to trouble his honor with."—"Are not you a servant of Sir Harry Benson's?"—"No, Sir."—"You'll pardon me, young man; I judged by the favor in your hat."—"Sir, I am his majesty's servant, God bless him! and these favors we always wear when we are recruiting."—"Recruiting!" His eyes glistened at the word: he seized the soldier's hand, and shaking it violently, ordered Peter to fetch a bottle of his aunt's best dram. The bottle was brought. "You shall drink the king's health," said Harley, "in a bumper."—"The king and your honor,"—"Nay, you shall drink the king's health by itself;

you may drink mine in another." Peter looked in his master's face, and filled with some little reluctance. "Now, to your mistress," said Harley; "every soldier has a mistress." The man excused himself—"To your mistress! you cannot refuse it." 'Twas Mrs. Margery's best dram! Peter stood with the bottle a little inclined, but not so as to discharge a drop of its contents. "Fill it, Peter," said his master, "fill it to the brim." Peter filled it; and the soldier, having named Sukey Simpson, despatched it in a twinkling. "Thou art an honest fellow," said Harley, "and I love thee;" and shaking his hand again, desired Peter to make him his guest at dinner, and walked up into his room with a pace much quicker and more springy than usual.

This agreeable disappointment, however, he was not long suffered to enjoy. The curate happened that day to dine with him: his visits, indeed, were more properly to the aunt than the nephew; and many of the intelligent ladies in the parish, who, like some very great philosophers, have the happy knack at accounting for every thing, gave out, that there was a particular attachment between them, which wanted only to be matured by some more years of courtship to end in the tenderest connexion. In this conclusion, indeed, supposing the premises to have been true, they were somewhat justified by the known opinion of the lady, who frequently declared herself a friend to the ceremonial of former times, when a lover might have sighed seven years at his mistress's feet, before he was allowed the liberty of kissing her hand. 'Tis true, Mrs. Margery was now about her grand climacteric; no matter: that is just the age when we expect to grow younger. But I verily believe there was nothing in the report; the curate's connexion was only that of a genealogist; for in that character he was no ways inferior to Mrs. Margery herself. He dealt also in the present times; for he was a politician and a newsmonger.

He had hardly said grace after dinner, when he told Mrs. Margery that she might soon expect a pair of white gloves, as Sir Harry Benson, he was very well informed, was just going to be married to Miss Walton. Harley spilt the wine he was carrying to his mouth. He had time, however, to recollect himself before the curate had finished the different particulars of his intelligence, and summing up all the heroism he was master of, filled a bumper, and drank to Miss Walton. "With all my heart," said the curate, "the bride that is to be." Harley would have said bride too; but the word bride stuck in his throat. His confusion, indeed, was manifest: but the curate began to enter on some point of descent with Mrs. Margery, and Harley had very soon an opportunity of leaving them, while they were deeply engaged in a question, whether the name of

some great man in the time of Henry the Seventh, was Richard or Humphrey.

He did not see his aunt again till supper; the time between, he spent in walking, like some troubled ghost, round the place where his treasure lay. He went as far as a little gate that led into a copse near Mr. Walton's house, to which that gentleman had been so obliging as to let him have a key. He had just begun to open it, when he saw, on a terrace below, Miss Walton, walking with a gentleman in a riding dress, whom he immediately guessed to be Sir Harry Benson. He stopped of a sudden; his hand shook so much that he could hardly turn the key; he opened the gate, however, and advanced a few paces. The lady's lap-dog pricked up its ears, and barked; he stopped again——

——"The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart, see they bark at me!"

His resolution failed; he slunk back, and locking the gate as softly as he could, stood on tiptoe looking over the wall till they were gone. At that instant a shepherd blew his horn; the romantic melancholy of the sound quite overcame him!—it was the very note that wanted to be touched—he sighed! he dropped a tear!—and returned.

At supper his aunt observed that he was graver than usual; but she did not suspect the cause: indeed, it may seem odd that she was the only person in the family, who had no suspicion of his attachment to Miss Walton. It was frequently matter of discourse among the servants: perhaps her maiden coldness—but for those things we need not account.

In a day or two he was so much master of himself as to be able to rhyme upon the subject. The following pastoral he left, some time after, on the handle of a tea-kettle, at a neighboring house where we were visiting; and as I filled the tea-pot after him, I happened to put it in my pocket by a similar act of forgetfulness. It is such as might be expected from a man who makes verses for amusement. I am pleased with somewhat of good-nature that runs through it, because I have commonly observed the writers of those complaints to bestow epithets on their lost mistresses rather too harsh for the mere liberty of choice, which led them to prefer another to the poet himself: I do not doubt the vehemence of their passion; but, alas! the sensations of love are something more than the returns of gratitude.

LAVINIA.

A PASTORAL.

Why steals from my bosom the sigh?
Why fixed is my gaze on the ground?
Come, give me my pipe, and I'll try
To banish my cares with the sound.

Erewhile were its notes of accord
With the smile of the flow'r-footed Muse:
Ah! why, by its master implored
Should it now the gay carol refuse?

'Twas taught by Lavinia's sweet smile,
In the mirth-loving chorus to join
Ah me! how unweeting the while
Lavinia———can never be mine!

Another, more happy, the maid
By fortune is destined to bless———
Though the hope has forsook that betrayed,
Yet why should I love her the less?

Her beauties are bright as the morn,
With rapture I counted them o'er;
Such virtues these beauties adorn,
I knew her, and praised them no more.

I termed her no goddess of love,
I called not her beauty divine:
These far other passions may prove,
But they could not be figures of mine.

It ne'er was apparell'd with art,
On words it could never rely;
It reigned in the throb of my heart,
It spoke in the glance of my eye.

Oh, fool! in the circle to shine
That fashion's gay daughters approve,
You must speak as the fashions incline;—
Alas! are there fashions in love?

Yet sure they are simple who prize
The tongue that is smooth to deceive;
Yet sure she had sense to despise
The tinsel that folly may weave.

When I talked, I have seen her recline
With an aspect so pensively sweet,—
Though I spoke what the shepherds opine
A fop were ashamed to repeat.

She is as soft as the dew-drops that fall
From the lip of the sweet-scented pea;
Perhaps when she smiled upon all,
I have thought that she smiled upon me.

But why of her charms should I tell?
Ah me! whom her charms have undone.
Yet I love the reflection too well,
The painful reflection to shun.

Ye souls of more delicate kind,
Who feast not on pleasure alone,
Who wear the soft sense of the mind,
To the sons of the world still unknown;

Ye know, though I cannot express,
Why I foolishly doat on my pain,
Nor will ye believe it the less
That I have not the skill to complain.

I lean on my hand with a sigh,
My friends the soft sadness condemn;
Yet, methinks, though I cannot tell why,
I should hate to be merry like them.

When I walked in the pride of the dawn,
Methought all the region look'd bright:
Has sweetness forsaken the lawn?
For, methinks, I grow sad at the sight.

When I stood by the stream, I have thought
There was mirth in the gurgling soft sound;
But now 'tis a sorrowful note,
And the banks are all gloomy around!

I have laughed at the jest of a friend;
Now they laugh and I know not the cause.
Though I seem with my looks to attend,
How silly! I ask what it was!

They sing the sweet song of the May.
They sing it with mirth and with glee;
Sure I once thought the sonnet was gay,
But now 'tis all sadness to me.

Oh! give me the dubious light
That gleams through the quivering shade;
Oh! give me the horrors of night
By gloom and by silence arrayed!

Let me walk where the soft-rising wave
Has pictured the moon on its breast:
Let me walk where the new-covered grave
Allows the pale lover to rest!

When shall I in its peaceable womb
Be laid with my sorrows asleep!
Should Lavinia chance on my tomb—
I could die if I thought she would weep.

Perhaps, if the souls of the just
Revisit these mansions of care,
It may be my favorite trust
To watch o'er the fate of the fair;

Perhaps the soft thought of her breast
With rapture more favored to warm;
Perhaps, if with sorrow oppressed,
Her sorrow with patience to arm.

Then! then! in the tenderest part
May I whisper, "Poor Colin was true;"
And mark if a heave of her heart
The thought of her Colin pursue.

THE PUPIL.

A FRAGMENT.

* * * * "But as to the higher part of education, Mr. Harley, the culture of the mind;—let the feelings be awakened, let the heart be brought forth to its object, placed in the light in which nature would have it stand, and its decisions will ever be just. The world

Will smile, and smile, and be a villain;

And the youth, who does not suspect its deceit, will be content to smile with it.—His teachers will put on the most forbidding aspect in nature, and tell him of the beauty of virtue.

"I have not under these gray hairs, forgotten that I was once a young man, warm in the pursuit of pleasure, but meaning to be honest as well as happy. I had ideas of virtue, of honor, of benevolence, which I had never been at the pains to define; but I felt my bosom heave at the thoughts of them, and I made the most delightful soliloquies.—"It is impossible," said I, "that there can be half so many rogues as are imagined."

"I travelled, because it is the fashion for young men of my fortune to travel: I had a travelling tutor, which is the fashion too; but my tutor was a gentleman, which is not always the fashion for tutors to be. His gentility indeed was all he had from his father, whose prodigality had not left him a shilling to support it.

"'I have a favor to ask of you, my dear Mountford,' said my father, 'which I will not be refused: You have travelled as became a man; neither France nor Italy have made any thing of Mountford, which Mountford before he left England would have been ashamed of: my son Edward goes abroad, would you take him under your protection?'—He blushed—my father's face was scarlet—he pressed his hand to his bosom, as if he had said,—my heart does not mean to offend you. Mountford sighed twice—'I am a proud fool,' said he, 'and you will

pardon it;—there! (he sighed again) I can hear of dependance since it is dependance on my Sedley.'—'Dependance!' answered my father; 'there can be no such word between us: what is there in nine thousand pounds a year that should make me unworthy of Mountford's friendship?'—They embraced; and soon after I set out on my travels, with Mountford for my guardian.

"We were at Milan, where my father happened to have an Italian friend, to whom he had been of some service in England. The count, for he was of quality, was solicitous to return the obligation, by a particular attention to his son: we lived in his palace, visited with his family, were caressed by his friends, and I began to be so well pleased with my entertainment, that I thought of England as of some foreign country.

"The count had a son not much older than myself. At that age a friend is an easy acquisition: we were friends the first night of our acquaintance.

"He introduced me into the company of a set of young gentlemen, whose fortunes gave them the command of pleasure, and whose inclinations incited them to the purchase. After having spent some joyous evenings in their society, it became a sort of habit which I could not miss without uneasiness; and our meetings, which before were frequent, were now stated and regular.

"Sometimes in the pauses of our mirth, gaming was introduced as an amusement: it was an art in which I was a novice: I received instruction, as other novices do, by losing pretty largely to my teachers. Nor was this the only evil which Mountford foresaw would arise from the connexion I had formed; but a lecture of sour injunctions was not his method of reclaiming. He sometimes asked me questions about the company; but they were such as the curiosity of any indifferent man might have prompted: I told him of their wit, their eloquence, their warmth of friendship, and their sensibility of heart: 'And their honor,' said I, laying my hand on my breast, 'is unquestionable.' Mountford seemed to rejoice at my good fortune, and begged that I would introduce him to their acquaintance. At the next meeting I introduced him accordingly.

"The conversation was as animated as usual: they displayed all that sprightliness and good-humor which my praises had led Mountford to expect; subjects too of sentiment occurred, and their speeches, particularly those of our friend the son of Count Respino, glowed with the warmth of honor, and softened into the tenderness of feeling. Mountford was charmed with his companions; when we parted, he made the highest eulogiums upon them: 'When shall we see them again?' said he. I was

delighted with the demand, and promised to reconduct him on the morrow.

"In going to their place of rendezvous, he took me a little out of the road, to see, as he told me, the performances of a young statuary. When we were near the house in which Mountford said he lived, a boy of about seven years old crossed us in the street. At sight of Mountford he stopped, and grasping his hand, 'My dearest Sir,' said he, 'my father is likely to do well; he will live to pray for you, and to bless you: yes, he will bless you, though you are an Englishman, and some other hard word that the monk talked of this morning, which I have forgot, but it meant that you should not go to heaven; but he shall go to heaven, said I, for he has saved my father; come and see him, Sir, that we may be happy.'—'My dear, I am engaged at present with this gentleman.' 'But he shall come along with you; he is an Englishman too, I fancy; he shall come and learn how an Englishman may go to heaven.' Mountford smiled, and we followed the boy together.

"After crossing the next street, we arrived at the gate of a prison. I seemed surprised at the sight; our little conductor observed it. 'Are you afraid, Sir?' said he; 'I was afraid once too, but my father and mother are here, and I am never afraid when I am with them.' He took my hand, and led me through a dark passage that fronted the gate. When we came to a little door at the end, he tapped; a boy, still younger than himself, opened it to receive us. Mountford entered with a look in which was pictured the benign assurance of a superior being. I followed in silence and amazement.

"On something like a bed, lay a man, with a face seemingly emaciated with sickness, and a look of patient dejection; a bundle of dirty shreds served him for a pillow; but he had a better support—the arm of a female who kneeled beside him, beautiful as an angel, but with a fading languor in her countenance, the still life of melancholy, that seemed to borrow its shade from the object on which she gazed. There was a tear in her eye;—the sick man kissed it off in its bud, smiling through the dimness of his own!—when she saw Mountford, she crawled forward on the ground, and clasped his knees; he raised her from the floor; she threw her arms round his neck, and sobbed out a speech of thankfulness beyond the power of language.

"'Compose yourself, my love,' said the man on the bed; 'but he, whose goodness has caused that emotion, will pardon its effects.' 'How is this, Mountford?' said I; 'what do I see? what must I do?' 'You see,' replied the stranger, 'a wretch, sunk in poverty, starving in prison, stretched on a sick bed! but that is little:—there are his wife and children, wanting the bread

which he has not to give them! Yet you cannot easily imagine the conscious serenity of his mind; in the gripe of affliction, his heart swells with the pride of virtue! it can even look down with pity on the man whose cruelty has wrung it almost to bursting. You are, I fancy, a friend of Mr. Mountford's; come nearer, and I'll tell you; for, short as my story is, I can hardly command breath enough for the recital. The son of Count Respino (I started as if I had trod on a viper) has long had a criminal passion for my wife; this her prudence had concealed from me; but he had lately the boldness to declare it to myself. He promised me affluence in exchange for honor; and threatened misery, as its attendant, if I kept it. I treated him with the contempt he deserved: the consequence was, that he hired a couple of bravoes, (for I am persuaded they acted under his direction,) who attempted to assassinate me in the street; but I made such a defence as obliged them to fly, after having given me two or three stabs, none of which, however, were mortal. But his revenge was not thus to be disappointed; in the little dealings of my trade I had contracted some debts, of which he had made himself master for my ruin. I was confined here at his suit, when not yet recovered from the wounds I had received; this dear woman, and these two boys, followed me, that we might starve together; but Providence interposed, and sent Mr. Mountford to our support: he has relieved my family from the gnawings of hunger, and rescued me from death, to which a fever, consequent on my wounds, and increased by the want of every necessary, had almost reduced me.'

"Inhuman villain! I exclaimed, lifting up my eyes to heaven. Inhuman indeed!' said the lovely woman who stood at my side: 'Alas! Sir, what had we done to offend him? what had these little ones done, that they should perish in the toils of his vengeance?'—I reached a pen which stood in the inkstand at the bedside.—'May I ask what is the amount of the sum for which you are imprisoned?'—'I was able,' he replied, 'to pay all but five hundred crowns.' I wrote a draught on the banker with whom I had credit from my father for twenty-five hundred, and presenting it to the stranger's wife, 'You will receive, Madam, on presenting this note, a sum more than sufficient for your husband's discharge; the remainder I leave for his industry to improve.' I would have left the room: each of them laid hold of one of my hands; the children clung to my coat: —Oh! Mr. Harley, methinks I feel their gentle violence at this moment; it beats here with delight inexpressible!—'Stay, Sir,' said he, 'I do not mean attempting to thank you; (he took a pocket-book from under his pillow;) let me but know what name I shall place here next to Mr. Mountford?'—'Sedley'—he writ

it down—'An Englishman too, I presume.'—'He shall go to heaven notwithstanding,' said the boy who had been our guide. It began to be too much for me; I squeezed his hand that was clasped in mine; his wife's I pressed to my lips, and burst from the place, to give vent to the feelings that labored within me. 'Oh! Mountford!' said I, when he had overtaken me at the door: 'It is time,' replied he, 'that we should think of our appointment; young Respino and his friends are awaiting us.' —'Damn him, damn him!' said I; 'let us leave Milan instantly; but soft—I will be calm; Mountford, your pencil' I wrote on a slip of paper,

"To Signor Respino.

"When you receive this, I am at a distance from Milan. Accept of my thanks for the civilities I have received from you and your family. As to the friendship with which you were pleased to honor me, the prison, which I have just left, has exhibited a scene to cancel it for ever. You may possibly be merry with your companions at my weakness, as I suppose you will term it. I give you leave for derision: you may affect a triumph; I shall feel it.

"Edward Sedley."

"'You may send this if you will,' said Mountford coolly; 'but still Respino *is a man of honor;* the world will continue to call him so.'—'It is probable,' I answered, 'they may; I envy not the appellation. If this is the world's honor, if these men are the guides of its manners'—'Tut!' said Mountford, 'do you eat macaroni?' "—

* * * * * * * *

[At this place had the greatest depredations of the curate begun. There were so very few connected passages of the subsequent chapters remaining, that even the partiality of an editor could not offer them to the public. I discovered, from some scattered sentences, that they were of much the same tenor with the preceding; recitals of little adventures, in which the dispositions of a man, sensible to judge, and still more warm to feel, had room to unfold themselves. Some instruction, and some example, I make no doubt they contained; but it is likely that many of those, whom chance has led to a perusal of what I have already presented, may have read it with little pleasure, and will feel no disappointment from the want of those parts which I have been unable to procure: to such as may have expected the intricacies of a novel, a few incidents in a life undistinguished, except by some features of the heart, cannot have afforded much entertainment.

Harley's own story, from the mutilated passages I have men-

tioned, as well as from some inquiries I was at the trouble of making in the country, I found to have been simple to excess. His mistress, I could perceive, was not married to Sir Harry Benson: but it would seem, by one of the following chapters, which is still entire, that Harley had not profited on the occasion by making any declaration of his own passion, after those of the other had been unsuccessful. The state of his health, for some part of this period, appears to have been such as to forbid any thoughts of that kind: he had been seized with a very dangerous fever, caught by attending old Edwards in one of an infectious kind. From this he had recovered but imperfectly, and though he had no formed complaint, his health was manifestly on the decline.

It appears that the sagacity of some friend had at length pointed out to his aunt a cause from which this might be supposed to proceed, to wit, his hopeless love for Miss Walton; for, according to the conceptions of the world, the love of a man of Harley's fortune for the heiress of four thousand pounds a year, is indeed desperate. Whether it was so in this case may be gathered from the next chapter, which, with the two subsequent, concluding the performance, have escaped those accidents that proved fatal to the rest.]

CHAPTER LV.

He sees Miss Walton, and is happy.

Harley was one of those few friends whom the malevolence of fortune had yet left me; I could not, therefore, but be sensibly concerned for his present indisposition; there seldom passed a day on which I did not make inquiry about him.

The physician who attended him had informed me the evening before, that he thought him considerably better than he had been for some time past. I called next morning to be confirmed in a piece of intelligence so welcome to me.

When I entered his apartment, I found him sitting on a couch, leaning on his hand, with his eye turned upwards in the attitude of thoughtful inspiration. His look had always an open benignity, which commanded esteem; there was now something more—a gentle triumph in it.

He rose, and met me with his usual kindness. When I gave him the good accounts I had had from his physician, "I am foolish enough," said he, "to rely but little, in this instance

upon physic: my presentiment may be false; but I think I feel myself approaching to my end, by steps so easy, that they woo me to approach it.

"There is a certain dignity in retiring from life at a time when the infirmities of age have not sapped our faculties. This world, my dear Charles, was a scene in which I never much delighted. I was not formed for the bustle of the busy, nor the dissipation of the gay; a thousand things occurred, where I blushed for the impropriety of my conduct when I thought on the world, though my reason told me I should have blushed to have done otherwise. It was a scene of dissimulation, of restraint, of disappointment. I leave it to enter on that state, which I have learned to believe is replete with the genuine happiness attendant upon virtue. I look back on the tenor of my life, with the consciousness of few great offences to account for. There are blemishes, I confess, which deform in some degree the picture. But I know the benignity of the Supreme Being, and rejoice at the thoughts of its exercise in my favor. My mind expands at the thought that I shall enter into the society of the blessed, wise as angels, with the simplicity of children." He had, by this time, clasped my hand, and found it wet by a tear which had just fallen upon it. His eye began to moisten too—we sat for some time silent. At last, with an attempt to a look of more composure, "There are some remembrances," said Harley, "which rise involuntarily on my heart, and make me almost wish to live. I have been blessed with a few friends, who redeem my opinion of mankind. I recollect, with the tenderest emotion, the scenes of pleasure I have passed among them; but we shall meet again, my friend, never to be separated. There are some feelings, which, perhaps, are too tender to be suffered by the world. The world is in general selfish, interested, and unthinking, and throws the imputation of romance, or melancholy, on every temper more susceptible than its own. I cannot think but in those regions which I contemplate, if there is any thing of mortality left about us, that these feelings will subsist: they are called—perhaps they are—weaknesses here; but there may be some better modifications of them in heaven, which may deserve the name of virtues." He sighed as he spoke these last words. He had scarcely finished them, when the door opened, and his aunt appeared, leading in Miss Walton. "My dear," says she, "here is Miss Walton, who has been so kind as to come and inquire for you herself." I could observe a transient glow upon his face. He rose from his seat—"If to know Miss Walton's goodness," said he, "be a title to deserve it, I have some claim." She begged him to resume his seat, and placed herself on the sofa

beside him. I took my leave. Mrs. Margery accompanied me to the door. He was left with Miss Walton alone. She inquired anxiously about his health. "I believe," said he, "from the accounts which my physicians unwillingly give me, that they have no great hopes of my recovery."—She started as he spoke; but, recollecting herself immediately, endeavored to flatter him into a belief that his apprehensions were groundless. "I know," said he, "that it is usual with persons at my time of life to have these hopes, which your kindness suggests; but I would not wish to be deceived. To meet death as becomes a man, is a privilege bestowed on few. I would endeavor to make it mine; nor do I think that I can ever be better prepared for it than now:—it is that chiefly which determines the fitness of its approach." "Those sentiments," answered Miss Walton, "are just; but your good sense, Mr. Harley, will own, that life has its proper value. As the province of virtue, life is ennobled; as such, it is to be desired. To virtue has the Supreme Director of all things assigned rewards enough even here to fix its attachment."

The subject began to overpower her. Harley lifted his eyes from the ground—"There are," said he, in a very low voice, "there are attachments, Miss Walton"—His glance met hers—they both betrayed a confusion, and were both instantly withdrawn.—He paused some moments—"I am in such a state as calls for sincerity, let that also excuse it—it is perhaps the last time we shall ever meet. I feel something particularly solemn in the acknowledgment, yet my heart swells to make it, awed as it is by a sense of my presumption, by a sense of your perfections"—He paused again—"Let it not offend you, to know their power over one so unworthy—it will, I believe, soon cease to beat, even with that feeling which it shall lose the latest.—To love Miss Walton could not be a crime;—if to declare it is one—the expiation will be made." Her tears were now flowing without control.—"Let me entreat you," said she, "to have better hopes—Let not life be so indifferent to you; if my wishes can put any value on it—I will not pretend to misunderstand you—I know your worth—I have known it long—I have esteemed it—What would you have me say?—I have loved it as it deserved."—He seized her hand—a languid color reddened his cheek—a smile brightened faintly in his eye. As he gazed on her, it grew dim, it fixed, it closed—He sighed, and fell back on his seat—Miss Walton screamed at the sight—His aunt and the servants rushed into the room—They found them lying motionless together. His physician happened to call at that instant. Every art was tried to recover them. With Miss Walton they succeeded—but Harley was gone forever!

CHAPTER LVI.

The emotions of the heart.

I ENTERED the room where his body lay; I approached it with reverence, not fear: I looked; the recollection of the past crowded upon me. I saw that form which, but a little before, was animated with a soul which did honor to humanity, stretched without sense or feeling before me. 'Tis a connexion we can not easily forget:—I took his hand in mine; I repeated his name involuntarily;—I felt a pulse in every vein at the sound. I looked earnestly in his face; his eye was closed, his lip pale and motionless. There is an enthusiasm in sorrow that forgets impossibility; I wondered that it was so. The sight drew a prayer from my heart: it was the voice of frailty and of man! the confusion of my mind began to subside into thought; I had time to weep!

I turned with the last farewell upon my lips, when I observed old Edwards standing behind me. I looked him full in the face; but his eye was fixed on another object; he pressed between me and the bed, and stood gazing on the breathless remains of his benefactor. I spoke to him I know not what; but he took no notice of what I said, and remained in the same attitude as before. He stood some minutes in that posture, then turned and walked towards the door. He paused as he went; he turned a second time: I could observe his lips move as he looked; but the voice they would have uttered was lost. He attempted going again; and a third time he returned as before. I saw him wipe his cheek; then, covering his face with his hands, his breast heaving with the most convulsive throbs, he flung out of the room.

THE CONCLUSION.

HE had hinted that he should like to be buried in a certain spot near the grave of his mother. This is a weakness; but it is universally incident to humanity: 'tis at least a memorial for those who survive; for some indeed a slender memorial will serve; and the soft affections, when they are busy that way, will build their structures, were it but on the paring of a nail.

He was buried in the place he had desired. It was shaded by an old tree, the only one in the churchyard, in which was a cavity worn by time. I have sat with him in it, and counted the tombs. The last time we passed there, methought he looked wistfully on the tree: there was a branch of it, that bent towards us, waving in the wind; he waved his hand, as if he mimicked its motion. There was something predictive in his look! perhaps it is foolish to remark it; but there are times and places when I am a child in those things.

I sometimes visit his grave; I sit in the hollow of the tree. It is worth a thousand homilies; every noble feeling rises within me! every beat of my heart awakens a virtue!—but it will make you hate the world—No: there is such an air of gentleness around, that I can hate nothing; but, as to the world—I pity the men of it.

END OF THE MAN OF FEELING.

PAPERS FROM THE LOUNGER

A PERIODICAL PAPER,

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Laudator temporis acti.—*Juvenal.*

"Get thee a place, for I must be idle," says Hamlet to Horatio at the play. It is often so with me at public places: I am more employed in attending to the spectators, than to the entertainment; a practice which, in the present state of some of our entertainments, I frequently find very convenient. In me, however, it is an indolent, quiet sort of indulgence, which, if it affords some amusement to myself, does not disturb that of any other body.

At an assembly at which I happened to be present a few nights ago, my notice was peculiarly attracted by a gentleman with what is called a fresh look for his age, dressed in a claret-colored coat, with gold buttons, of a cut not altogether modern, an embroidered waistcoat with very large flaps, a major wig, long ruffles nicely plaited, (that looked, however, as if the fashion had come to them, rather than that they had been made for the fashion;) his white silk stockings ornamented with figured clocks, and his shoes with high insteps, buckled with small round gold buckles. His sword, with a silver hilt somewhat tarnished, I might have thought only an article of his dress, had not a cockade in his hat marked him for a military man. It was some time before I was able to find out who he was, till at last my friend Mr. S—— informed me he was a very worthy relation of his, who had not been in town above twice these forty years; that an accidental piece of business had lately brought him from his house in the country, and he had been prevailed on to look on the ladies of Edinburgh, at two or three public places, before he went home again, that he might see whether they were as handsome as their mothers and grandmothers, whom he had danced with at balls, and squired to plays and concerts, near half a century ago. "He was," continued my friend, "a professed admirer and votary of the sex; and, when he was a young man, fought three

duels for the honor of the ladies, in one of which he was run through the body, but luckily escaped with his life. The lady, however, for whom he fought, did not reward her knight as she ought to have done, but soon after married another man with a larger fortune; upon which he forswore society in a great measure, and, though he continued for several years to do his duty in the army, and actually rose to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, mixed but little in the world, and has for a long space of time resided at his estate a determined bachelor with somewhat of misanthropy, and a great deal of good nature about him. If you please I will introduce you to him;—Colonel Caustic, this is a very particular friend of mine, who solicits the honor of being known to you." The Colonel kissed me on both cheeks; and seeming to take a liking to my face, we appeared mutually disposed to be very soon acquainted.

Our conversation naturally began on the assembly, which I observed to be a full one. "Why, yes," said the Colonel, "here is crowd enough, and to spare; and yet your ladies seem to have been at a loss for partners. I suppose the greatest part of the men, or rather boys, whom I see now standing up to dance, have been brought in to make up a set, as people in the country sometimes fill up the places in a dance with chairs, to help them to go through the figure. But as I came too late for the minuets, I presume the dressed gentlemen walked up stairs after they were ended." "Why, Sir, there are now-a-day no minuets." "No minuets!" (looking for a while at the company on the floor;)—"I don't wonder at it." "Why, perhaps, Colonel," said I, "these young gentlemen have not quite an aspect serious enough for the *pas grave;* and yet yonder is one standing with his back to the fire—" "Why, yes, there is something of gravity, of almost melancholy, on his face." "Yes, melancholy and gentleman-like," said I, "as Master Stephen in the play has it." "Why, that young man, Sir,—now that I have observed him closer,—with that roll of handkerchief about his neck, his square-cut striped vest, his large metal buttons, and nankeen breeches,—Why, Sir, 'tis a stable-boy out of place!"

"Pray, who are those gentlemen," said Colonel Caustic, "who have ranged themselves in a sort of phalanx at the other end of the room, and seem like the devil in Milton, to carry stern defiance on their brow?"—"I have not the honor of there acquaintance," I replied: "but some of them, I presume, from the cockades in their hats,"—"You do not say so," interrupted the Colonel. "Is that the military air of the present day? But you must be mistaken; they cannot be real soldiers: militia, or train-band subalterns, believe me, who, having neither seen ser-

vice nor good company, contrive to look fierce, in order to avoid looking sheepish. I remember indeed of old, some of our boys used to put on that fierce air in coffee-houses and taverns; but they could never dream of wearing it before the ladies."—"I think, however," said Mr. S——, smiling, "the ladies don't seem much afraid of them."—"Why, your ladies," answered the Colonel, "to say truth, have learned to look people in the face. During the little while I have been in town, I have met with some in my walks, in great coats, riding hats, and rattans, whom I could not show an eye to; but I am newly come from the country; I shall keep a better countenance by and by.

At that moment a lady and her party, for whose appearance the dancers were waiting, were just entering the room, and seemed in a great hurry to get forward. Their progress, however, was a good deal impeded by a tall stout young man, who had taken his station just at the threshold, and leaning his back against one of the doorposts, with his right foot placed firm on the end of a bench, was picking his teeth with a perfect *nonchalance* to every thing around him. I saw the Colonel fasten a very angry look on him, and move his hand with a sort of involuntary motion towards my cane. The ladies had now got through the defile, and we stood back to make way for them. "Was there ever such a brute!" said Colonel Caustic. The young gentleman stalked up to the place where we were standing, put up his glass to his eye, looked hard at the Colonel, and then—put it down again. The Colonel took snuff.

"Our sex," said I, "Colonel, is not perhaps improved in its public appearance: but I think you will own the other is not less beautiful than it was." He cast his eye round for a few minutes before he answered me. "Why, yes," said he, "Sir, here are many pretty, very pretty girls. That young lady in blue is a very pretty girl. I remember her grandmother at the same age; she was a fine woman."—"But the one next her, with that fanciful cap, and the *panache* of red and white feathers, with that elegant form, that striking figure, is not she a fine woman?"—"Why, no, Sir, not quite a fine woman; not quite such a woman as a man, (raising his chest as he pronounced the word *man*, and pressing the points of his three unemployed fingers gently on his bosom,) as a man would be proud to stake his life for."

"But in short, Sir," continued he,—"I speak to you because you look like one that can understand me.—There is nothing about a woman's person merely (were she formed like the Venus de Medicis,) that can constitute a fine woman. There is something in the look, the manner, the voice, and still more the silence, of such a one as I mean, that has no connexion with any thing material; at least no more than just to make one think

my time of life, either alone, or in company not quite to one's mind. 'Tis like drinking a bottle of claret: the liquor is something; but nine-tenths of the bargain are in the companion with whom one drinks it." As he spoke this, he gave me his hand with such an air of cordiality—methought we had been acquainted these forty years;—I took it with equal warmth, and assured him, truly, it would give me infinite pleasure to attend him.

When we went to the theatre in the evening, and while I was reading the box-list, to determine where we should endeavor to find a place, a lady of the Colonel's acquaintance happening to come in, begged our acceptance of places in her box. We entered accordingly; and I placed my old friend in a situation where I thought he could most conveniently command a view both of the company and of the stage. He had never been in our present house before, and allowed, that in size and convenience it exceeded the old one, though he would not grant so much as the lady and I demanded on that score. "I know," said he, "you are in the right; but one don't easily get rid of first impressions: I can't make you conceive what a play was to me some fifty years ago, with what feelings I heard the last music begin, nor how my heart beat when it ceased."—"Why, it is very true, Colonel," said the lady, "one can't retain those feelings always."—"It is something," said I, "to have had them once."—"Why if I may judge from the little I have seen," replied the Colonel, "your young folks have no time for them now-a-days; their pleasures begin so early, and come so thick."—"'Tis the way to make the most of their time."—"Pardon me, madam," said he, "I don't think so; 'tis like the difference between your hothouse asparagus and my garden ones; the last have their green and their white; but the first is tasteless from the very top." The lady had not time to study the allusion; for her company began to come into the box, and continued coming in during all the first act of the comedy. On one side of Colonel Caustic sat a lady with a Lunardi hat; before him was placed one with a feathered head-dress. Lunardi and the feathers talked and nodded to one another about an appointment at a milliner's next morning. I sat quite behind, as is my custom, and betook myself to meditation. The Colonel was not quite so patient: he tried to see the stage, and got a flying vizzy now and then; but in the last attempt, he got such a whisk from Miss Feathers on one cheek, and such a poke from the wires of Miss Lunardi on t'other, that he was fain to give up the matter of seeing; as to hearing, it was out of the question.

"I hope, Colonel, you have been well entertained," said the mistress of the box at the end of the act. "Wonderfully well,"

said the Colonel.—"That La Mash is a monstrous comical fellow!"—"Oh, as to that, madam, I know nothing of the matter: in your ladyship's box one is quite independent of the players."—He made a sign to me: I opened the box door, and stood waiting for his coming with me. "Where are you going, Colonel?" said the lady, as he stepped over the last bench. "To the play, madam," said he, bowing and shutting the door.

For that purpose we went to the pit, where, though it was pretty much crowded, we got ourselves seated in a very centrical place. There is something in Colonel Caustic's look and appearance, so much not of the form only but the sentiment of good breeding, that it is not easy to resist showing him any civility in one's power. While we stood near the door, a party in the middle of one of the rows beckoned to us, and let us know that we might find room by them; and the Colonel, not without many scruples of complaisance, at last accepted the invitation.

We had not long been in possession of our place before the second act began. We had now an opportunity of hearing the play; as, though the conversation in the box we had left, which by this time was reinforced by several new performers, was about as loud as that of the players, we were nearer to the talkers in front, than to those behind us. When the act was over, I repeated Lady ——'s interrogatory as to the Colonel's entertainment. "I begin," said he, putting his snuff box to his nose, "to find the inattention of my former box-fellows not quite so unreasonable."—"Our company of this season" said a brother officer, who sat near us, to Colonel Caustic, "is a very numerous one; they can get up any new play in a week."—"I am not so much surprised, Sir," replied the Colonel, "at the number of your players, as I am at the number of the audience."—"Most of the new performers are drafts from the English and Irish stages."—"From the awkward division of them, I presume."—"You are a severe critic, Sir," replied the officer; "but the house has been as full as you see it every night these three weeks."—"I can easily believe it," said the Colonel.

As the play went on, the Colonel was asked his opinion of it by this gentleman, and one or two more of his neighbors. He was shy of venturing his judgment on the piece; they were kind enough to direct him how to form one. "This is a very favorite comedy, Sir, and has had a great run at Drury Lane."—"Why gentlemen," said he, "I have no doubt of the comedy being an excellent comedy, since you tell me so; and to be sure those gentlemen and ladies who make up the *dramatis personæ* of it, say a number of good things, some of them not the worse for having been said last century by Joe Miller; but I am often at a loss to know what they would be at, and wish for a little

of my old friend Bayes's insinuation to direct me."—"You mean, Sir, that the plot is involved."—"Pardon me, Sir, not at all; 'tis a perfectly clear plot, 'as clear as the sun in the cucumber,' as Anthonio in Venice Preserved says. The hero and heroine are to be married, and they are at a loss how to get it put off till the fifth act."—"You will see, Sir, how the last scene will wind it up."—"Oh! I have no doubt, Sir, that it will end at the dropping of the curtain."

Before the dropping of the curtain, however, it was not easy to attend to that winding up of the plot which was promised us. Between gentlemen coming into the house from dinner parties, and ladies going out of it to evening ones, the disorder in the boxes, and the calling to order in the pit, the business of the comedy was rather supposed than followed; and the actors themselves seemed inclined to slur it a little, being too well bred not to perceive, that they interrupted the arrangement of some of the genteelest part of their audience.

When the curtain was down I saw Colonel Caustic throw his eye round the house with a look which I knew had nothing to do with the comedy. After a silence of two or three minutes, in which I did not choose to interrupt him, "Amidst the various calculations of lives," said he, "is there any table for the life of a beauty?"—"I believe not," said I, smiling; "there is a fragility in that, which neither Price nor Maseres ever thought of applying figures to."—"'Tis a sort of mortality," continued the Colonel, "which, at such a time as this, at the ending of some public entertainment, I have often thought on with a very melancholy feeling. An old bachelor like me, who has no girls of his own, except he is a very peevish fellow, which I hope I am not, looks on every one of these young creatures in some measure as a daughter; and when I think how many children of that sort I have lost—for there are a thousand ways of a beauty's dying—it almost brings tears into my eyes. Then they are so spoiled while they do live. Here I am as splenetic as before I was melancholy. Those flower-beds we see, so fair to look on,—What useless weeds are suffered to grow up with them!"—"I do not think, Colonel, that the mere flower part is left uncultivated."—"Why, even as to that, 'tis artificially forced before its time. A woman has a character even as a beauty. A beauty, a toast, a fine woman, merely considered as such, has a sort of professional character, which it requires some sense and accomplishments to maintain. Now-a-days, there are so many irregulars who practise at fifteen, without a single requisite except mere outside!—If we go a little farther, and consider a woman as something more than a beauty: when we regard the sex as that gentle but irresistible power that should mould the world to

a finer form; that should teach benignity to wisdom, to virtue grace, humanity to valor; when we look on them in less eminent, but not less useful points of view, as those *dii penates*, those household deities, from whom man is to find comfort and protection, who are to smooth the ruggedness of his labors, the irksomeness and cares of business; who are to blunt the sting of his sorrows, and the bitterness of his disappointments!—You think me a fool for declaiming thus:"—"No, upon my soul, don't I; I hope you think better of me than to suppose so."—"But I may come down from my declamation. Yonder are a set, fluttering in that box there,—young to be sure, but they will never be older, except in wrinkles—I don't suppose they have an idea in their heads beyond the color of a riband, the placing of a feather, or the step of a cotillion!—And yet they may get husbands."—"If it please God," said I.—"And be the mothers of the next generation."—"'Tis to be hoped."—"Well, well, old Caustic will be in his grave by that time!"

There was what Shakspeare calls "a humorous sadness" in the thought, at which I did not well know whether to smile or to be sorrowful. But on the whole it was one I did not choose to press too close on. I feel that I begin to love this old man exceedingly; and having acquired him late, I hope I shall not lose him soon.

[No. 31. Saturday, September 3, 1785.]

Rura mihi et regui ploceant in vallibus omnes.—*Virgil.*

One of the most natural, as well as one of the purest pleasures, arising from the effect of external objects on the mind, is the enjoyment of rural prospects and rural scenery. The ideas of health, contentment, peace and innocence, are so interwoven with those of the country, that their connexion has become proverbial; and the pleasures arising from it are not only celebrated by those who have experienced their sweets, but they are frequently supposed by thousands to whom they never were known, and described by many to whom they have long been forgotten.

Of them, as of every other enjoyment, the value is enhanced by vicissitude; and long exclusion is one great ingredient in the delight of their attainment. Few have been so unfortunate as to have an opportunity of forming a full idea of that pleasure which a great state-criminal is said to have felt, when, on being

taken from his dungeon, he saw the light, and breathed the open air though but for that short space which conducted him to his scaffold. But it may in some measure be conceived from the satisfaction which most men have at times experienced in changing the smoky atmosphere and close corrupted vapor of a crowded town, for the pure elastic breeze of a furze hill, or the balmy perfume of a bean field.

With such increased enjoyment do I now feel the pleasures of the country, after being, as Milton says, "long in populous city pent." A very pressing invitation from my friend Colonel Caustic prevailed over that indolence, which was always a part of my constitution, and which I feel advanced life nowise tend to diminish. Having one day missed half a dozen acquaintance, one after another, who I was informed had gone into the country, I came home in the evening, found a second letter from the Colonel, urging my visit, read part of Virgil's second Georgic, looked from my highest window on the sun just about to set amidst the golden clouds of a beautiful western sky, and coming down stairs, I ordered my man to pack up my portmanteau, and next morning set out for my friend's country-seat, whence I now address my readers.

To me, who am accustomed to be idle without being vacant, whose thoughts are rather wandering than busy, and whose fancy is rather various than vivid, the soft and modest painting of nature in this beautiful retirement of my friend's is particularly suited. Here where I am seated at this moment, in a little shaded arbor, with a sloping lawn in front, covered with some sheep that are resting in the noonday heat, with their lambkins around them; with a grove of pines on the right hand, through which a scarcely stirring breeze is heard faintly to whisper; with a brook on the left, to the gurgle of which the willows on its side seem to listen in silence: this landscape, with a back ground of distant hills, on which one can discover the smoke of the shepherd's fire, rising in large lazy volumes to a thinly fleckered sky; all this forms a scene peaceful, though enlivened, oblivious of care, yet rich in thought, which soothes my indolence with a congenial quiet, yet dignifies it with the swellings of enthusiasm, and the dreams of imagination.

On this subject of the enjoyment of rural contemplation, I was much pleased with some reflections lately sent me by a correspondent, who subscribes himself Eubulus. "It is the great error of mankind," says he, "that in the pursuit of happiness, they commonly seek for it in violent gratifications, in pleasures which are too intense in their degree to be of long duration, and of which even the frequent repetition blunts the capacity of enjoyment. There is no lesson more useful to

mankind than that which teaches them, that the most rational happiness is averse to all turbulent emotions; that it is serene and moderate in its nature; that its ingredients are neither costly in the acquisition, nor difficult in the attainment, but present themselves almost voluntarily to a well-ordered mind, and are open to every rank and condition of life, where absolute indigence is excluded."

"The intellectual pleasures have this peculiar and superlative advantage over those that are merely sensual, that the most delightful of the former require no appropriation of their objects in order to their enjoyment. The contemplative man, who is an admirer of the beauties of nature, has an ideal property in all its objects. He enjoys the hill, the vale, the stream, the wood, the garden, with a pleasure more exquisite, because more unallayed, than that of their actual possessor. To him each enjoyment is heightened by the sense of that unremitting bounty which furnishes it; nor is he disquieted by the anxiety of maintaining a possession of which he cannot be deprived. How truly may he exclaim with the poet!

'I care not, Fortune, what you me deny:
You cannot rob me of free nature's grace:
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve:
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace;
Of Fancy, Reason, Virtue, naught can me bereave.'*

"To a mind of that happy conformation which the poet here describes, the sources of pleasure are infinite. Nature is not less delightful in her general impressions, than when surveyed in detail; and to the former of these the verses above quoted seem chiefly to refer. It is certain that we experience a high degree of pleasure in certain emotions excited by the general contemplation of Nature, when the attention does not dwell minutely upon any of the objects that surround us. Sympathy, the most powerful principle in the human composition, has a strong effect in constituting the pleasure here alluded to. The stillness of the country, and the tranquillity of its scenes, have a sensible effect in calming the disorder of the passions, and inducing a temporary serenity of mind. By the same sympathy, the milder passions are excited, while the turbulent are laid asleep. That man must be of a hardened frame indeed, who can hear unmoved the song of the feathered tribes, when Spring calls forth "all Nature's harmony;" or who can behold, without

* Thomson's Castle of Indolence.

a corresponding emotion of joy and of gratitude, the sprightliness of the young race of animals, wantoning in the exercise of their new powers, and invigorated by the benignity of the air, and the luxuriance of their pastures."

My friend, Colonel Caustic, though I will venture to say for him, that he is neither without the sensibility of mind, nor the emotions of pious gratitude, which my correspondent justly supposes the contemplation of the rural scene to excite, yet surveys it not with feelings of quite so placid a sort as in some other minds it will be apt to produce. Here, as every where else, he stamps on the surrounding objects somewhat of the particular impression of his character. That sentiment, which, like the genius of Socrates, perpetually attends him, the child of virtue and of philanthropy, nursed by spleen, though here it puts on a certain tenderness, which it has not in town, and is rather disposed to complain than to censure, yet walks with him, not unemployed, through his woods and his fields, and throws on the finest of their beauties a tint of its own coloring, as the glass of the little instrument called a Claude Loraine, dims the landscape which is viewed through it.

I have not been able to convince him, that the weather is not very much changed from what it was in his younger days; and he quotes many observations in support of the milder temperature of the air in those long past seasons. But his sister, a very respectable maiden lady, a few years younger than the Colonel, who keeps house for him, insists on the difference in stronger terms, and is surprised at my unbelief, even though it is confirmed by the register. Of her faith in this article, she shows the sincerity, by her practice in household matters, having, as she tells me, for these fifteen or sixteen years past, taken out the greens from the fireplaces at least a fortnight earlier than formerly, and not uncarpeting the rooms, nor taking down the window curtains, till near a month later than she was wont to do.

On the appearance of his own fields the Colonel does not say quite so much, the culture he has bestowed on them counteracting in that particular the natural deterioration; but wherever nature has been left to herself, her productions, according to him, have grown more scanty. When we start a hare, or flush a partridge in our walks, the Colonel always tells me there is not one for ten in his grounds that he used to see formerly and he rather seemed to enjoy than condole with my want of sport, when I went yesterday a-fishing on the very same part of the river, from which he informed me he was of old sure of catching a dish of trouts in an hour's time, any day of the season. Nor was he quite well pleased with his man John's attempting to account for it, by his neighbour Lord Grubwell's

naving lately sent down a casting-net for the use of his game-keeper.

On the subject of Lord Grubwell, however, in other matters, he is generally apt enough himself to expatiate. "This man," said he, "whose father acquired the fortune which afterwards procured the son his title, has started into the rank, without the manners or the taste of a gentleman. The want of the first would only be felt those two or three times in the year when one is obliged to meet with him; but the perversion of the latter, with a full purse to give it way, makes his neighborhood a very unfortunate one. That rising ground on the left, which was formerly one of the finest green swells in the world, he has put yon vile Gothic tower on, as he calls it, and has planted half a dozen little carronades on the top of it, which it is a favorite amusement with him to fire on holidays and birthdays, or when some respected visiter drinks tea there." "That will frighten your Dryads," said I, smiling. "It often frightens my sister," replied the Colonel; "and I am weak enough to let it fret me. I can bear the man's nonsense, when it is not heard two miles off. That ugly dry gap in the bank opposite, was the channel of a rill, of which he turned the course, to make a serpentine river for his Chinese bridge, which he had built, without knowing where to find water for it. And from the little hills behind, he has rooted out all the natural fringe of their birch and oak shrubwood, to cover their tops with stiff circular plantations. Then his temples and statues, with their white plaster and paint, meet one's eye in every corner. I have been fain to run up that hedge, to screen me from all those impertinencies, though it lost my favorite seat the best half of its prospect."

But Colonel Caustic has other wrongs from the innovations of his neighbor, which he suffers without telling them. Lord Grubwell's improvements often intrench on a feeling more tender than the Colonel's taste, though that is delicate enough. The scenes around him have those ties upon my friend which long acquaintance naturally gives them over a mind so susceptible as his. As the mythology of the ancients animated all nature, by giving a tutelary power to every wood and fountain, so he has peopled many of the objects in his view with the images of past events, of departed friends, of warm affections, of tender regrets; and he feels the change, or sometimes even the improvement, as a sacrilege that drives the deity from the place. This sentiment of memory is felt but very imperfectly in a town; in the country it retains all its force, and with Colonel Caustic it operates in the strongest manner possible. Here he withdraws himself from an age which he thinks is in its decline, and finds in the

world of remembrance that warmth of friendship, that purity of manners, that refinement of breeding, that elegance of form, that dignity of deportment, which charmed his youth. This is perhaps one cause of his severity, when at any time he mixes with mankind; 'tis like leaving an enlightened company of friends, for the frivolous society of ordinary men, which often overcomes the temper of the best-natured people, and, if it does not sink them into sadness and silence, will generally make them "humorous and peevish."

Even the recollection of sufferings endears to such a mind as Caustic's the scene that recalls them. I observed, that wherever our stroll began, it commonly ended in a sombre walk, that led through a grove of beeches to a little sequestered dell. Here I remarked one tree fenced round in such a manner as showed a particular attention to its growth. I stopped as we passed, and looked on it with a face of inquiry. "That tree," said the Colonel, observing me, "is about forty years old." He went on a few paces—"It was planted by a lady,"—throwing his eyes on the ground, and blushing, as I thought. "It was planted"—He walked some steps farther; looked back, and sighed. "She was then one of the finest women in the world."

[No. 32. Saturday, September 10, 1785.]

I am every day more and more disposed to congratulate myself on this visit to Colonel Caustic. Here I find him with all his good qualities brought forward, with all his failings thrown into the back ground, which only serve (to carry the simile a little farther) to give force and relief to the picture. I am now assured of what before I was willing to believe, that Caustic's spleen is of that sort which is the produce of the warmest philanthropy. As the admirer of painting is most offended with the scrawls of a dauber, as the enthusiast in music is most hurt with the discords of an ill-played instrument; so the lover of mankind, as his own sense of virtue has painted them, when he comes abroad into life, and sees what they really are, feels the disappointment in the severest manner; and he will often indulge in satire beyond the limits of discretion; while indifference or selfishness will be contented to take men as it finds them, and never allow itself to be disquieted with the soreness of disappointed benevolence, or the warmth of indignant virtue.

I have likewise made an acquisition of no inconsiderable value in the acquaintance of Colonel Caustic's sister. His affection for her is of that genuine sort, which was to be expected from the view of his character I have given. The first night of my being here, when Miss Caustic was to retire after supper, her brother rose, drew back the large arm-chair in which she sat at table with one hand, pulled the bell string with the other, opened the parlor door while she was making her curtesy to me, and then saluted her as she went out, and bid her good night; and all this with a sort of tender ceremony which I felt then, and feel still, (for it is a thing of custom with them,) as one of the pleasantest pieces of good-breeding I had ever witnessed. "My sister is an excellent woman," said the Colonel, as he shut the door; "and I don't like her the worse for having something of the primeval about her. You don't know how much I owe her. When I was a careless young fellow, living what we called a fashionable life about town, thinking, perhaps, like a puppy as I was, what sort of a coat I should wear, or what sort of stocking would best show off my leg, or perhaps practising my salute before a glass, to enchant the ladies at a review, my sister Peggy, though several years younger, was here at home, nursing the declining age of one of the best of mothers, and managing every shilling not only of mine, but of theirs, to make up a sum for purchasing me a company. Since my mother's death, and my being settled here, her attentions have been all transferred to me; my companion in health, my nurse in sickness, with all those little domestic services which, though they are cyphers in the general account, a man like me, whose home is so much to him, feels of infinite importance; and there is a manner of doing them, a quiet, unauthoritative, unbustling way of keeping things right, which is often more important than the things themselves. Then I am indebted to her for the tolerable terms I stand in with the world. When it grates harshly on me, (and I am old, and apt perhaps to be a little cross at times,) she contrives somehow to smooth matters between us; and the apology I would not allow from itself, I can hear from her, knowing, as I do, her worth, and the affection she bears me.——I were a brute to love her less than I do."

"There is something," continued the Colonel, after a little pause, "in the circumstance of sex, that mixes a degree of tenderness with our duty to a female; something that claims our protection and our service, in a style so different from what the other demands from us; the very same offices are performed so differently; 'tis like grasping a crab tree, and touching a violet. Whenever I see a man treat a woman not as a woman should be treated, be it a chambermaid or a kitchenwench, (not to say

a wife or a sister, though I have seen such examples,) let him be of what fashion or rank he may, or as polite at other times as he will, I am sure his politeness is not of the right breed. He may have been taught by a dancing-master, at court, or by travel; but still his courtesy is not his own, 'tis borrowed only, and not to be relied on."

Miss Caustic, with all those domestic and household accomplishments which her brother commends, often shows that she has been skilled in more refined ones, though she has now laid them aside, like the dresses of her youth, as unsuitable to her age and situation. She can still talk of music, of poetry, of plays, and of novels; and in conversation with younger people listens to their discourse on those topics with an interest and a feeling that is particularly pleasing to them. Her own studies, however, are of a more serious cast. Besides those books of devotion which employ her private hours, she reads history for amusement, gardening and medicine by way of business; for she is the physician of the parish, and is thought by the country-folks to be wonderfully skilful. Her brother often jokes her on the number and the wants of her patients. "I don't know, sister," said he, t'other morning, "what fees you get; but your patients cost me a great deal of money. I have unfortunately but one recipe, and it is a specific for almost all their diseases." —"I only ask now and then," said she, "the key of your cellar for them, brother; the key of your purse they will find for themselves. Yet why should not we be apothecaries that way? Poverty is a disease too: and if a little of my cordials, or your money, can cheer the hearts of some who have no other malady" —"It is well bestowed, sister Peggy; and so we'll continue to practise, though we should now and then be cheated."

"'Tis one of the advantages of the country," said I, "that you get within reach of a certain rank of men, often most virtuous and useful, whom in a town we have no opportunity of knowing at all." "Why, yes," said Caustic; "but the misfortune is, that those who could do the most for them, seldom see them as they ought. I have heard that every body carries a certain atmosphere of its own along with it, which a change of air does not immediately remove. So there is a certain town-atmosphere which a great man brings with him into the country. He has two or three laced lacquies, and two or three attendants without wages, through whom he sees, and hears, and does every thing; and poverty, industry, and nature, get no nearer than the great gate of his courtyard." "'Tis but too true," said his sister. "I have several pensioners who come with heavy hearts from Lord Grubwell's door, though they were once, they say, tenants or workmen of his own, or, as some of them pretend, relations

of his grandfather"—"That's the very reason," continued the Colonel; "why will they put the man in mind of his father and grandfather! The fellows deserve a horsepond for their impertinence." "Nay, but in truth," replied Miss Caustic, "my lord knows nothing of the matter. He carries so much of the town-atmosphere, as you call it, about him. He does not rise till eleven, nor breakfast till twelve. Then he has his steward with him for one hour, his architect for another, his layer out of ground for a third. After this, he sometimes gallops out for a little exercise, or plays at billiards within doors; dines at a table of twenty covers; sits very late at his bottle; plays cards, except when my lady chooses dancing, till midnight; and they seldom part till sunrise."—"And so ends," said the Colonel, "your Idyllium on my Lord Grubwell's rural occupations."

We heard the tread of a horse in the court, and presently John entered with a card in his hand; which his master no sooner threw his eyes on, than he said, "But you need not describe, sister, our friend may see, if he inclines it. That card (I could tell the chaplain's fold at a mile's distance) is my lord's annual invitation to dinner. Is it not, John?" "It is my Lord Grubwell's servant, Sir," said John. His master read the card:—"And as he understands the Colonel has at present a friend from town with him, he requests that he would present that gentleman his lordship's compliments, and entreat the honor of his company also." "Here is another card, Sir, for Miss Caustic."—"Yes, yes, she always gets a counterpart."—"But I shan't go," said his sister; "her ladyship has young ladies enow to make fools of; an old woman is not worth the trouble."—"Why then you must say so," answered her brother; "for the chaplain has a note here at the bottom, that an answer is requested. I suppose your great folks now-a-days contract with their *maître d'hotel* by the head; and so they save half-a-crown when one don't set down one's name for a cover."—"But, spite of the half crown, you must go," said the Colonel to me; "you will find food for moralizing; and I shall like my own dinner the better. So return an answer accordingly, sister; and do you hear, John, give my lord's servant a slice of cold beef and a tankard of beer in the mean time. It is possible he is fed upon contract too; and for such patients, I believe, sister Peggy, Dr. Buchan's Domestic Medicine recommends cold beef and a tankard."

[No. 33. Saturday, September 17, 1785.]

I mentioned in my last paper, that my friend Colonel Caustic and I had accepted an invitation to dine with his neighbor, Lord Grubwell. Of that dinner I am now to take the liberty of giving some account to my readers. It is one advantage of that habit of observation, which, as a thinking Lounger, I have acquired, that from most entertainments I can carry something more than the mere dinner away. I remember an old acquaintance of mine, a jolly carbuncle-faced fellow, who used to give an account of a company by the single circumstance of the liquor they could swallow. At such a dinner was one man of three bottles, four of two, six of a bottle and a half, and so on; and as for himself, he kept a sort of journal of what he had pouched, as he called it, at every place he had been invited during a whole winter. My reckoning is of another sort; I have sometimes carried off from a dinner, one, two, or three characters, swallowed half a dozen anecdotes, and tasted eight or ten insipid things, that were not worth the swallowing. I have one advantage over my old friend; I can digest what, in his phrase, I have pouched, without a headache.

When we sat down to dinner at Lord Grubwell's I found that the table was occupied in some sort by two different parties, one of which belonged to my lord, and the other to my lady. At the upper end of my lord's, sat Mr. Placid, a man agreeable by profession, who has no corner in his mind, no prominence in his feelings, and, like certain chemical liquors, has the property of coalescing with every thing. He dines with every body that gives a dinner, has seventeen cards for the seven days of the week, cuts up a fowl, tells a story, and hears a story told, with the best grace of any man in the world. Mr. Placid had been brought by my lord, but seemed inclined to desert to my lady, or rather to side with both, having a smile on the right cheek for the one, and a simper on the left for the other.

Lord Grubwell being a patron of the fine arts, had at his board-end, besides the layer out of his grounds, a discarded fiddler from the opera house, who allowed that Handel could compose a tolerable chorus; a painter, who had made what he called fancy portraits of all the family, who talked a great deal about Correggio; a gentleman on one hand of him who seemed an adept in cookery; and a little blear-eyed man on the other, who was a connoisseur in wine. On horseflesh, hunting, shooting, cricket, and cockfighting, we had occasional dissertations from

several young gentlemen at both sides of his end of the table, who, though not directly of his establishment, seemed, from what occured in conversation, to be pretty constantly in waiting.

Of my lady's division, the most conspicuous person was a gentleman who sat next her, Sir John ——, who seemed to enjoy the office of her *Cicisbeo* or *Cavaliere servente*, as nearly as the custom of this country allows. There was, however, one little difference between him and the Italian cavaliere, that he did not seem so solicitous to serve as to admire the lady, the little attentions being rather directed from her to him. Even his admiration was rather understood than expressed. The gentleman indeed, to borrow a phrase from the grammarians, appeared to be altogether of the passive mood, and to consider every exertion as vulgar and unbecoming. He spoke mincingly, looked something more delicate than man; had the finest teeth, the whitest hand, and sent a perfume around him at every motion. He had travelled, quoted Italy very often, and called this a *tramontane* country, in which, if it were not for one or two fine women, there would be no possibility of existing.

Besides this male attendant, Lady Grubwell had several female intimates, who seemed to have profited extremely by her patronage and instructions, who had learned to talk on all town subjects with such ease and confidence, that one could never have supposed they had been bred in the country, and had, as Colonel Caustic informed me, only lost their bashfulness about three weeks before. One or two of them, I could see, were in a professed and particular manner imitators of my lady, used all her phrases, aped all her gestures, and had their dress made so exactly after her pattern, that the Colonel told me a blunt country gentleman, who dined there one rainy day, and afterwards passed the night at his house, thought they had got wet to the skin in their way, and had been refitted from her ladyship's wardrobe. "But he was mistaken," said the Colonel; "they only borrowed a little of her complexion."

The painter had made a picture, of which he was very proud, of my lady attended by a group of those young friends, in the character of Diana, surrounded by her nymphs, surprised by Acteon. My lady, when she was showing it to me, made me take notice how very like my lord, Acteon was. Sir John, who leaned over her shoulder, put on as broad a smile as his good-breeding would allow, and said it was one of the most monstrous clever things he had ever heard her ladyship say.

Of my lord's party there were some young men, brothers and cousins of my lady's nymphs, who showed the same laudable desire of imitating him, as their kinswomen did of copying her. But each end of the table made now and then interchanges with

the other: some of the most promising of my lord's followers were favored with the countenance and regard of her ladyship; while, on the other hand, some of her nymphs drew the particular attention of Acteon, and seemed, like those in the picture, willing to hide his Diana from him. Amidst those different, combined, or mingled parties, I could not help admiring the dexterity of Placid, who contrived to divide himself among them with wonderful address. To the landscape-gardener he talked of clumps and swells; he spoke of harmony to the musician, of coloring to the painter, of hats and feathers to the young ladies, and even conciliated the elevated and unbending baronet, by appeals to him about the quay at Marseilles, the Corso at Rome, and the gallery of Florence. He was once only a little unfortunate in a reference to Colonel Caustic, which he meant as a compliment to my lady, "how much more elegant the dress of the ladies was now-a-days than formerly, when they remembered it?" Placid is but very little turned of fifty.

Caustic and I were nearly "mutes and audience to this act." The Colonel, indeed, now and then threw in a word or two of that *dolce piccante*, that sweet and sharp sort in which his politeness contrives to convey his satire. I thought I could discover that the company stood somewhat in awe of him; and even my lady endeavored to gain his good will by a very marked attention. She begged leave to drink his sister's health in a particular manner after dinner, and regretted exceedingly not being favored with her company. "She hardly ever stirs abroad, my lady," answered the Colonel; "besides (looking slyly at some of her ladyship's female friends), she is not young, nor, I am afraid, bashful enough for one of Diana's virgins."

When we returned home in the evening, Caustic began to moralize on the scene of the day. "We were talking" said he to me, "t'other morning, when you took up a volume of Cook's Voyages, of the advantages and disadvantages arising to newly-discovered countries from our communication with them: of the wants we show them along with the conveniences of life, the diseases we communicate along with the arts we teach. I can trace a striking analogy between this and the visit of Lord and Lady Grubwell to the savages here, as I am told they often call us. Instead of the plain wholesome fare, the sober manners, the filial, the parental, the family virtues, which some of our households possessed, these great people will inculcate extravagance, dissipation, and neglect of every relative duty; and then in point of breeding and behaviour, we shall have petulance and inattention, instead of bashful civility, because it is the fashion with fine folks to be easy; and rusticity shall be set off with impudence, like a

grogram waistcoat with tinsel binding, that only makes its coarseness more disgusting."

"But you must set them right, my good Sir," I replied, "in these particulars. You must tell your neighbors, who may be apt, from some spurious examples, to suppose that every thing contrary to the natural ideas of politeness is polite, that in such an opinion they are perfectly mistaken. Such a caricature is indeed, as in all other imitations, the easiest to be imitated: but it is not the real portraiture and likeness of a high-bred man or woman. As good dancing is like a more dignified sort of walk, and as the best dress hangs the easiest on the shape; so the highest good-breeding, and the most highly polished fashion, is the nearest to nature, but to nature in its best state, to that *belle nature* which works of taste (and a person of fashion is a work of taste) in every department require. It is the same in morals as in demeanor; a real man of fashion has a certain *retenue*, a degree of moderation in every thing, and will not be more wicked or dissipated than there is occasion for; you must therefore signify to that young man who sat near me at Lord Grubwell's, who swore immoderately, was rude to the chaplain, and told us some things of himself for which he ought to have been hanged, that he will not have the honor of going to the devil in the very best company."

"Were I to turn preacher," answered the Colonel, "I would not read your homily. It might be as you say in former times; but in my late excursion to your society, I cannot say I could discover even in the first company, the high polish you talk of. There was Nature, indeed, such as one may suppose her in places which I have long since forgotten; but as for her beauty or grace, I could perceive but little of it. The world has often been called a theatre; now the theatre of your fashionable world seems to me to have lost the best part of the audience: it is all either the yawn of the side boxes, or the roar of the upper gallery. There is no *pit*, (as I remember the pit); none of that mixture of good-breeding, discernment, taste, and feeling, which constitutes an audience, such as a first-rate preformer would wish to act his part to. For the simile of the theatre will still hold in this further particular, that a man, to be perfectly well-bred, must have a certain respect and value for his audience, otherwise his exertions will generally be either coarse or feeble. Though indeed a perfectly wellbred man will feel that respect even for himself: and were he in a room alone," said Caustic, (taking an involuntary step or two, till he got opposite to a mirror that hangs at the upper end of his parlor,) "would blush to find himself in a mean or ungraceful attitude, or to indulge a thought gross, illiberal, or ungentlemanlike." "You smile," said Miss

Caustic to me; "but I have often told my brother, that he is a very Oroondates on that score; and your Edinburgh people may be very wellbred, without coming up to his standard." "Nay but," said I, "were I even to give Edinburgh up, it would not effect my position. Edinburgh is but a copy of a larger metropolis; and in every copy the defect I mentioned is apt to take place; and of all qualities I know, this of fashion and good breeding is the most delicate, the most evanescent, if I may be allowed so pedantic a phrase. 'Tis like the flavor of certain liquors, which it is hardly possible to preserve in the removal of them." "Oh, now I understand you," said Caustic, smiling in his turn; "like Harrowgate-water, for example, which I am told has spirit at the spring; but when brought, hither, I find it, under favor, to have nothing but stink and ill taste remaining."

[No. 40. Saturday, November 5, 1785.]

To the Author of the Lounger:

Sir,—In the works of your predecessors, as well as in every other book of didactic wisdom, much stress is laid on the advantages of a cultivated education, of an early acquaintance with the celebrated authors of antiquity. From Cicero downwards (and indeed much more anciently than Cicero,) the benefits of learning have been enumerated, which is held forth as the surest road to respect, to advancement, and to happiness.

There was a time, Mr. Lounger, when this was my own opinion; and, seconded by the wishes of my parents, I early applied myself to every branch of learning which their circumstances, rather narrow ones, could set within my reach. As I was intended for the church, I received an academical education suited to that profession; and acquired, besides, a considerable knowledge, as was generally allowed, in different departments of science not absolutely requisite to the situation of a clergyman. For the acquisition of these I was indebted to the generous assistance of a gentleman whose godson I happened to be. He used to say, that a clergyman in this country should know something more than divinity; that he must be the physician, the geographer, and the naturalist of his parish: and according to the scanty allowance of my father, he made an addition equal to the procuring me an opportunity of acquiring the different branches of knowledge connected with those studies.

By the favor of the same gentleman, I lately procured a re-

commendation to a friend of his, a baronet in my native county, who has in his gift the presentation to a considerable living, of which the present incumbent is in such a valetudinary state, as makes his surviving long a matter of very little probability. To this recommendation a very favorable answer was received, expressive of the great regard which the baronet and his family bore to the gentleman who patronised me, and accompanied with what we thought a very fortunate piece of condescension and politeness, an invitation for me to spend a week or two at the baronet's country-seat during the autumn vacation. Of this I need not say how happy we were to accept. My family rejoiced at the introduction which I was about to procure to the notice and complacency of a great man's house, and considered it as the return which they had always hoped for all their trouble and expense about my education. My own pride was not silent on the subject. I looked on this visit as an opportunity afforded me of displaying the talents with which I flattered myself I was endowed, and the knowledge I had been at such pains to attain.

When I arrived at the baronet's, I found him and his lady a good deal disappointed with my appearance and address, which I now first perceived to want something which was essential to good company. I felt an awkwardness, which my want of mixing with the world had occasioned, and an embarrassment which all my knowledge did not enable me to overcome. For these, however, Sir John and Lady F—— felt rather compassion than displeasure, and delivered me over to the valet de chambre, to make me somewhat smarter, as they called it, by having my hair more modishly dressed, and the cut of my coat altered; an improvement which I rather felt as an indignity than acknowledged as a favor. These preliminaries being adjusted, I was suffered to come into company, where I expected to make up for the deficiency of my exterior by displaying the powers of my mind, and the extent of my knowledge. But I discovered, to my infinite mortification, that my former studies had altogether been misapplied, and that in my present situation they availed me nothing. My knowledge of the learned languages, of classical authors, of the history, the philosophy, and the poetry of the ancients, I met with no occasion to introduce, and no hearers to understand; but it was found that I could neither carve, play whist, sing a catch, or make up one in a country dance. A young lady, a visiter of the family, who was said to be a great reader, tried me with the enigmas of the Lady's Magazine, and declared me impracticably dull. Geography, astronomy, or natural history, Sir John and his companions neither understood nor cared for; but some of them reminded the baronet, in my presence, of a clergyman they had met with

in one of their excursions, a man of the most complete education, who was allowed to be the best bowler in the county, a dead shot, rode like the devil (these were the gentleman's words), and was a sure hand at finding a hare.

If these qualities are not very clerical, they may however be deemed innocent; but I find from the discourse of the family, that some other things are required of Sir John's parson, which it would not be so easy for a good conscience to comply with. He must now and then drink a couple of bottles, when the company chooses to be frolicsome; he must wink at certain indecencies in language, and irregularities in behaviour; and once, when Sir John had sat rather longer than usual after dinner, he told me, that a clergyman, to be an honest fellow, must have nothing of religion about him.

In the seclusion of a college I may perhaps have over-rated the usefulness of science, and the value of intellectual endowments; my pride of scholarship, therefore, I should be willing to overcome, since I find that learning confers so little estimation in the world: but as on the score of qualifications I am incapable of what is desired, and in the article of indulgences will never submit to what is expected; is it not my duty, Mr. Lounger, to resign my pretensions to the living which was promised me? Though I dread the reproaches of my parents, whom the prospect of having me so soon provided for had made happy; though I fear to offend my benefactor who recommended me to Sir John, and at the same time assured me that he was one of the best sort of men he knew; yet, surely, to purchase patronage and favor by such arts is unworthy, to insure them by such compliances, is criminal. I am, &c.

MODESTUS.

In the course of my late excursion to the country, I have seen some instances of the evil complained of by my correspondent, which equally surprised and grieved me. The proprietor of a country parish, if he has the true pride and feeling of his station, will consider himself as a kind of sovereign of the domain; bound, like all other sovereigns, as much for his own sake as for theirs, to promote the interests and the happiness of his people. So much of both depend on the choice of their pastor, that perhaps there is no appointment which he has the power of making, more material to the prosperity and good order of his estate. The advantages of rational religion, or the evils which arise from its abuse, which are often the effects of a proper or improper nomination of a clergyman, form a character of the people of a district not more important to their morals and eternal interests, than to their temporal welfare and prosperity.

I was very much pleased, in my late visit at Colonel Caustic's, with the appearance and deportment of the clergyman of his parish, who was a frequent visiter of my friend's and his sister's. The Colonel, after drawing his character in a very favorable way, concluded with telling me, that he had seen something of the world, having officiated in the early part of his life as the chaplain of a regiment. To this circumstance, I confess, I was inclined to impute some of the Colonel's predilection in his favor; but a little acquaintance with him convinced me that he had done the good man no more than justice in his eulogium. There was something of a placid dignity in his aspect; of a politeness, not of form, but of sentiment, in his manner; of a mildness, undebased by flattery; in his conversation, equally pleasing and respectable. He had now no family, as Miss Caustic informed me, having had the misfortune to lose his wife, and two children she had brought him, a good many years ago. But his parishioners are his family, said she. His look indeed was parental, with something above the cares, but not the charities of this world; and over a cast of seriousness, and perhaps melancholy, that seemed to be reserved for himself, there was an easy cheerfulness, and now and then a gayety, that spoke to the innocent pleasures of life a language of kindness and indulgence.

"It is the religion of a gentleman," said Colonel Caustic.—"It is the religion of a philosopher," said I.—"It is something more useful than either," said his sister. "Did you know his labors as I have sometimes occasion to do! The composer of differences; the promoter of peace and of contentment; the encourager of industry, sobriety, and all the virtues that make the lower ranks prosperous and happy. He gives to religion a certain graciousness which allures to its service, yet in his own conduct he takes less indulgence than many that preach its terrors. The duties of his function are his pleasures, and his doctrine is, that every man will experience the same thing, if he brings his mind fairly to the trial: "That to fill our station well is in every station to be happy."

"The great and the wealthy, I have heard the good man say," continued the excellent sister of my friend, "to whom refinement and fancy open a thousand sources of delight, do not make the proper allowance for the inferior rank of men. That rank has scarce any exercise of mind or imagination but one, and that one is religion; we are not to wonder if it sometimes wanders into the gloom of superstition, or the wilds of enthusiasm. To keep this principle warm but pure, to teach it as the gospel has taught it, 'the mother of good works,' as encouraging, not excusing our duties, the guide at the same time, and the sweetener of life: To dispense this sacred treasure as

the balm of distress, the cordial of disease, the conqueror of death! These are the privileges which I enjoy, which I hope I have used for the good of my people: They have hitherto shed satisfaction on my life, and I trust will smooth the close!"

"It is the religion of a Christian!" said Miss Caustic.

[No. 61. Saturday, April 1, 1786.]

In treating of the moral duties which apply to different relations of life, men of humanity and feeling have not forgotten to mention those which are due from masters to servants. Nothing indeed can be more natural than the attachment and regard to which the faithful services of our domestics are entitled; the connection grows up, like all the other family charities, in early life, and is only extinguished by those corruptions which blunt the others, by pride, by folly, by dissipation, or by vice.

I hold it indeed as the sure sign of a mind not poised as it ought to be, if it is insensible to the pleasures of home, to the little joys and endearments of a family, to the affection of relations, to the fidelity of domestics. Next to being well with his own conscience, the friendship and attachment of a man's family and dependants seems to me one of the most comfortable circumstances in his lot. His situation with regard to either, forms that sort of bosom comfort or disquiet that sticks close to him at all times and seasons, and which, though he may now and then forget it amidst the bustle of public, or the hurry of active life, will resume its place in his thoughts, and its permanent effects on his happiness, at every pause of ambition or of business.

In situations and with dispositions such as mine, there is perhaps less merit in feeling the benevolent attachment to which I allude, than in those of persons of more bustling lives, and more dissipated attention. To the Lounger, the home which receives him from the indifference of the circles in which he sometimes loiters his time, is naturally felt as a place of comfort and protection; and an elderly man-servant, whom I think I govern quietly and gently, but who perhaps quietly and gently governs me, I naturally regard as a tried and valuable friend. Few people will perhaps perfectly understand the feeling I experience when I knock at my door, after any occasional absence, and hear the hurried step of Peter on the stairs; when I see the glad face with which he receives me, and the look of honest joy

with which he pats Cæsar (a Pomeranian dog who attends me in all my excursions) on the head, as if to mark his kind acception of him too: when he tells me he knew my rap, makes his modest inquiries after my health, opens the door of my room, which he has arranged for my reception, places my slippers before the fire, and draws my elbowchair to its usual stand; I confess I sit down in it with a self-complacency which I am vain enough to think a bad man were incapable of feeling.

It appears to me a very pernicious mistake, which I have sometimes seen parents guilty of in the education of their children, to encourage and incite in them a haughty and despotic behaviour to their servants; to teach them an early conceit of the difference of their conditions; to accustom them to consider the services of their attendants as perfectly compensated by the wages they receive, and as unworthy of any return of kindness, attention, or complacency. Something of this kind must indeed necessarily happen in the great and fluctuating establishments of fashionable life; but I am sorry to see it of late gaining ground in the country of Scotland, where, from particular circumstances, the virtues and fidelity of a great man's household were wont to be conspicuous, and exertions of friendship and magnanimity in the cause of a master, used to be cited among the traditional *memorabilia* of most old families.

When I was, last autumn, at my friend Colonel Caustic's in the country, I saw there on a visit to Miss Caustic, a young gentleman and his sister, children of a neighbor of the Colonel's, with whose appearance and manner I was peculiarly pleased.—"The history of their parents," said my friend, "is somewhat particular, and I love to tell it, as I do every thing that is to the honor of our nature. Man is so poor a thing taken in the gross, that when I meet with an instance of nobleness in detail, I am fain to rest upon it long, and to recall it often; as, in coming hither over our barren hills, you would look with double delight on a spot of cultivation or of beauty.

"The father of those young folks, whose looks you were struck with, was a gentleman of considerable domains and extensive influence on the northern frontier of our country. In his youth he lived, as it was then more the fashion than it is now, at the seat of his ancestors, surrounded with Gothic grandeur, and compassed with feudal followers and dependants, all of whom could trace their connection, at a period more or less remote, with the family of their chief. Every domestic in his house bore the family name, and looked on himself as in a certain degree partaking its dignity, and sharing its fortunes. Of these, one was in a particular manner the favorite of his master. Albert Bane (the surname, you know, is generally lost in a name

descriptive of the individual,) had been his companion from infancy. Of an age so much more advanced as to enable him to be a sort of tutor to his youthful lord, Albert had early taught him the rural exercises and rural amusements, in which himself was eminently skilful: he had attended him in the course of his education at home, of his travels abroad, and was still the constant companion of his excursions, and the associate of his sports.

"On one of those latter occasions, a favorite dog of Albert's, which he had trained himself, and of whose qualities he was proud, happened to mar the sport which his master expected, who, irritated at the disappointment, and having his gun ready cocked in his hand, fired at the animal, which, however, in the hurry of his resentment, he missed. Albert, to whom Oscar was as a child, remonstrated against the rashness of the deed, in a manner rather too warm for his master, ruffled as he was with the accident, and conscious of being in the wrong, to bear. In his passion he struck his faithful attendant; who suffered the indignity in silence, and retiring, rather in grief than in anger, left his native country that very night; and when he reached the nearest town, enlisted with a recruiting party of a regiment then on foreign service. It was in the beginning of the war with France which broke out in 1744, rendered remarkable for the rebellion which the policy of the French court excited, in which some of the first families of the Highlands were unfortunately engaged. Among those who joined the standard of Charles, was the master of Albert.

"After the battle of Culloden, so fatal to that party, this gentleman, along with others who had escaped the slaughter of the field, sheltered themselves from the rage of the unsparing soldiery, among the distant recesses of their country. To him his native mountains offered an asylum; and thither he naturally fled for protection. Acquainted, in the pursuits of the chace, with every secret path and unworn track, he lived for a considerable time, like the deer of his forest, close hid all day, and only venturing down at the fall of the evening, to obtain from some of his cottagers, whose fidelity he could trust, a scanty and precarious support. I have often heard him, for he is one of my oldest acquaintances, describe the scene of his hiding-place, at a later period, when he could recollect it in its sublimity, without its horror. 'At times,' said he, 'when I ventured to the edge of the wood, among some of those inaccessible crags which you remember a few miles from my house, I have heard, in the pauses of the breeze which rolled solemn through the pines beneath me, the distant voices of the soldiers, shouting in answer to one another amidst their inhuman search. I have heard their shouts re-echoed from cliff to cliff, and seen reflected from the deep still

lake below, the gleam of those fires which consumed the cottages of my people. Sometimes shame and indignation well nigh overcame my fear, and I have prepared to rush down the steep, unarmed as I was, and to die at once by the swords of my enemies, but the instinctive love of life prevailed, and starting as the roe bounded by me, I have again shrunk back to the shelter I had left.

" ' One day,' continued he, ' the noise was nearer than usual ; and at last, from the cave in which I lay, I heard the parties immediately below so close upon me, that I could distinguish the words they spoke. After some time of horrible suspense, the voices grew weaker and more distant ; and at last I heard them die away at the farther end of the wood. I arose and stole to the mouth of the cave ; when suddenly a dog met me, and gave that short quick bark by which they indicate their prey. Amidst the terror of the circumstance, I was yet master enough of myself to discover the dog was Oscar ; and I own to you I felt his appearance like the retribution of justice and of Heaven. —Stand! cried a threatening voice, and a soldier pressed through the thicket, with his bayonet charged. It was Albert! Shame, confusion, and remorse, stopped my utterance, and I stood motionless before him. " My master," said he, with a stifled voicé of wonder and of fear, and threw himself at my feet. I had recovered my recollection. " You are revenged," said I, "and I am your prisoner." "Revenged! Alas! you have judged too hardly of me ; I have not had one happy day since that fatal one on which I left my master ; but I have lived, I hope, to save him. The party to which I belong are passed ; for I lingered behind them among those woods and rocks which I remembered so well in happier days. There is, however, no time to be lost. In a few hours this wood will blaze, though they do not suspect that it shelters you. Take my dress, which may help your escape, and I will endeavor to dispose of yours. On the coast, to the westward, we have learned there is a small party of your friends, which, by following the river's track till dusk, and then striking over the shoulder of the hill, you may join without much danger of discovery." I felt the disgrace of owing so much to him I had injured, and remonstrated against exposing him to such imminent danger of its being known that he had favored my escape, which, from the temper of his commander, I knew would be instant death. Albert, in an agony of fear and distress, besought me to think only of my own safety. " Save us both," said he, "for if you die I cannot live. Perhaps we may meet again ; but whatever becomes of Albert, may the blessing of God be with his master!"

" Albert's prayer was heard. His master, by the exercise of

talents which, though he had always possessed, adversity only taught him to use, acquired abroad a station of equal honor and emolument; and when the prescriptions of party had ceased, returned home to his own country, where he found Albert advanced to the rank of a lieutenant in the army, to which his valor and merit had raised him, married to a lady, by whom he had got some little fortune, and the father of an only danghter, for whom nature had done much, and to whose native endowments it was the chief study and delight of her parents to add every thing that art could bestow. The gratitude of the chief was only equalled by the happiness of his follower, whose honest pride was not long after gratified, by his daughter's becoming the wife of that master whom his generous fidelity had saved. That master, by the clemency of more indulgent and liberal times, was again restored to the domain of his ancestors, and had the satisfaction of seeing the grandson of Albert enjoy the hereditary birthright of his race."—I accompanied Colonel Caustic on a visit to this gentleman's house, and was delighted to observe his grateful attention to his father-in-law, as well as the unassuming happiness of the good old man, conscious of the perfect reward which his former fidelity had met with. Nor did it escape my notice, that the sweet boy and girl who had been our guests at the Colonel's, had a favorite brown and white spaniel, whom they caressed much after dinner, whose name was Oscar

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[No. 75. Saturday, July 8, 1786.]

E' troppo barbara quella legge, che vuol disporre del cuor delle donne a casto della loro rovina.—*Goldoni.*

To the Author of the Lounger:

Avignon, *May*, 1786.

Sir—You will perhaps be surprised at receiving a letter from this place; but if you possess that benevolence which from your writings one is led to ascribe to you, the unfortunate from any quarter may claim some of your notice My story, I believe, will not be without its use; and if you knew that sort of melancholy indulgence which I feel in addressing a letter to my native country!—But I will not give way to feeling; I mean simply to relate; and situated as I am, banished from the world, and lost to myself, I can tell my story,—I think I can,—as that of a third person, in which, though I may be interested, I will yet be impartial.

My father possessed a small patrimonial estate in the county of ——, and married, in early life, a lady whose birth was much above her fortune, and who unluckily retained all the pride of the first, though it but ill suited the circumstances of the latter. The consequences were such as might naturally be looked for. My father was involved in an expensive style of life, which in a few years obliged him to sell his estate for payment of his debts. He did not live to feel the distresses to which he might have been reduced; and after his death my mother took up her residence in a country town, where the pittance that remained from the reversion of my father's effects, assisted by a small pension from government, which a distant relation of my mother's procured for us, enabled her to educate me on that sober plan which necessity had now taught her to adopt.

Our situation, however, still allowed her to mix something of the genteel in my education, and the place in which we lived was inhabited by several families, who, like us, had retired from more public and expensive life, and still retained somewhat of that polish which former intercourse with the fashionable world had conferred. At the age of seventeen, therefore, I was, I believe, tolerably accomplished; and though I knew nothing of high life, nor indeed wished to know it, yet I possessed a degree of refinement and breeding rather above what the circumstances of my mother might have been expected to allow.

Of my beauty I was, like other girls, somewhat vain; but my mother was proud to an extreme degree. She looked upon it as a gift by which my fortune and her's were to be made, and consequently spared no possible pains to set it off to advantage. Its importance and its power were often inculcated on me; and my ambition was daily inflamed by the recital of the wealth and station which other girls had acquired by marriages to which their beauty alone had entitled them. I think I heard those instances with more indifference than my mother wished I should; and could not easily be brought to consider all happiness as centred in riches or in rank, to which her wishes and hopes were constantly pointed.

These hopes, however, accident put it in her power to accomplish. At the house of one of the genteelest of our acquaintance (who had two daughters nearly of my age) we met with Mr. M——, a gentleman whom the lady of the house introduced particularly to us, as a man of great fortune and singular worth. Mr. M—— was past the meridian of life; he had the look and air of a man who had seen the world, and talked on most subjects with a degree of shrewd and often sarcastic observation, which met with much applause from the older part of the company, but which was not at all calculated to please the younger.

The enthusiasm of attachment, of feeling, and of virtue, which our reading sometimes induced us to mention, he ridiculed as existing only in the dreams of poetry, or the fanciful heroes of romance; but which sense and experience neither looked to find in others, nor ventured to indulge in ourselves. In short, my companions and I hated and feared him; and neither our aversion or our fear was at all removed by the lectures of our mothers on his good sense and agreeable manners.

These lectures were at last bestowed with particular emphasis on me, and, after a day or two's preamble of general commendations, he was formally proposed to me by my mother as a husband. He himself, though he made his court chiefly to her, was now pretty sedulous in his attentions to me; and made many speeches to my beauty, and protestations of his love, which I heard with little emotion, but which my mother, and her friend whose guests we were, represented as the genuine expressions of the most sincere and ardent attachment. Of love I had formed such ideas as girls of my age generally do: and though I had no particular preference for any one else, I did not hesitate in refusing him, for whom I had hitherto conceived nothing but disgust. My refusal increased the ardor of my lover in his suit; to me he talked in commonplace language of the anguish it caused him; to my mother he spoke in the language of the world, and increased his offers in point of settlement to an exorbitant degree. Her influence was proportionally exerted. She persuaded, implored, and was angry. The luxury and happiness of that state which I might acquire were warmly painted; the folly, the impiety, of depriving myself and her of so comfortable an establishment, was strongly held forth; the good qualities and generosity of Mr. M—— were expatiated on; those ideas which I ventured to plead as reasons for my rejection were ridiculed and exploded. At my time of life, unused to resistance, fond of my mother, and accustomed to be guided by her; perhaps, too, somewhat dazzled with the prospect of the situation which this marriage would open to me; it is not surprising that my first resolutions were overcome. I became the wife of Mr. M——.

For some time, the happiness they had promised seemed to attend me. My husband was warm, if not tender in his attachment; my wishes for myself were not only indulged, but prompted; and his kindness to my mother and my friends was unbounded. I was grateful to Mr. M——; I regarded, I esteemed, I wished to love him. On the birth of a son, which happened about a year after our marriage, he redoubled his assiduities about me. I was more happy, more grateful; I looked on my boy, his father caressed him; and then it was that I loved Mr. M—— indeed.

This happiness, however, it was not my good fortune long to enjoy. Some projects of political ambition, in which Mr. M—— was engaged, called him from those domestic enjoyments which seemed for a while to have interested him, into more public life. We took up our residence, in the capital, and Mr. M—— introduced me to what is called the best company. Of his own society I soon came to enjoy but little. His attachment for me began visibly to decay, and by degrees he lost altogether the attentions which for a while outlived it. Sullen and silent when we were alone, and either neglectful or contemptuous when we had company, he treated me as one whom it would have degraded him to love or to respect; whom it was scarce worth while to hate or to despise. I was considered as merely a part of his establishment; and it was my duty to do the honors of the table, as it was that of his butler to attend to his sideboard, or of his groom to take care of his horses. Like them too, I was to minister to his vanity, by the splendor of my appearance; I was to show that beauty of which he was master, in company and at public places, and was to carry the trappings with which he had adorned it to be envied by the poor, and admired by the wealthy. While my affection for him continued, I sometimes remonstrated against this. His answers were first indifferent, and then peevish. Young, giddy, and fond of amusement, I at last began to enjoy the part he assigned me, and entered warmly into that round of dissipation, which for a while I had passed through without relish and often with self-reproach. My son, who had been my tie to home, he took from me, to place him in the family of a former tutor of his own, who now kept a French academy: and I never had a second child. My society was made up of the gay and the thoughtless; women, who like me, had no duty to perform, no laudable exertion to make; but who, in the bustle of idleness, were to lose all thought, and in the forms of the world all honest attachment.

For a considerable time, however, a sense of right, which I had imbibed in my infancy, rose up occasionlly to embitter my pleasures, and to make me ashamed of the part I was acting. Whenever Mr. M—— took the trouble of perceiving this, it served him but as a subject for ridicule. The restraints of religion, or nice morality, he was at pains to represent as the effects of fanaticism and pedantry; and when I seemed surprised or shocked at the principles he held forth, he threw in a sneer at my former situation, and hinted, that but for him I had been still the awkward ignorant thing he found me.

Yet this man expected that I should be virtuous, as that word is used by the world; that I should guard that honor which was his, while every other principle of my own rectitude was extin-

guished. For a long time it was so. My horror at that degree of depravity was not to be overcome, even amidst the levity, to call it no worse, of manners which I saw continually around me and which, as far as it was a mark of fashion, he seemed to wish me to participate. Still in the possession of youth and beauty, I did not escape solicitations; but I repelled them with a degree of resentment which I often heard the very man whose honor it guarded, treat as affectation in any woman who should pretend it. He would frequently repeat from the Letters of Lord Chesterfield, that a declaration of love to a woman was always to be ventured, because, even though it was rejected, she would accept of it as a compliment to her attractions. I had soon opportunities of knowing that Mr. M—— was as loose in his practice as in his principles. His infidelities, indeed, he was not at much pains to conceal; and while I continued to upbraid him, was at almost as little pains to excuse.

In such circumstances, was it to be wondered at if my virtue was not always proof against the attacks to which it was exposed: With a husband unequal in years, lost to my affection, as I was cast from his, and treating me as one from whom no love or duty was to be expected; a husband whose principles were corrupt, whose conversation was loose, whose infidelity gave a sort of justice to mine; surrounded at the same time by young men whose persons were attractive, whose manners were engaging, whose obsequious attentions were contrasted with my husband's neglect, and whose pretended adoration and respect were opposed to his rudeness and contempt:—Was it wonderful, that thus situated, exposed to temptation and unguarded by principle, I should forget first the restraints of prudence, and then the obligations of virtue?

Resigned as I now am to my situation, I can look on it as a kind interposition of Providence, that detection soon followed my first deviations from virtue, before I had lost the feelings of shame and contrition, before I had wandered an irrecoverable distance from duty, from principle, from religion. Here, in this place of banishment which the mercy of my husband allotted me, I have met with some benevolent guides, who have led me to the only sources of comfort for misery and remorse like mine; who have given me a station in which, amidst the obloquy of the world, amidst the humiliation of repentance, I can still in some degree respect myself; who have taught me to cultivate my mind, to improve its powers, to regulate its principles; who have led me to a juster value of this life, to a sincere hope of the next.

Humbled, and I trust improved by affliction, I will not indulge either vindication or resentment; the injuries I have done my

husband I am willing to expiate (as, alas! he knows I do), by penitence and by suffering; yet for his own sake, and for the warning of others, let me ask him, if, for these injuries to him, and sufferings to me, he never imputes any blame to himself? I am told he is loud in his charges of my ingratitude and perfidy. I again repeat, that I will not offer to apologize for my weakness or my crimes. But it would be more dignified in him, as well as more just, were he to forget rather than to reproach the woman whose person he bought, whose affections he despised, whose innocence he corrupted,—whose ruin he has caused!

SOPHIA M——.

[No. 82. SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1786.]

Je n'arme contre lui que le fruit de son crime.—*Crebillon.*

THE effects of moral instruction and precept on the mind have been rated very highly by some grave and worthy men, while by others the experience of their inefficacy, in regulating the conduct of the hearer or reader, has been cited as an indisputable proof of their unimportance. Among those, say they, on whom moral eloquence has employed all her powers, who have been tutored by the wisest and most virtuous teachers, and have had the advice and direction of the ablest and most persuasive guides, how few are there whose future conduct has answered to the instruction they received, or the maxims which were so often repeated to them. Natural disposition or acquired habits regulate the tenor of our lives; and neither the sermon that persuades, nor the relation that moves, has any permanent effect on the actions of him who listens or who weeps.

Yet, though examples of their efficacy are not very frequent, it does not altogether follow that the discourse or the story are useless and vain. Stronger motives will no doubt overpower weaker ones, and those which constantly assail will prevail over others which seldom occur. Passion, therefore, will sometimes be obeyed when reason is forgot, and corrupt society will at length overcome the best early impressions. But the effects of that reason, or of those impressions, we are not always in condition to estimate fairly. The examples of their failure are easily known, and certain of being observed; the instances of such as have been preserved from surrounding contagion by

their influence, are traced with difficulty, and strike us less when they are traced.

Formal precepts and hypothetical cautions are indeed frequently offered to youth and inexperience, in a manner so ungracious, as neither to command their attention, nor conciliate their liking. He who says I am to instruct and to warn, with a face of instruction or admonition, prepares his audience for hearing what the young and the lively always avoid as tiresome, or fear as unpleasant. A more willing and a deeper impression will be made, when the observation arises without being prompted, when the understanding is addressed through the feelings. It was this which struck me so forcibly in the story of Father Nicholas. I never felt so strongly the evils of dissipation, nor ever was so ashamed of the shame of being virtuous.

It was at a small town in Brittany, in which there was a convent of Benedictines, where particular circumstances had induced me to take up my residence for a few weeks. They had some pictures, which strangers used to visit. I went with a party, whose purpose was to look at them: mine, in such cases, is rather to look at men. If in the world we behold the shifting scene which prompts observation, we see in such secluded societies a sort of still life, which nourishes thought, which gives subject for meditation. I confess, however, I have often been disappointed; I have seen a group of faces under their cowls, on which speculation could build nothing; mere common place countenances, which might have equally well belonged to a corporation of bakers or butchers. Most of those in the convent I now visited were of that kind: one, however, was of a very superior order; that of a monk, who kneeled at a distance from the altar, near a Gothic window, through the painted panes of which a gloomy light touched his forehead, and threw a dark Rembrandt shade on the hollow of a large, black, melancholy eye. It was impossible not to take notice of him. He looked up, involuntarily, no doubt, to a picture of our Saviour, bearing his cross; the similarity of the attitude, and the quiet resignation of the two countenances, formed a resemblance that could not but strike every one. "It is Father Nicholas," whispered our conductor, "who is of all the brotherhood the most rigid to himself, and the kindest to other men. To the distressed, to the sick, and to the dying, he is always ready to administer assistance and consolation. Nobody ever told him a misfortune in which he did not take an interest, or requested good offices which he refused to grant: yet the austerity and mortifications of his own life are beyond the strictest rules of his order; and it is only from what he does for others that one supposes him to feel any touch of humanity." The subject seemed to make our

informer eloquent. I was young, curious, enthusiastic; it sunk into my heart, and I could not rest till I was made acquainted with Father Nicholas. Whether from the power of the introduction I procured from his own benevolence, or from my deportment, the good man looked on me with the complacency of a parent. "It is not usual," said he, "my son, for people at your age to solicit acquaintance like mine. To you the world is in its prime; why should you anticipate its decay? Gayety and cheerfulness spring up around you; why should you seek out the abodes of melancholy and of woe? Yet though dead to the pleasures, I am not insensible to the charities of life. I feel your kindness, and wish for an opportunity to requite it." He perceived my turn for letters, and showed me some curious MSS and some scarce books, which belonged to their convent: these were not the communications I sought; accident gave me an opportunity of obtaining the knowledge I valued more, the knowledge of Father Nicholas, the story of his sorrows, the cause of his austerities.

One evening when I entered his cell, after knocking at the door without being heard, I perceived him kneeling before a crucifix, to which was affixed a small picture, which I took to be that of the blessed Virgin. I stood behind him, uncertain whether I should wait the close of his devotional exercise, or retire unperceived as I came. His face was covered with his hand, and I heard his stifled groans. A mixture of compassion and of curiosity fixed me to my place. He took his hands from his eyes with a quickened movement, as if a pang had forced them thence: he laid hold of the picture, which he kissed twice, pressed it to his bosom; and then gazing on it earnestly, burst into tears. After a few moments he clasped his hands together, threw a look up to heaven, and muttering some words which I could not hear, drew a sigh, which seemed to close the account of his sorrows for the time, and rising from his knees, discovered me. I was ashamed of my situation, and stammered out some apology for my unintentional interruption of his devotions.——"Alas!" said he, "be not deceived; these are not the tears of devotion; not the meltings of piety, but the wringings of remorse. Perhaps, young man, it may stead thee to be told the story of my sufferings and of my sins; ingenuous as thy nature seems, it may be exposed to temptations like mine; it may be the victim of laudable feelings perverted, of virtue betrayed, of false honor, and mistaken shame.—

"My name is St. Hubert; my family ancient and respectable, though its domains, from various untoward events, had been contracted much within their former extent. I lost my father before I knew the misfortune of losing him; and the indulgence

of my mother, who continued a widow, made up in the estimation of a young man, for any want of that protection or guidance which another parent might have afforded. After having passed with applause through the ordinary studies which the capital of our province allowed an opportunity of acquiring, my mother sent me to Paris, along with the son of a neighboring family, who, though of less honorable descent, was much richer than ours. Young Delaserre (that was my companion's name) was intended for the army; me, from particular circumstances, which promised success in that line, my mother and her friends had destined for the long robe, and had agreed for the purchase of a charge for me when I should be qualified for it. Delaserre had a sovereign contempt for any profession but that of arms, and took every opportunity of inspiring me with the same sentiments. In the capital I had this prejudice every day more and more confirmed. The *fierté* of every man who had served, the insolent superiority he claimed over his fellow-citizens, dazzled my ambition, and awed my bashfulness. From nature I had that extreme sensibility of shame, which could not stand against the ridicule even of much inferior men. Ignorance would often confound me in matters of which I was perfectly well informed, from his superior effrontery; and the best established principles of my mind would sometimes yield to the impudence of assuming sophistry, or of unblushing vice. To the profession which my relations had marked out for me, attention, diligence, and sober manners were naturally attached; having once set down that profession as humiliating, I concluded its attendant qualities to be equally dishonorable. I was ashamed of virtues to which I was naturally inclined, a bully in vices which I hated and despised. Delaserre enjoyed my apostacy from innocence as a victory he had gained. At school he was much my inferior, and I attained every mark of distinction to which he had aspired in vain. In Paris he triumphed in his turn; his superior wealth enabled him to command the appearance of superior dignity and show; the cockade in his hat inspired a confidence which my situation did not allow; and, bold as he was in dissipation and debauchery, he led me as an inferior whom he had taught the art of living, whom he had first trained to independence and to manhood. My mother's ill-judged kindness supplied me with the means of those pleasures which my companions induced me to share, if pleasures they might be called, which I often partook with uneasiness, and reflected on with remorse. Sometimes, though but too seldom, I was as much a hypocrite on the other side; I was self-denied, beneficent, and virtuous by stealth; while the time and money which I had so employed, I boasted to my companions of having spent in debauchery, in riot, and in vice

"The habits of life, however, into which I had been led, began by degrees to blunt my natural feelings of rectitude, and to take from vice the restraints of conscience. But the dangerous connexion I had formed was broken off by the accident of Delaserre's receiving orders to join his regiment, then quartered at Dunkirk. At his desire, I gave him the convoy as far as to a relation's house in Picardy, where he was to spend a day or two in his way. 'I will introduce you,' said he in a tone of pleasantry, 'because you will be a favorite: my cousin Santonges is as sober and precise as you were when I first found you.' The good man whom he had thus characterised, possessed indeed all those virtues of which the ridicule of Delaserre had sometimes made me ashamed, but which it had never made me entirely cease to revere. In his family I regained the station which, in our dissipated society at Paris, I had lost. His example encouraged, and his precepts fortified my natural disposition to goodness; but his daughter, Emilia de Santonges, was a more interesting assistant to it. After my experience of the few of her sex with whom we were acquainted in town, the native beauty, the unaffected manners of Emilia, were infinitely attractive. Delaserre, however, found them insipid and tiresome. He left his kinsman's the third morning after his arrival, promising, as soon as his regiment should be reviewed, to meet me in Paris. 'Except in Paris,' said he, 'we exist merely, but do not live.' I found it very different. I lived but in the presence of Emilia de Santonges. But why should I recall those days of purest felicity, or think of what my Emilia was! for not long after she was mine. In the winter they came to Paris, on account of her father's health, which was then rapidly on the decline. I tended him with that assiduity which was due to his friendship, which the company of Emilia made more an indulgence than a duty. Our cares, and the skill of his physicians, were fruitless. He died, and left his daughter to my friendship. It was then that I first dared to hope for her love; that over the grave of her father I mingled my tears with Emilia's, and tremblingly ventured to ask, if she thought me worthy of comforting her sorrows? Emilia was too innocent for disguise, too honest for affectation. She gave her hand to my virtues, (for I then was virtuous,) to reward at the same time, and to confirm them. We retired to Santonges, where we enjoyed as much felicity as perhaps the lot of humanity will allow. My Emilia's merit was equal to her happiness; and I may say without vanity, since it is now my shame, that the since wretched St. Hubert was then thought to deserve the blessings he enjoyed."

[No. 83. Saturday, September 2, 1786.]

Continuation of the story of Father Nicholas.

"In this state of peaceful felicity we had lived something more than a year, when my Emilia found herself with child. On that occasion my anxiety was such as a husband who dotes upon his wife may be supposed to feel. In consequence of that anxiety, I proposed our removing for some weeks to Paris, where she might have abler assistance than our province could afford in those moments of danger which she soon expected. To this she objected with earnestness, from a variety of motives; but most of my neighbors applauded my resolution; and one, who was the nephew of a farmer-general, and had purchased the estate on which his father had been a tenant, told me, the danger of their country *accoucheurs* was such, that no body who could afford to go to Paris would think of trusting them. I was a little tender on the reproach of poverty, and absolutely determined for the journey. To induce my wife's consent, I had another pretext, being left executor to a friend who had died in Paris, and had effects remaining there. Emilia at last consented, and we removed to town accordingly.

"For some time I scarce ever left our hotel: it was the same at which Emilia and her father had lodged when he came to Paris to die, and leave her to my love. The recollection of those scenes, tender and interesting as they were, spread a sort of melancholy indulgence over our mutual society, by which the company of any third person could scarcely be brooked. My wife had some of those sad presages, which women of her sensibility often feel in the condition she was then in. All my attention and solicitude were excited to combat her fears. 'I shall not live,' she would say, 'to revisit Santonges: but my Henry will think of me there: in those woods in which we have so often walked, by that brook to the fall of which we have listened together, and felt in silence what language, at least what mine, my love, could not speak.'"—The good Father was overpowered by the tenderness of the images that rushed upon his mind, and tears for a moment choked his utterance. After a short space he began, with a voice faltering and weak.

"Pardon the emotion that stopped my recital. You pity me; but it is not always that my tears are of so gentle a kind; the images her speech recalled, softened my feelings into sorrow; but I am not worthy of them. Hear the confession of my remorse.

"The anxiety of my Emilia was at last dissipated by her safe delivery of a boy; and on this object of a new kind of tenderness we gazed with inexpressible delight. Emilia suckled the infant herself, as well from the idea of duty and of pleasure in tending it, as from the difficulty in finding in Paris a nurse to be trusted. We proposed returning to the country as soon as the re-establishment of her strength would permit: meantime, during her hours of rest, I generally went out to finish the business which the trust of my deceased friend had devolved upon me.

"In passing through the Tuilleries, in one of those walks, I met my old companion, Delaserre. He embraced me with a degree of warmth which I scarce expected from my knowledge of his disposition, or the length of time for which our correspondence had been broken off. He had heard, he said, accidentally, of my being in town, but had sought for me several days in vain. In truth, he was of all men one of whom I was the most afraid of meeting. I had heard in the country of his unbounded dissipation and extravagance; and there were some stories to his prejudice, which were only not believed, from an unwillingness to believe them in the people whom the corruptions of the world had not familiarized to baseness; yet I found he still possessed a kind of superiority over my mind, which I was glad to excuse by forcing myself to think him less unworthy than he was reported. After a variety of inquiries, and expressing his cordial satisfaction at the present happiness I enjoyed, he pressed me to spend that evening with him so earnestly, that though I had made it a sort of rule to be at home, I was ashamed to offer an apology, and agreed to meet him at the hour he appointed.

"Our company consisted only of Delaserre himself, and two other officers, one a good deal older than any of us, who had the cross of St. Louis, and the rank of colonel, whom I thought the most agreeable man I had ever met with. The unwillingness with which I had left home, and the expectation of a very different sort of party where I was going, made me feel the present one doubly pleasant. My spirits, which were rather low when I went in, from that constraint I was prepared for, rose in proportion to the pleasantry around me, and the perfect ease in which I found myself with this old officer, who had information, wit, sentiment, every thing I valued most, and every thing I least expected in a society selected by Delaserre. It was late before we parted; and at parting, I received, not without pleasure, an invitation from the colonel to sup with him the evening after.

"The company at his house, I found enlivened by his sister, and a friend of hers, a widow, who, though not a perfect beauty,

had a countenance that impressed one much more in her favor than mere beauty could. When silent, there was a certain softness in it infinitely bewitching; and when it was lightened up by the expression which her conversation gave, it was equally attractive. We happened to be placed next each other. Unused as I was to the little gallantries of fashionable life, I rather wished than hoped to make myself agreeable to her. She seemed, however, interested in my attentions and conversation, and in hers, I found myself flattered at the same time, and delighted. We played, against the inclination of this lady and me, and we won rather more than I wished. Had I been as rich as Delaserre I should have objected to the deepness of the stakes; but we were the only persons of the company that seemed uneasy at our success, and we parted with the most cordial good humor. Madame de Trenville, (that was the widow's name,) smiling to the Colonel, asked him to take his revenge at her house, and said, with an air of equal modesty and frankness, that as I had been the partner of her success, she hoped for the honor of my company, to take the chance of sharing a less favorable fortune.

"At first my wife had expressed her satisfaction at my finding amusement in society, to relieve the duty of attending her. But when my absence grew very frequent, as indeed I was almost every day at Madame de Trenville's, though her words continued the same, she could not help expressing, by her countenance, her dissatisfaction at my absence. I perceived this at first with tenderness only, and next evening excused myself from keeping my engagement. But I found my wife's company not what it used to be: thoughtful, but afraid to trust one another with our thoughts, Emilia showed her uneasiness in her looks, and I covered mine but ill with an assumed gayety of appearance.

"The day following Delaserre called, and saw Emilia for the first time. He rallied me gently for breaking my last night's appointment, and told me of another which he had made for me, which my wife insisted on my keeping. Her cousin applauded her conduct, and joked on the good government of wives. Before I went out in the evening, I came to wish Emilia good night. I thought I perceived a tear on her cheek, and would have staid, but for the shame of not going. The company perceived my want of gayety, and Delaserre was merry on the occasion. Even my friend the Colonel threw in a litte raillery on the subject of marriage. It was the first time I felt somewhat awkward at being the only married man of the party.

"We played deeper and sat later than formerly; but I was to show myself not afraid of my wife, and objected to neither. I lost considerably, and returned home mortified and chagrined.

I saw Emilia next morning, whose spirits were not high. Methought her looks reproached my conduct, and I was enough in the wrong to be angry that they did so. Delaserre came to take me to his house to dinner. He observed as he went, that Emilia looked ill. 'Going to the country will re-establish her,' said I.—'Do you leave Paris?' said he.—'In a few days.'—'Had I such motives for remaining in it as you have.'—'What motives?'—'The attachment of such friends; but friendship is a cold word; the attachment of such a woman as De Trenville.' I know not how I looked, but he pressed the subject no farther; perhaps I was less offended than I ought to have been.

"We went to that lady's house after dinner. She was dressed most elegantly, and looked more beautiful than ever I had seen her. The party was more numerous than usual, and there was more vivacity in it. The conversation turned upon my intention of leaving Paris; the ridicule of country manners, of country opinions, of the insipidity of country enjoyments, was kept up with infinite spirit by Delaserre, and most of the younger members of the company. Madame de Trenville did not join in their mirth, and sometimes looked at me as if the subject was too serious for her to be merry on. I was half ashamed and half sorry that I was going to the country; less uneasy than vain at the preference that was shown me."

[No. 84. Saturday, September 9, 1786.]

Conclusion of the story of Father Nicholas.

"I was a coward, however, in the wrong as well as in the right, and fell upon an expedient to screen myself from a discovery hat might have saved me. I contrived to deceive my wife, and to conceal my visits to Madame de Trenville's, under the pretence of some perplexing incidents that had arisen in the management of those affairs with which I was intrusted. Her mind was too pure for suspicion or for jealousy. It was easy even for a novice in falsehood, like me, to deceive her. But I had an able assistant in Delaserre, who now resumed the ascendancy over me he had formerly possessed, but with an attraction more powerful, from the infatuated attachment which my vanity and weakness, as much as her art and beauty, had made me conceive for Madame de Trenville.

"It happened, that just at this time a young man arrived from our province, and brought letters for Emilia from a female friend of her's in the neighborhood of Santonges. He had been bred a miniature painter, and came to town for improvement in his art. Emilia, who doted on her little boy, proposed to him to draw his picture in the innocent attitude of his sleep. The young painter was pleased with the idea, provided she would allow him to paint the child in her arms. This was to be concealed from me, for the sake of surprising me with the picture when it should be finished. That she might have a better opportunity of effecting this little concealment, Emilia would often hear, with a sort of satisfaction, my engagements abroad, and encourage me to keep them, that the picture might advance in my absence.

"She knew not what, during that absence, was my employment. The slave of vice and of profusion, I was violating my faith to her, in the arms of the most artful and worthless of women, and losing the fortune that should have supported my child and her, to a set of cheats and villains. Such was the snare that Delaserre and his associates had drawn around me. It was covered with the appearance of love and generosity. De Trenville had art enough to make me believe, that she was every way the victim of her affection for me. My first great losses at play she pretended to reimburse from her own private fortune, and then threw herself upon my honor, for relief from those distresses into which I had brought her. After having exhausted all the money I possessed, and all my credit could command, I would have stopped short of ruin; but when I thought of returning in disgrace and poverty to the place I had left respected and happy, I had not resolution enough to retreat. I took refuge in desperation, mortgaged the remains of my estate, and staked the produce to recover what I had lost, or to lose myself. The event was such as might have been expected.

"After the dizzy horror of my situation had left me power to think, I hurried to Madame de Trenville's. She gave me such a reception as suited one who was no longer worth the deceiving. Conviction of her falsehood, and of that ruin to which she had been employed to lead me, flashed upon my mind. I left her with execrations, which she received with the coolness of hardened vice, of experienced seduction. I rushed from her house, I knew not whither. My steps involuntarily led me home. At my own door I stopped, as if it had been death to enter. When I had shrunk back some paces, I turned again; twice did I attempt to knock, and could not; my heart throbbed with unspeakable horror, and my knees smote each other. It was night, and the street was dark and silent around me. I threw myself down before the door, and wished some ruffian's hand to ease me of

life and thought together. At last the recollection of Emilia, and of my infant boy, crossed my disordered mind, and a gush of tenderness burst from my eyes. I rose, and knocked at the door. When I was let in, I went up softly to my wife's chamber. She was asleep, with a night lamp burning by her, her child sleeping on her bosom, and its little hand grasping her neck. Think what I felt as I looked! She smiled through her sleep, and seemed to dream of happiness. My brain began to madden again; and as the misery to which she must wake crossed my imagination, the horrible idea rose within me,—I shudder yet to tell it!—to murder them as they lay, and next myself!—I stretched my hand towards my wife's throat!—The infant unclasped its little fingers, and laid hold of one of mine. The gentle pressure wrung my heart; its softness returned; I burst into tears; but I could not stay to tell her of our ruin. I rushed out of the room, and, gaining an obscure hotel in a distant part of the town, wrote a few distracted lines, acquainting her of my folly and of my crimes; that I meant immediately to leave France, and not return till my penitence should wipe out my offences, and my industry repair that ruin in which I had involved her. I recommended her and my child to my mother's care, and to the protection of that Heaven which she had never offended. Having sent this, I left Paris on the instant, and had walked several miles from town before it was light. At sunrise a stage coach overtook me. It was going on the road to Brest. I entered it without arranging any future plan, and sat in sullen and gloomy silence, in the corner of the carriage. That day and next night I went on mechanically, with several other passengers, regardless of food and incapable of rest. But the second day I found my strength fail, and when we stopped in the evening, I fell down in a faint in the passage of the inn. I was put to bed, it seems, and lay for more than a week in the stupefaction of a low fever.

"A charitable brother of that order to which I now belong, who happened to be in the inn, attended me with the greatest care and humanity; and when I began to recover, the good old man administered to my soul, as he had done to my body, that assistance and consolation he easily discovered it to need. By his tender assiduities, I was now so far recruited as to be able to breathe the fresh air at the window of a little parlor. As I sat there one morning, the same stage coach in which I had arrived, stopped at the door of the inn, when I saw alight out of it the young painter who had been recommended to us at Paris. The sight overpowered my weakness, and I fell lifeless from my seat. The incident brought several people into the room, and amongst others the young man himself. When they had restored me to

sense, I had recollection enough to desire him to remain with me alone. It was some time before he recognised me; when he did, with horror in his aspect, after much hesitation, and the most solemn entreaty from me, he told me the dreadful sequel of my misfortunes. My wife and child were no more! The shock which my letter gave, the state of weakness she was then in, had not strength to support. The effects were, a fever, delirium, and death. Her infant perished with her. In the interval of reason preceding her death, she called him to her bedside; gave him the picture he had drawn; and with her last breath charged him, if ever he could find me out, to deliver that and her forgiveness to me. He put it into my hand. I know not how I survived. Perhaps it was owing to the outworn state in which my disease had left me. My heart was too weak to burst; and there was a sort of palsy on my mind that seemed insensible to its calamities. By that holy man who had once before saved me from death, I was placed here, where, except one melancholy journey to that spot where they had laid my Emilia and her boy, I have ever since remained. My story is unknown, and they wonder at the severity of that life by which I endeavor to atone for my offences. But it is not by suffering alone that Heaven is reconciled; I endeavored, by works of charity and beneficence, to make my being not hateful in his sight. Blessed be God! I have attained the consolation I wished. Already, on my wasting days a beam of mercy sheds its celestial light. The visions of this flinty couch are changed to mildness. It was but last night my Emilia beckoned me in smiles; this little cherub was with her!" His voice ceased,—he looked on the picture, then towards Heaven; and a faint glow crossed the paleness of his cheek. I stood awestruck at the sight. The bell for vespers tolled—he took my hand—I kissed his, and my tears began to drop on it.—"My son," said he, "to feelings like your's it may not be unpleasing to recal my story:—If the world allure thee, if vice ensnare with its pleasures, or abash with its ridicule, think of Father Nicholas—be virtuous, and be happy."

[No. 87. Saturday, September 30, 1786.]

——Sed in longum tamen ævum
Manserunt hodieque manent vestigia ruris.—*Hor.*

That there is nobody in town, is the observation of every person one has met for several weeks past; and though the word *nobody*, like its fellow vocable *everybody*, has a great latitude of signification, and in this instance means upwards of threescore thousand people, yet undoubtedly, in a certain rank of life, one finds, at this season, a very great blank in one's accustomed society. He whom circumstances oblige to remain in town, feels a sort of imprisonment from which his more fortunate acquaintance have escaped to purer air, to fresher breezes, and a clearer sky. He sees, with a very melancholy aspect, the close window shutters of deserted houses, the rusted knockers and mossy pavement of unfrequented squares, and the few distant scattered figures of empty walks; while he fancies, in the country, the joyousness of the reapers, and the shout of the sportsman enlivening the fields; and, within doors, the hours made jocund by the festivity of assembled friends, the frolic, the dance, and the song.

Though the prevailing incidents of my latter part of life have fixed it almost constantly to a town, yet nobody is more enthusiastically fond of the country than I; and, amidst all my banishment from it, I have contrived still to preserve a relish for its pleasures, and an enjoymet of its sports, which few who visit it so seldom are able to retain. I can still weave an angling line, or dress a fly, am a pretty sure shot, and have not forgotten the tune of a View Holla, or the encouraging Hark forward! to a cautious hound. But though these are a set of capacities, which mark one's denizenship to the country, and which therefore I am proud to retain, yet I confess I am more delighted with its quieter and less turbulent pleasures. There is a sort of moral use of the country, which every man who has not lost the rural sentiment will feel; a certain purity of mind and imagination which its scenes inspire; a simplicity, a coloring of nature on the objects around us, which correct the artifice and interestedness of the world. There is in the country a pensive vacancy (if the expression may be allowed me) of mind, which stills the violence of passion, and the tumult of desire. One can hardly dream on the bank of some nameless brook without waking a better and a wiser man. I early took the liberty of boasting to my readers, that, as a Lounger, I had learned to be idle without

guilt, and indolent without indifference. In the country, me thinks, I find this disposition congenial to the place; the air which breathes around me, like that which touches the Æolian harp, steals on my soul a tender but varied tone of feeling that lulls while it elevates, that soothes while it inspires. Not a blade that whistles in the breeze, not a weed that spreads its speckled leaves to the sun, but may add something to the ideas of him, who can lounge with all his mind open about him.

I am not sure if, in the regret which I feel for my absence from the country, I do not rate its enjoyments higher, and paint its landscapes in more glowing colors, than the reality might afford. I have long cultivated a talent very fortunate for a man of my disposition, that of travelling in my easy chair, of transporting myself, without stirring from my parlor, to distant places and to absent friends, of drawing scenes in my mind's eye, and of peopling them with the groups of fancy, or the society of remembrance. When I have sometimes lately felt the dreariness of the town, deserted by my acquaintance; when I have returned from the coffee-house where the boxes were unoccupied, and strolled out from my accustomed walk, which even the lame beggar had left; I was fain to shut myself up in the room, order a dish of my best tea (for there is a sort of melancholy which disposes one to make much of one's self), and calling up the powers of memory and imagination, leave the solitary town for a solitude more interesting, which my younger days enjoyed in the country, which I think, and if I am wrong I do not wish to be undeceived, was the most Elysian spot in the world.

It was at an old lady's, a relation and godmother of mine, where a particular incident occasioned my being left during the vacation of two successive seasons. Her house was formed out of the remains of an old Gothic castle, of which one tower was still almost entire; it was tenanted by kindly daws and swallows. Beneath, in a modernized part of the building, resided the mistress of the mansion. The house was skirted with a few majestic elms and beeches, and the stumps of several others showed that they had once been more numerous. To the west, a clump of firs covered a ragged rocky dell, where the rooks claimed a prescriptive seignory. Through this a dashing rivulet forced its way, which afterwards grew quiet in its progress: and gurgling gently through a piece of downy meadow-ground, crossed the bottom of the garden, where a little rustic paling inclosed a washing-green, and a wicker seat, fronting the south, was placed for the accommodation of the old lady, whose lesser tour, when her fields did not require a visit, used to terminate in this spot. Here, too, were ranged the hives for her bees, whose hum, in a still, warm sunshine, soothed the good old lady's

indolence, while their proverbial industry was sometimes quoted for the instruction of her washers. The brook ran brawling through some underwood on the outside of the garden, and soon after formed a little cascade, which fell into the river that winded through a valley in front of the house. When haymaking or harvest was going on, my godmother took her long stick in her hand, and overlooked the labors of the mowers or reapers; though I believe there was little thrift in the superintendency, as the visit generally cost her a draught of beer or a dram, to encourage their diligence.

Within doors she had so able an assistant, that her labor was little. In that department an old man-servant was her minister, the father of my Peter, who serves me not the less faithfully that we have gathered nuts together in my godmother's hazel-bank. This old butler (I call him by his title of honor, though in truth he had many subordinate offices) had originally enlisted with her husband, who went into the army a youth, though he afterwards married and became a country gentleman, had been his servant abroad, and attended him during his last illness at home. His best hat, which he wore o' Sundays, with a scarlet waistcoat of his master's, had still a cockade in it.

Her husband's books were in a room at the top of a screw staircase, which had scarce been opened since his death; but her own library for Sabbath or rainy days, was ranged in a little bookpress in the parlor. It consisted, as far as I can remember, of several volumes of sermons, a Concordance, Thomas a Kempis, Antoninus's Meditations, the Works of the Author of the Whole Duty of Man, and a translation of Boethius; the original editions of the Spectator and Guardian, Cowley's Poems, Dryden's Works (of which I had lost a volume soon after I first came about her house), Baker's Chronicle, Burnet's History of his own Times, Lamb's Royal Cookery, Abercromby's Scots Warriors, and Nisbet's Heraldry.

The subject of the last mentioned book was my godmother's strong ground; and she could disentangle a point of genealogy beyond any body I ever knew. She had an excellent memory for anecdote; and her stories, though sometimes long, were never tiresome; for she had been a woman of great beauty and accomplishments in her youth, and had kept such company as made the drama of her stories respectable and interesting. She spoke frequently of such of her own family as she remembered when a child, but scarcely ever of those she had lost, though one could see she thought of them often. She had buried a beloved husband and four children. Her youngest, Edward, "her beautiful, her brave," fell in Flanders, and was not entombed with his ancestors. His picture, done when a child, an

artless red and white portrait, smelling at a nosegay, but very like withal, hung at her bedside, and his sword and gorget were crossed under it. When she spoke of a soldier, it was in a style above her usual simplicity; there was a sort of swell in her language, which sometimes a tear (for her age had not lost the privilege of tears) made still more eloquent. She kept her sorrows, like the devotions that solaced them, sacred to herself. They threw nothing of gloom over her deportment; a gentle shade only, like the fleckered clouds of summer, that increase, not diminish, the benignity of the season.

She had few neighbors, and still fewer visiters; but her reception of such asdid visit her was cordial in the extreme. She pressed a little too much perhaps; but there was so much heart and good will in her importunity, as made her good things seem better than those of any other table. Nor was her attention confined only to the good fare of her guests, though it might have flattered her vanity more than that of most exhibiters of good dinners, because the cookery was generally directed by herself. Their servants lived as well in her hall, and their horses in her stable. She looked after the airing of their sheets, and saw their fires mended if the night was cold. Her old butler, who rose betimes, would never suffer any body to mount his horse fasting.

The parson of the parish was her guest every Sunday, and said prayers in the evening. To say truth, he was no great genius, nor much a scholar. I believe my godmother knew rather more of divinity than he did; but she received from him information of another sort; he told her who were the poor, the sick, the dying of the parish, and she had some assistance, some comfort for them all.

I could draw the old lady at this moment!—dressed in gray, with a clean white hood nicely plaited (for she was somewhat finical about the neatness of her person), sitting in her straight-backed elbowchair, which stood in a large window scooped out of the thickness of the ancient wall. The middle panes of the window were of painted glass, the story of Joseph and his brethren. On the outside waved a honeysuckle tree, which often threw its shade across her book, or her work; but she would not allow it to be cut down. "It has stood there many a day," said she, "and we old inhabitants should bear with one another." Methinks I see her thus seated, her spectacles on, but raised a little on her brow for a pause of explanation, their shagreen case laid between the leaves of a silver-clasped family Bible. On one side, her bell and snuff-box; on the other, her knitting apparatus in a blue damask bag. Between her and the fire an old Spanish pointer, that had formerly been her son Edward's,

teased, but not teased out of his gravity, by a little terrier of mine. All this is before me, and I am a hundred miles from town, its inhabitants, and its business. In town I may have seen such a figure; but the country scenery around, like the tasteful frame of an excellent picture, gives it a heightening, a relief, which it would lose in any other situation.

Some of my readers, perhaps, will look with little relish on the portrait. I know it is an egotism in me to talk of its value; but over this dish of tea, and in such a temper of mind, one is given to egotism. It will be only adding another to say, that when I recall the rural scene of the good old lady's abode, her simple, her innocent, her useful employments, the afflictions she sustained in this world, the comforts she drew from another; I feel a serenity of soul, a benignity of affections, which I am sure confer happiness, and I think must promote virtue.

[No. 89. Saturday, October 14, 1786.]

To the Author of the Lounger:

Sir—I read with infinite satisfaction your 87th number, on the pleasures of the country, and the moral use of that "rural sentiment," the effects of which you know so well how to paint. But thus it is that brilliant fiction ever delights us; while you were describing in town, I was witnessing in the country. I have just returned from an excursion into a distant county, "a hundred miles from town, its inhabitants, and its business." It was at the house of Mr. L——, a relation and intimate acquaintance of mine, where I have been pressingly invited these several years past, to spend a month or two of the autumn; to leave the thick air and unwholesome streets, the bustle, cares, and dissipation of the town, for the pure breeze, the healthful walk, the quiet, the peacefulness, and sobriety of the country. I had often heard of my friend L——'s charming place, his excellent house, his every thing, in short, that great wealth (for he is a man of a very large estate) could bestow, and taste (for every body talked of his and Mrs. L——'s taste) could adorn. I pictured his groves, his lawns, and his waterfalls, with somewhat of that enthusiasm for country scenery which you seem to feel; and I thought of his daughters (two elegant girls, whom I had just seen for a few minutes in their way from London,) as the woodnymphs of the scene. All this "rural sentiment" I

set out with; and the sight of my friend's country seat and beautiful grounds, which I reached on the third evening, did not belie it. How it has improved by my stay there, you shall judge by a short sketch of the country life people lead at L—— Hall.

The party there, which my relation had told me was to be a select one, and which made him doubly urgent in his desire to have me there this autumn, consisted of an elderly dowager of rank and fortune, and her two unmarried daughters; a member of parliament, and his brother, a clergyman from England; and two young officers of family, companions of Mr. L——'s eldest son, who has been about a year in the army. These, with your humble servant, in addition to Mr. L——'s own family, made up the standing establishment of the house. There were besides, every day, numerous occasional visiters from the neighborhood; Mr. L—— representing the county in parliament, and receiving the instructions of his constituents at this time of the year only.

The night of my arrival, I took the liberty of retiring before the rest of the company, being a good deal fatigued with my journey. Next morning, however, I got up betimes to enjoy the beauties of the season, and of the calm clear landscape around me. But when I would have gone out, I found the house door locked. After various unsuccessful attempts to discover the retreat of the servants, I met a ragged little fellow, who told me he was boy to the porter's man, and the only creature besides myself stirring in the house, for that Mr. L——'s gentleman had given a supper to the servants who had lately arrived from town, and they had all sat up at cards till five in the morning. By the interest of this young friend, I at last procured the key, and was let out. I strolled the way to the stables, of which I found the entry much easier than the exit from the house, the door being left very conveniently open. The horses from town had not been quite so well entertained as the servants; for they were standing with empty mangers, and the dirt of the day before hardened on their skins. But this was not much to be wondered at, as a pack of cards certainly affords a much pleasanter occupation than a currycomb.

Having rubbed down a favorite poney, which I had brought to the country for an occasional ride, and locked the stable door, I turned down a little path that led to the shrubbery; but I was afraid to enter any of the walks, as it was notified, by very legible inscriptions, that there were man traps, and steel guns, for the reception of intruders. I was forced therefore to restrict myself to a walk amidst the dust of the high road till ten, when on my return to the house, I found no less dust within doors, and I was obliged to take refuge in my bedroom till the break

fasting parlor was put in order. By one of the servants, whom, from his surly look, I supposed to be a loser of the preceding night, I was informed that breakfast for some of the company would be ready by eleven.

At eleven I found some of the company assembled accordingly. The dowager did not appear, nor Mrs. L—— herself, but had chocolate in their different apartments: it seems they could not be made up, as one of the young ladies expressed it, so early: their daughters seemed to have been made up in haste, for they came down in rumpled night caps, and their hair in a brown paste upon their shoulders. The young gentlemen joined with us the second teapot; their heads were in disorder too, but of a different kind; they had drank, as they told us, three bowls of gin toddy after the rest of the company had gone to bed. The master of the house entered the room when breakfast was nearly over: he asked pardon of his brother senator and the clergyman for being so late; but he had been detained, he said, looking over his farm; for he is a great improver of the value as well as the beauty of his estate. "Did you ride or walk, Sir?" said I. Mr. L—— smiled. "I walked only to the easy chair in my library: I always view my farm upon paper: Mr. Capability, my governor in these matters, drives through it in his phaeton, and lays down every thing so accurately, that I have no occasion to go near it."

Breakfast ended about one. The young gentlemen talked of going out a-shooting; but the weather was such as to scare any but hardy sportsmen; so they agreed to play billiards and cards within doors, in which they were joined by all the senior gentlemen except myself. I proposed to betake myself to the library; but I found an unwillingness in our host to let me take down any of the books, which were so elegantly bound and gilt, and ranged in such beautiful order, that it seemed contrary to the etiquette of the house to remove any of them from the shelves; but there was a particular selection in the parlor, which the company was at liberty to peruse; it was made up of Hoyle's Games, the List of the Army, two Almanacs, the Royal Register, a file of the Morning Herald, Boswell's Tour, the Fashionable Magazine, the Trial of the Brighton Tailor, and an odd volume of the last collection of farces.

Mrs. L——, and her friend the dowager, made their appearance about two. As I was neither of the billiard or the whist party, and had finished my studies in the parlor, they did me the honor to admit me of their *conversazione*. It consisted chiefly of a dissertation on some damask and chintz furniture Mrs. L—— had lately bespoke from the metropolis, and a dispute about the age of a sulky set of china she had bought last winter,

at a sale of Lord Squanderfield's. In one of the pauses of the debate, the day having cleared up beautifully, I ventured to ask the two ladies, if they ever walked in the country. The dowager said, she never walked on account of her corns; Mrs. L—— told me, she had not walked since she caught a sore throat in one of the cold evenings of the year 1782.

The conversation was interrupted by the arrival of the young ladies, with half a score of packing boxes, just received by a ship from London. These changed the current of the discourse to the subject of dress, to caps, feathers, hats, and riding habits. The military men now joined us, and made a very valuable addition to this board of inquiry, by their commentaries on walking boots, riding slippers, clubs, buckles, and buttons. We had, not long after, an opportunity of judging of the practice, as well as theory, of those branches of the fine arts. Dinner was half cold, waiting for the dowager's eldest daughter, and the major. They had spent about two hours at their toilets; yet the hurry of the major appeared, by his having forgot to put in the false strap to his buckles; and of the young lady, from one cheek being at least half a shade redder than the other. The ladies went to tea at nine o'clock, and we joined them at eleven, after having discussed the prices of different sets of boroughs at one end of the table, and the qualities of several racehorses and gamecocks at the other.

Such, Sir, is the detail of one day at the rural retirement of my friend Mr. L——, which may serve for the history of most of those I spent there. We had, however, our sabbath-day's employment, and our sabbath-day's guest, as well as your godmother. The first Sunday after my arrival being a rainy one, Mrs. L——, and most of our party accompanying her, went to the parish church. The English clergyman would not consent to so wicked a thing as going to a Presbyterian place of worship, and therefore staid at home, to look over a party at picquet in the dowager's dressing-room, between her and his brother. I went with the churchgoing people for that one time, but shall never do so profane a thing again. The young folks nodded and laughed all the time of the service, and during the sermon drew back their chairs from the front of the gallery, ate nuts, and pelted the shells. The major only was more seriously employed, in drawing caricatures of the congregation below, for which, it must be confessed, some of them afforded no unfavorable subjects.

The parson of the parish, like your old lady's, was always a Sunday visiter at L—— hall. He had been tutor to the heir and his second brother, and had the honor of inspiring them both with a most sovereign contempt and detestation of learning.

He, too, like your godmother's clergyman, communicated information; to the ladies, he related the little scandalous anecdotes of the parish, and gave his former pupils intelligence of several coveys of partridges. Himself afforded them game within doors, being what is commonly called a butt to the unfledged arrows of the young gentlemen's wit. To their father he was extremely useful in drawing corks, and putting him in mind where the toast stood. In short, he seemed a favorite with all the branches of the family. As to religion, it fared with that as with the literature he had been employed to instil into his pupils; he contrived to make all the house think it a very ridiculous thing.

About a fortnight after I went to L—— hall, the arrival of an elderly baronet from town, an old club companion of Mr. L——'s, added one other rural idea to the stock we were already in possession of; I mean that of eating, in which our new guest, Sir William Harrico, was a remarkable adept. Every morning at breakfast we had a dissertation on dinner, the bill of fare being brought up for the revisal of Sir William. He taught us a new way of dressing mushrooms, oversaw the composition of the grouse soup in person, and gave the venison a reprieve to a certain distant day, when it should acquire the exactly proper fumet for the palate of a connoisseur.

Such, Mr. Lounger, is the train of "rural sentiment" which I have cultivated during my autumn abode at L—— hall. I think I might, without leaving town, have acquired the receipt for the mushroom ragout, and have eat stinking venison there as well as in the country. I could have played cards or billiards at noonday with as much satisfaction in a crowded street, as in view of Mr. L——'s woods and mountains. The warehouse in Prince's street might have afforded me information as to chintz and damask chair covers; and your ingenious correspondent, Mr. Jenkin, could have shown me a model of the newest fashioned buckle on the foot of some of his little scarlet beaux, or of a rouged cheek on one of the miniature ladies of his window. In short, I am inclined to believe that folly, affectation, ignorance, and irreligion, might have been met with in town, notwithstanding the labors of the Lounger; that I might have saved myself three days' journey, the expense of a post-chaise, and a six weeks' loss of time; and, what was perhaps more material than all the rest, I might have preserved that happy enthusiasm for country pleasures which you seem still to enjoy, and which, in the less informed days of my youth, I also was fortunate enough to possess. I am, &c.

URBANUS.

[No. 90. Saturday, October 21, 1786.]

To the Author of the Lounger:

Sir—Though, from my rank in life, being a tradesman's daughter, left an orphan at six years old, I had little title to know any thing about sensibility or feeling; yet having been very kindly taken into a family, where there were several young ladies who were great readers, I had opportunities of hearing a good deal about these things. By the same young ladies I was made acquainted with your paper, and it was a favorite employment of mine to read the Lounger to them every Saturday morning. In one of the numbers, published some time ago, we met with Mrs. Alice Heartly's account of an old lady with whom she lives; and from the experience of our own feelings, could not help pitying the connexion with one so destitute of all tender sentiments as my Lady Bidmore. I had soon after occasion to congratulate myself on a very different sort of establishment, having been recommended by my young patronesses to a lady, who used frequently to visit at their house, whom we all knew (indeed it was her pride, she used to say, to acknowledge her weakness on that side) to be a perfect pattern, or, according to her own phrase, a perfect martyr, of the most acute and delicate sensibility. At our house I saw her once in the greatest distress imaginable, from the accidental drowning of a fly in the creampot; and got great credit with her myself, for my tenderness about a goldfinch belonging to one of our young ladies, which I had taught to perch upon my shoulder, and pick little crumbs out of my mouth. I shall never forget Mrs. Sensitive's crying out, "Oh! how I envy her the sweet little creature's kisses!" It made me blush to hear her speak so; for I had never thought of kisses in the matter.

That little circumstance, however, procured me her favor so much, that on being told of my situation, she begged I might, as she was kind enough to express it, be placed under her protection. As I had heard so much of her tender-heartedness and her feeling; as she was very rich, having been left a widow, with the disposal of her husband's whole fortune; as she had nobody but herself in family, so that it promised to be an easy place; all these things made me very happy to accept of her offer; and I agreed to go home to her house immediately, her last attendant having left her somewhat suddenly. I heard indeed, the very morning after I went thither, that her servants

did not use to stay long with her, which gave me some little uneasiness; but she took occasion to inform me, that it was entirely owing to their cruelty and want of feeling, having turned them all off for some neglect or ill usage of her little family, as she called it. This little family, of which I had not heard before, consists of a number of birds and beasts, which it is the great pleasure of Mrs. Sensitive's life to keep and fondle, and on which she is constantly exercising her sensibilities, as she says. My chief employment is to assist her in the care of them.

The waiting on this family of Mrs. Sensitive's is not so easy a task as I at first flattered myself it would have been. We have three lapdogs, four cats, some of the ladies of which are almost always lying-in, a monkey, a flying squirrel, two parrots, a parroquet, a Virginia nightingale, a jackdaw, an owl, besides half a hundred smaller birds, bullfinches, canaries, linnets, and white sparrows. We have a dormouse, in a box, a set of guinea-pigs in the garret, and a tame otter in the cellar; besides out-pensioners of pigeons and crows at our windows, and mice that come from a hole in the parlor wainscotting, to visit us at breakfast and dinner time. All these I am obliged to tend and watch with the utmost care and assiduity: not only to take care that their food and their drink be in plenty, and good order; not only to wash the lapdogs, and to comb the cats, to play on the bird organ for the instruction of the canaries and goldfinches, and to speak to the parrots and jackdaw for theirs; but I must accommodate myself, as my mistress says, to the feelings of the sweet creatures; I must contribute to their amusement, and keep them in good spirits; I must scratch the heads of the parrots; I must laugh to the monkey, and play at cork balls with the kittens. Mrs. Sensitive says, she can understand their looks and their language from sympathy; and that she is sure it must delight every susceptible mind to have thus an opportunity for extending the sphere of its sensibilities.

She sometimes takes an opportunity of extending something else with poor me. You can hardly suppose what a passion she gets into, if any thing about this family of hers is neglected; and when she chooses to be angry with me, and speak her mind a little loud or so, her favorites, I suppose from sympathy too, join in the remonstrance, and make such a concert!—What between the lapdogs, the parrots, the jackdaw, and the monkey, there is such a barking, squalling, cawing, and chattering!—Mrs. Sensitive's ears are not so easily hurt as her feelings.

But the misfortune is, Mr. Lounger, that her feelings are only made for brute creatures, and don't extend to us poor Christians of the family. She has no pity on us, no sympathy in the world for our distresses. She keeps a chambermaid and a boy besides

myself; and I assure you it does not fare near so well with us as it does with the lapdogs and the monkey. Nay, I have heard an old milkwoman say, who has been long about the family, that Mr. Sensitive himself was not treated altogether so kindly as some of his lady's four-footed favorites. He was, it seems, a good-natured man, and not much given to complain. The old woman says, she never heard of his finding fault with any thing, but once that Mrs. Sensitive insisted on taking into bed a Bologna greyhound, because she said it could not sleep a-nights from the coldness of the climate in this country. Yet she often talks of her dear, dear Mr. Sensitive, and weeps when she talks of him; and she has got a fine tombstone raised over his grave, with an epitaph full of disconsolates, and inconsolables, and what not. To say truth, that is one way even for a human creature to get into her good graces; for I never heard her mention any of her dead friends without a great deal of kindness and tender regrets: but we are none of us willing to purchase her favor at that rate.

As for the living they have the misfortune never to be to her liking. Ordinary objects of charity we are ordered never to suffer to come near her; she says she cannot bear to hear their lamentable stories, for that they tear her poor feelings in pieces. Besides, she has discovered, that most of them really deserve no compassion, and many sensible worthy people of her acquaintance have cautioned her against giving way to her sensibility in that way; because, in such cases, the compassion of individuals is hurtful to society. There are several poor relations of her husband's who, if it had not been for a settlement he made in her favor a short time before his death, would have had, I am told, by law, the greatest part of his fortune, to whom she never gave a shilling in her life. One little boy, her husband's godson, she consented to take into her house; but she turned him out of doors in less than a week, because of a blow he gave to Fidele, who was stealing his bread and butter.

Some of the other members of the family are almost tempted to steal bread and butter too. Mrs. Sensitive is an economist, though she spends a great deal of money on these nasty dogs and monkeys, and contrives to pinch it off us, both back and belly, as the saying is. The chambermaid has given her warning already on this score; and the boy says, he will only stay till he is a little bigger. As for me, she is pleased to say, that I am of an order of beings superior to the others; and she sometimes condescends to reason with me. She would persuade me, Sir, that it is a sin to eat the flesh of any bird or beast, and talks much of a set of philosophers, who went naked, I think, who believed that people were turned into beasts and birds;

and that therefore we might chance to eat our father or mother in the shape of a goose or a turkey. And she says, how delighted she would be in the society of those naked philosophers, and how much their doctrines agree with her fine feelings; and then she coaxes me, and says, that I have fine feelings too; but indeed I have no such feelings belonging to me; and I know her greens and water don't agree with my feelings at all, but quite to the contrary, that there is such a grumbling about me——And as for people being changed into birds and beasts, I think it is heathenish, and downright against the Bible; and yet it is diverting enough sometimes to hear her fancies about it. And I can't help having my fancies too; as t'other morning, when the great horned owl sat at table by her, on the chair which she has often told me her dear, dear Mr. Sensitive used to occupy, and the poor creature looked so grave, and sat as silent as mumchance;—but then she was so kind to the owl! I don't know what her squirrel was changed from, but it is always getting into some odd corner or other. It was but yesterday I got a sad scold for offering to squeeze it when it had crept Lord knows how far up my petticoats; and my mistress was in such a flurry, for fear I should have hurt it. She lets it skip all about her without ever starting or wincing, for all her feelings are so fine. But these fine feelings are not like the feelings of any other body; and I wish to get into the service of some person who has them of a coarser kind, that would be a little more useful. If Mrs. Heartly therefore continues in her resolution of quitting Lady Bidmore's, on account of that old lady's want of feeling, I would be very much obliged to you to recommend me to the place. I think I can bear a pretty good hand at a rubber and a hard brush; and as for keeping the furniture clean, it will be perfect pastime only, in comparison of my mornings cleaning out of Mrs. Sensitive's living collection. I hope Lady Bidmore, from her education, has never heard any thing of the naked philosophers; and if any other set have taught her, that people are changed into commodes, chests of drawers, or bedsteads, it signifies very little, as we shall take exceeding good care of them, and the belief will have no effect on our dinners or suppers. I am, &c.

BARBARA HEARTLESS.

[No. 96. Saturday, December 2, 1786.]

Aureus hanc vitam in terris Saturnus agebat.—*Virgil.*

To the Author of the Lounger:

Sir,—As in reading, either for instruction or entertainment, one is always most struck with what comes nearest to one's self, we who are in the country have been particularly attentive to your rural papers. The family of which I am a member at present, have been very much entertained with them. We have found out several of our acquaintance in the letter of Urbanus; and even the picture of your godmother, though a little antiquated, was too strongly marked for some of our party not to discover a resemblance to it. Adrastus's portrait of himself was too serious for our meddling with. We never allow our imaginations to sport with the sacredness of sorrow.

Since the receipt of those papers, it has become an amusement here to draw sketches for the Lounger; and some of us last night after supper proposed that every one should paint his neighbor. To this fancy and a rainy morning you owe this letter. I will try to give you the whole group; I am sure, if I could do it justice, it should please your benevolent readers better than the picture of Urbanus, though I give that gentleman perfect credit for the fidelity as well as the power of his pencil. But a family piece of Greuze is more pleasing, though perhaps less valued, than one of Hemskirk or Teniers.

That I may, however, take no advantage, I will begin with myself. I am not of so serious a disposition as Adrastus, yet am I not altogether without some of that rural sentiment which he indulges, and which you describe. I own I had acuter feelings some five-and-twenty years ago; but having now lived half a century, I am become a good deal less heroic, less visionary, and less tender than I was; yet I have not forgotten what my own feelings were, and I can perfectly understand what those of younger men are; I confess I like to see them as warm as I myself was at their age, and enjoy a sort of self-flattery in thinking that I have learned to be wiser by being a little older than they. Something of the same reflection I venture now and then to indulge, from the circumstance of being a bachelor; I think myself as well as I am, and yet I am pleased to see a husband and a father happy. And as I am neither from age nor situation quite condemned to celibacy, I have that sort of interest in an

amiable woman, or a promising child, that makes their company very agreeable to me, and I believe mine not unpleasant to them. I have, thank God, good health and good spirits; was bred somewhat of a scholar by my father, who lived in town, and a pretty complete sportsman by my grandfather, who resided in the country. When at school, I stole an hour or two in the evening to learn music, and had a tolerable knack at making bad verses when at college. In short there are few things come across me in which I am quite left out, and I have not the vanity of excel lence to support in any of them.

I generally spend some months in autumn in the country, and this season have passed them very agreeably at the house of a gentleman, who, from particular circumstances, I am pretty confident is the person you once mentioned under the appellation of Benevolus. A general idea of his character you have given in the paper I allude to: of his family and their country life, will you allow me to try a little sketch now?

You have hinted at the use Benevolus makes of his wealth. In the country, as far as we can gather from those around him, he gives largely: but as it is neither from the impulse of sickly sentiment or shallow vanity, his largesses tend oftener to incite industry than to supply indigence. Indeed, I have been forced to observe, that to nurse poverty, is politically speaking, to harbor idleness and vice: to prevent it is much the better way; for a man seldom thrives that does not deserve to thrive; and, except from some unfortunate accidents, which Benevolus is ever ready to pity and to redress, a man is seldom poor without deserving to be so. The occupiers of Benevolus's estate are generally thriving: he says, that to promote this is not an expensive indulgence; but on the contrary, that he gains by it. It is some money advanced at first, says he; but no capital is more productive than that which is laid out on the happiness of one's people. Some plans indeed have been suggested to him for doubling the revenue of his estate, by dispeopling it of three-fourths of its inhabitants; but he would never consent to them. If I wished for money, he replied to an adviser of these schemes, there are many trades you should rather recommend to me; but the proudest property of a country gentleman is that of men. He has not, however, that inordinate desire for extending the bounds of his estate, that some great proprietors have. A gentleman, whose family had been reduced in its circumstances, offered his land to him for sale. Benevolus expressed his sorrow for the necessity that forced his neighbor to this measure, and, after examining into his affairs, gave him credit to the extent of his debts. The young man went abroad, and from the recommendation of his honesty and worth, and great assiduity in busi-

ness, acquired a fortune sufficient to redeem his affairs. Somebody observed what an enviable purchase that gentleman's land would have been to Benevolus. "But those acres would not have dined with me with such a face of happiness and gratitude as Mr. —— did to-day."

Such faces, indeed, are a favorite part of the entertainment at Benevolus's table. One day of the week, which he jokingly calls his wife's rout day, there is an additional leaf put to the table, for the reception of some of the principal farmers on his estate, from whose conversation, he says, he derives much useful knowledge in country business, and in the management of his affairs. He behaves to them in such a way as to remove all restraints from the inequality of rank; and talking to every man on the subject he knows best, makes every man more pleased with himself, and more useful to those who hear him. The reception, indeed, of those guests strongly marks the propriety of feeling and of behaviour of the family. There is none of that sneer and tittering which one sees among the young gentlemen and ladies of other tables; the children strive who shall help the senior farmer of the set; they ask questions about the different members of his household, and sometimes send little presents to his children. I have had the charge of some parties of the young people, who dined with the farmers in return; and then we have so many long stories when we come back in the evening. There are no such eggs, nor fowls, nor cream, as we meet with in those excursions. I am always appealed to as a voucher; and I can safely say, that we thought so, especially when we took a long walk, or fished, or shot by the way.

Benevolus has four sons and three daughters. Their education has been scrupulously attended to; and there are perhaps no young people of their age more accomplished. When I speak of their accomplishments, I do not mean only their skill in the ordinary branches of education, music, dancing, drawing, and so forth. I have seen such acquirements pass through the memory and the fingers of young people, yet leave little fruit behind them. It is not so with my young friends here; not only are the faculties employed, but the mind is enriched by all their studies. I have learned a great deal of true philosophy, during the rainy days of this season, from the little philosophers in Benevolus's library; and when I indulge myself in a morning's lounge beside the young ladies and their mother I always rise with sentiments better regulated, with feelings more attuned, than when I sat down. The young people's accomplishments are sometimes shown, but never exhibited; brought forth, unassumingly, to bestow pleasures on others, not to administer to their own vanity, or that of their parents. In music their talents

are such as might attract the applause of the most skilful; yet they never refuse to exert them in the style that may please the most ignorant. Music their father confesses he is fond of, beyond the moderation of a philosopher. It is a relaxation, he says, which indulges without debasing the feelings, which employs without wasting the mind. The first time I was here, I had rode in a very bad day through a very dreary road; it was dark before I reached the house. The transition from the battering rain, the howling wind, and a flooded road, to a saloon lighted cheerily up, and filled with the mingled sounds of their family concert, was so delightful, that I shall never forget it. There is, however, a living harmony in the appearance of the family, that adds considerably to the pleasure of this and every other entertainment. To see how the boys hang upon their father, and with what looks of tenderness the girls gather round their mother! "To be happy at home," said Benevolus one day to me, when we were talking of the sex, "is one of the best dowries we can give a daughter with a good husband, and the best preventive against her choosing a bad one. How many miserable matches have I known some of my neighbors' girls make, merely to escape from the prison of their father's house! and, having married for freedom, they resolved to be as little as they could in their husband's."

Benevolus's lady, though the mother of so many children, is still a very fine woman. That lofty elegance, however, which, in her younger days, I remember awing so many lovers into adoration, she has now softened into a matron gentleness, which is infinitely engaging. There is a modest neatness in her dress, a chastened grace in her figure, a sort of timid liveliness in her conversation, which we cannot but love ourselves, and are not surprised to see her husband look on with delight. In the management of her household concerns, she exerts a quiet and unperceived attention to her family and her guests, to their convenience, their sports, their amusements, which accommodates every one without the tax of seeing it bustled for. In the little circles at breakfast, where the plans of the day are laid, one never finds those faces of embarrassment, those whispers of concealment, which may be observed in some houses. Mamma is applied to in all arrangements, consulted in schemes for excursions, in the difficulty of interfering engagements, and is often pressed to be of parties, which she sometimes enlivens with her presence.

Benevolus, in the same manner, is frequently the companion of his son's sports, and rides very keenly after an excellent pack of harriers, though they say he has gone rather seldomer out this season than he used to do, having got so good a deputy in me. He was disputing t'other day, with the clergyman of the parish,

a very learned and a very worthy man, on the love of sport. "I allow, my good Sir," said Benevolus, "that there are better uses for time; but, exclusive of exercise to the body, there are so many dissipations more hurtful to the mind, (dissipations even of reading, of thinking, and of feeling, which are never reckoned on as such,) that if sport be harmless, it is useful. I have another reason for encouraging it in my son. It will give him an additional tie to the country, which is to be the chief scene of his future life, as a man likes his wife the better that, besides more important accomplishments, she can sing and dance; and in both cases, a man of a feeling mind will connect with the mere amusement, ideas of affection, and remembrances of tenderness. Methinks I perceive an error in the system of education which some country gentlemen follow with their sons. They send them, when lads, to study at foreign universities, and to travel into foreign countries, and then expect them, rather unreasonably, to become country gentlemen at their return. My son shall travel to see other countries, but he shall first learn to love his own. There is a polish, there are ornaments, I know, which travel gives; but the basis must be an attachment to home. My son's ruffles may be of lace, but his shirt must be of more durable stuff."

In this purpose Benevolus has perfectly succeeded with his son, who is now eighteen, with much of the information of a man, but with all the unassuming modesty of a boy. 'Tis his pleasure and his pride to acknowledge the claims which his native scenes have upon him. He knows the name of every hamlet, and of its inhabitants; he visits them when he can be of use, gives encouragement to their improvements, and distributes rewards to the industrious. In return, they feel the most perfect fealty and regard to him. The old men observe how like he is to his father; and their wives trace the eyes and the lips of his mother.

The same good sense in their management, and a similar attention to their happiness, is shown to every inferior member of Benevolus's household. His domestics revere and love him; yet regularity and attention are nowhere so habitual. Attention to every guest is one of the first lessons a servant learns at his house, and an attention of that useful and benevolent sort, which is exactly the reverse of what is practised in some great houses in the country, where a man is vastly well attended, provided he has attendants of his own to make it needless; but a person of inferior rank may wait sometime before he can find a servant, whose province it is to take any care of him. At Benevolus's, it is every man's province to show a stranger kindness; and there is an aspect of welcome in every domestic one meets.

Even the mastiff in the court is so gentle, so humanized by the children, and, "bears his faculties so meek," that the very beggar is not afraid of Trusty, though he bays him.

In such quarters, and with such society, I do not count the weeks of my stay, like your correspondent Urbanus. The family talks of not visiting Edinburgh sooner than Christmas, and it is not improbable that I may stay with them till that time; so if your coffee-house friend takes notes of arrivals this winter, he may possibly mark me down in my seat in the coach destined for No. 7, answering the questions of two cherub-faced boys, who are a sort of pupils of mine here in all the idle branches of their education.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

W. G.

[No. 98. Saturday, December 16, 1786.]

———Nec domos potentum,
Nossemus, nec imagines superbas.—*Mart.*

To the Author of the Lounger:

Sir,—It is a long time since my last correspondence with you; and indeed, I did not know that your paper continued to come out, till lately that I saw it at a certain great house where I was on a visit. Of that visit, Mr. Lounger, if you will give me leave, I will tell you some particulars. Since I find that some great folks take in your paper, it may do them no harm to be told a little how things are about them; or if, as I am apt to believe, they are not easily to be mended, it will at least give us little folks some satisfaction to get out our thoughts of them.

Your predecessor, the author of the Mirror, who was kind enough to take some interest in my family, was well acquainted with its connexion with Lady ——, the great lady who first set my wife and daughters' heads agog about fashion and finery. In my last to you, I informed you of our having luckily lost her acquaintance, though I had got into another hobble by our intimacy with my rich neighbor, young Mushroom. I am ashamed to tell you, Sir, how things have come about; but, as I told Mr. Mirror, I was always rather too easy in my way: I have been myself on a visit at the house of the great lady; (I beg her lord's

pardon, but that's the way of speaking in our neighborhood). But this comes through Mr. Mushroom too. You must know, that since he came home, by presents of shawls and muslins to my lady, and, as some folks say, by lending some of his spare rupees to my lord, he is become a great favorite at —— lodge. And so my lord and lady and he have laid their heads together, that Mr. Mushroom shall be member for our county the next vacancy; and they have been driving and riding about among us, and giving feasts and dances at —— lodge and Mushroom hall. I fought a little shy, as the saying is; but Mrs. and Miss Mushroom so tickled the ears of my wife and daughters, and my lady talked so much of the happiness she had formerly enjoyed at my house, and of her regret for having lost the honor of my daughter Mrs. ——'s acquaintance, that they were silly enough to forgive all her former neglect of them; and then they so belabored me with the great things that might be expected from my lord's patronage, and Mr. Mushroom's attachment to my family, (and they had some shawls and muslins too) that I at last agreed to give my vote as they wished. Oh! then, there was so much fuss and kindness, and such invitations to go to —— lodge, and so many honors and pleasures—that, in short, Mr. Lounger, having got in my corn and sold my cattle, I was prevailed on to lay out a little of the money in a new suit, to get a new saddle and bridle for my mare, to trim my brown colt for a portmanteau horse, and mounting John upon him, whom I could best spare at this season too, I accompanied one of my brother freeholders, a plain man like myself, who takes a little of his wife's advice, to —— lodge.

As I knew something of the hours there, I took care that we should not reach the house till within a few minutes of four, though my neighbor was in a sort of flutter the last three miles, for fear of being too late. But when we got off our horses, and walked into the lobby, we found we were much too early for the house. We had stalked about for some minutes, without knowing where we should go, when, who should I see come in but my old acquaintance, Mr. Papillot, though it seems he had forgotten me; for when I asked him if my lord or his lady were within, he gave me a broad stare, and said that some of the servants would inform us. None of the servants, however, chose to be so kind; for though one or two peeped out of this and that door, they took no sort of concern in us, till at last a big surly-looking fellow appeared, pulling down the ruffles of his shirt, and bade us follow him into the saloon. Here we found an open window, and a half-kindled fire, and were left to cool our heels for above an hour, before any living creature appeared. At last, a civil enough sort of a gentleman, whose name I never heard,

for the family called him nothing but Captain, came in, and after talking a little to us about the weather, the roads, and the crop, (though he seemed to have but a bad notion of farming,) left the room again, telling us that my lord and lady would soon be down; but that dinner was somewhat later to-day than usual, as they and their company had been at a bearbaiting, my lord's bear having been backed against his neighbor Sir Harry Driver's dogs. This accident kept us from our dinner till six o'clock, by which time my neighbor and I, who had breakfasted by times, were almost famished. Meanwhile we were left to entertain ourselves with the pictures, not to mention my lady's French lapdog, which a servant brought in (I suppose by the time he had been dressed for dinner) and laid on a cushion at the fireside. I found indeed one of the late numbers of the Lounger, which I began to read; but my neighbor Broadcast yawned so on the first page, that I laid it by out of complaisance to him. Soon after the lapdog, some of her ladyship's company came in, one after another, and did us the honor of staring at us, and speaking to the lapdog. The dinner bell was rung before the lady appeared, who, to do her justice, behaved politely enough, and began to ask half a dozen questions about our wives and children, to which she did not wait for an answer; but to say truth, she had her hands full of the bearbaiting company, who, when they were all assembled, made a very numerous party. My lord entered a few minutes after her; he did not give himself much trouble about any of us, till on the Captain's whispering something in his ear, he came up to where my neighbor and I stood, and said he was very happy to have the honor of seeing us at —— lodge.

When we went to dinner, we contrived to place ourselves on each side of our good friend the Captain, and things went on pretty well. I knew that at such a table the victuals were not always what they seemed; and therefore I was cautious of asking for any of your figured dishes. At last, however, I got helped to a mutton-chop, as I would have called it; but the Captain told me it was a ragout. When I tasted it, it was so Frenchified, and smelt so of garlic, which I happen to have an aversion to, that I was glad to get rid of it, as soon (and that was not very soon) as I could prevail on a servant to take away my plate. The Captain, who guessed my taste I suppose, very kindly informed me there was roast beef on the sideboard, and sent a request to a fine gentleman out of livery, who had the carving of it, for a slice to me. But whether he thought I looked like a cannibal, or that the dish, being little in request, was neglected in the roasting, he sent me a monstrous thick cut, so red and raw, that I could not touch a morsel of it; so I was

obliged to confine my dinner to the leg and wing of a partridge, which the second course afforded me. I did not observe how my friend Broadcast fared at dinner; but I saw he catched a tartar at the dessert; for happening to take a mouthful of a peach, as he thought it, what should it be but a lump of ice, that stung his hollow tooth to the quick, and brought the tears over his cheeks. The wine after dinner might have consoled us for all these little misfortunes, if we had had time to partake of it; but there the French mode came across us again, and we had drank but a few glasses, and had not got half through the history of the bearbaiting, when coffee was brought.

When we went into the drawing room, we found the card tables set, and my lady engaged with a party at whist. She recommended some of us to the care of a friend of her's, a lady somewhat advanced in life, though she was still a maiden one, for they called her Miss Lurcher, who made up a table at farthing loo. As this was a game I was used to play at home, and the stake was so very trifling, I consented to make one. My neighbor Broadcast refused, and sat down at the other end of the room, to hear one of the young ladies play on the harpsichord, where he affronted himself by falling asleep. It had been as well for some other people that they had been asleep too. This game, though it began with farthings, soon mounted up to a very considerable sum, and I had once lost to the amount of twenty pounds. A lucky reverse of fortune brought me a little up again, and I went to supper only five thousand farthings, that is, five guineas out of pocket. It would not become me to suspect any foul play at —— lodge; but I could not help observing, that Miss Lurcher held Pam plaguily often. I have been told since, that she has little other fortune than what she makes by her good luck at cards: and yet she was as finely drest as my lady, and had as fine a plume of feathers on her hat: I shall never look on that hat again without thinking that I see Pam in the front of it.

When we were shown to our rooms, I looked for the attendance of John, to whom I had given strict charge to be watchful in that matter; but he was not to be found, and, I was told, had never appeared at the lodge after he went with his horses to the inn. Before going to bed, I stole into the chamber where my friend Broadcast lay, and agreed with him, who seemed as willing to be gone as myself, that we should cut short our visit, and (since French was the word) take a French leave early next morning. We were both up by daylight, and groped our way down stairs to get our hats and whips, that we might make our escape to where John and the horses were lodged. But we could not find our road to the lobby, by which we had entered.

There did not seem to be a creature stirring in the house; and, after wandering through several empty halls, in one of which we found a backgammon table open, with a decanter not quite empty, on which was a claret label, we went down a few steps to another passage, where we imagined we heard somebody stirring. But we had not gone many steps when the rattle of a chain made us take to our heels; and it was well we did; for we were within half a yard of being saluted by my lord's bear, whose quarters it seemed we had strayed into. The noise of our flight, and his pursuit, brought a chambermaid, who happened to be up, to our assistance, and by her means we had the good fortune to get safely through the lobby into the lawn, from whence we had only a mile or two's walk to the inn where John was put up.

For want of John's attendance, I had comforted myself with the reflection, that if he had not been employed in taking care of me, the horses would fare the better for it. But when we reached the house, we found that John had been employed in nothing but taking care of himself. The servants of my lord's other guests who were there, kept a very good house, as the landlord called it: and John had been a good deal jollier at dinner the day before than his master. It was with some difficulty we got him on his legs, and brought him along with us. It was a long time before my portmanteau could be found: and my new bridle, with a plated bit, had been exchanged by some clearer-headed fellow, for an old snaffle not worth a groat.

Such, Sir, is the history of my first visit, and I hope my last, to —— lodge. But as I have found the experience even of one visit a little expensive, I think it is doing a kindness to people in my situation, to let them know what they have to expect there. When my lord asks a vote again, let it be conditioned on the part of the freeholder, that he shall not be obliged to study the pictures of his saloon above half an hour, that he shall have something to eat and something to drink at dinner, and be insured from falling into the paws of the bear, or the hands of Miss Lurcher.

I am, &c.

JOHN HOMESPUN.

[No. 100. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1786.]

AMONG the cautions which prudence and worldly wisdom inculcate on the young, or at least among those sober truths which experience often pretends to have acquired, is that danger which is said to result from the pursuit of letters and of science, in men destined for the labors of business, or the active exertions of professional life. The abstraction of learning, the speculations of science, and the visionary excursions of fancy, are fatal, it is said, to the steady pursuit of common objects, to the habits of plodding industry which ordinary business demands. The fineness of mind, which is created or increased by the study of letters, or the admiration of the arts, is supposed to incapacitate a man for the drudgery by which professional eminence is gained; as a nicely-tempered edge, applied to a coarse and rugged material, is unable to perform what a more common instrument would have successfully achieved. A young man destined for law or commerce is advised to look only into his folio of precedents, or his method of book-keeping; and Dulness is pointed to his homage, as that benevolent goddess, under whose protection the honors of station, and the blessings of opulence, are to be attained; while learning and genius are proscribed, as leading their votaries to barren indigence, and merited neglect. In doubting the truth of these assertions, I think I shall not entertain any hurtful degree of scepticism, because the general current of opinion seems, of late years, to have set too strongly in the contrary direction; and one may endeavor to prop the falling cause of literature, without being accused of blameable or dangerous partiality.

In the examples which memory and experience produce, of idleness, of dissipation, and of poverty, brought on by an indulgence of literary or poetical enthusiasm, the evidence must necessarily be on one side of the question only. Of the few whom learning or genius have led astray, the ill success or the ruin is marked by the celebrity of the sufferer. Of the many who have been as dull as they were profligate, and as ignorant as they were poor, the fate is unknown, from the insignificance of those by whom it was endured. If we may reason *a priori* on the matter, the chances, I think, should be on the side of literature.

In young minds of any vivacity, there is a natural aversion to the drudgery of business, which is seldom overcome, till the effervescence of youth is allayed by the progress of time and habit, or till that very warmth is enlisted on the side of their profession.

by the opening prospects of ambition or emolument. From this tyranny as youth conceives it, of attention and of labor, relief is commonly sought from some favorite avocation or amusement, for which a young man either finds or steals a portion of his time; either patiently plods through his task, in expectation of its approach, or anticipates its arrival, by deserting his work before the legal period for amusement is arrived. It may fairly be questioned, whether the most innocent of those amusements is either so honorable or so safe, as the avocations of learning or of science. Of minds uninformed and gross, when youthful spirits agitate, but fancy and feeling have no power to impel, the amusements will generally be either boisterous or effeminate, will either dissipate their attention or weaken their force. The employment of a young man's vacant hours is often too little attended to by those rigid masters, who exact the most scrupulous observance of the periods destined for business. The waste of time is undoubtedly a very calculable loss; but the waste or the depravation of mind is a loss of a much higher denomination. The votary of study, or the enthusiast of fancy, may incur the first; but the latter will be suffered chiefly by him whom ignorance, or want of imagination, has left to the grossness of mere sensual enjoyments.

In this, as in other respects, the love of letters is friendly to sober manners and virtuous conduct, which in every profession is the road to success and to respect. Without adopting the common-place reflections against some particular departments, it must be allowed, that in mere men of business, there is a certain professional rule of right, which is not always honorable, and though meant to be selfish, very seldom profits. A superior education generally corrects this, by opening the mind to different motives of action, to the feelings of delicacy, the sense of honor, and a contempt of wealth, when earned by a desertion of those principles.

The moral beauty of those dispositions may perhaps rather provoke the smile, than excite the imitation, of mere men of business and the world. But I will venture to tell them, that, even on their own principles, they are mistaken. The qualities which they sometimes prefer as more calculated for pushing a young man's way in life, seldom attain the end in contemplation of which they are not so nice about the means. This is strongly exemplified by the ill success of many, who from their earliest youth, had acquired the highest reputation for sharpness and cunning. Those trickish qualities look to small advantages unfairly won, rather than to great ones honorably attained. The direct, the open, and the candid, are the surest road to success in every department of life. It needs a certain superior degree

of ability to perceive and to adopt this; mean and uninformed minds seize on corners, which they cultivate with narrow views to very little advantage: enlarged and well-informed minds embrace great and honorable objects; and if they fail of obtaining them, are liable to none of those pangs which rankle in the bosom of artifice defeated, or of cunning over-matched.

To the improvement of our faculties, as well as of our principles, the love of letters appears to be favorable. Letters require a certain sort of application, though of a kind perhaps very different from that which business would recommend. Granting that they are unprofitable in themselves, as that word is used in the language of the world; yet, as developing the powers of thought and reflection, they may be an amusement of some use, as those sports of children in which numbers are used, familiarize them to the elements of arithmetic. They give room for the exercise of that discernment, that comparison of objects, that distinction of causes, which is to increase the skill of the physician, to guide the speculation of the merchant, and to prompt the arguments of the lawyer; and though some professions employ but very few faculties of the mind, yet there is scarce any branch of business in which a man who can think will not excel him who can only labor. We shall accordingly find, in many departments where learned information seemed of all qualities the least necessary, that those who possessed it in a degree above their fellows, have found from that very circumstance, the road to eminence and to wealth.

But I must often repeat that wealth does not necessarily create happiness, nor confer dignity: A truth which it may be thought declamation to insist on, but which the present time seems particularly to require being told. The influx of foreign riches, and of foreign luxury, which this country has of late experienced, has almost levelled every distinction but that of money among us. The crest of noble or illustrious ancestry has sunk before the sudden accumulation of wealth in vulgar hands; but that were little, had not the elegance of manners, had not the dignity of deportment, had not the pride of virtue, which used to characterize some of our high-born names, given way to that tide of fortune which has lifted the low, the illiterate, and the unfeeling, into stations of which they were unworthy. Learning and genius have not always resisted the torrent; but I know no bulwarks better calculated to resist it. The love of letters is connected with an independence and delicacy of mind, which is a great preservative against that servile homage which abject men pay to fortune; and there is a certain classical pride, which from the society of Socrates and Plato, Cicero and Atticus, looks down with an honest disdain on the wealth-blown insects of modern

times, neither enlightened by knowledge, nor ennobled by virtue. The *non omnis moriar* of the poet draws on futurity for the deficiencies of the present; and even in the present, those avenues of more refined pleasure, which the cultivation of knowledge, of fancy, and of feeling, opens to the mind, give to the votary of science a real superiority of enjoyment in what he possesses, and free him from much of that envy and regret which less cultivated spirits feel from their wants.

In the possession, indeed, of what he has attained, in that rest and retirement from his labors, with the hopes of which his fatigues were lightened and his cares were soothed, the mere man of business frequently undergoes suffering, instead of finding enjoyment. To be busy, as one ought, is an easy art; but to know how to be idle, is a very superior accomplishment. This difficulty is much increased with persons, to whom the habit of employment has made some active exertions necessary; who cannot sleep contented in the torpor of indolence, or amuse themselves with those lighter trifles, in which he, who inherited idleness as he did fortune, from his ancestors, has been accustomed to find amusement. The miseries and mortifications of the "retired pleasures" of men of business, have been frequently matter of speculation to the moralist, and of ridicule to the wit. But he who has mixed general knowledge with professional skill, and literary amusement with professional labor, will have some stock wherewith to support him in idleness, some spring for his mind when unbent from business, some employment for those hours which retirement or solitude has left vacant and unoccupied. Independence in the use of one's time is not the least valuable species of freedom. This liberty the man of letters enjoys; while the ignorant and the illiterate often retire from the thraldom of business, only to become the slaves of languor, intemperance, or vice.

But the situation in which the advantages of that endowment of mind which letters bestow are chiefly conspicuous, is old age, when a man's society is necessarily circumscribed, and his powers of active enjoyment are unavoidably diminished. Unfit for the bustle of affairs and the amusements of his youth, an old man, if he has no source of mental exertion or employment, often settles into the gloom of melancholy and peevishness, or petrifies his feelings by habitual intoxication. From an old man whose gratifications were solely derived from those sensual appetites which time has blunted, or from those trivial amusements of which youth only can share, age has cut off almost every source of enjoyment. But to him who has stored his mind with the information, and can still employ it in the amusement of letters, this blank of life is admirably filled up. He acts, he thinks, and

he feels with that literary world whose society he can at all times enjoy. There is perhaps no state more capable of comfort to ourselves, or more attractive of veneration from others, than that which such an old age affords; it is then the twilight of the passions, when they are mitigated but not extinguished, and spread their gentle influence over the evening of our days, in alliance with reason and in amity with virtue.

Nor perhaps, if fairly estimated, are the little polish and complacencies of social life less increased by the cultivation of letters, than the enjoyment of solitary or retired leisure. To the politeness of form and the ease of manner, business is naturally unfavorable, because business looks to the use, not the decoration of things. But the man of business who has cultivated letters, will commonly have softened his feelings, if he has not smoothed his manner or polished his address. He may be awkward, but will seldom be rude; may trespass in the ignorance of ceremonial, but will seldom offend against the substantial rules of civility. In conversation, the pedantry of profession unavoidably insinuates itself among men of every calling. The lawyer, the merchant and the soldier, (this last perhaps, from obvious enough causes, the most of the three,) naturally slide into the accustomed train of thinking and the accustomed style of conversation. The pedantry of the man of learning is generally the most tolerable and the least tiresome of any: and he who has mixed a certain portion of learning with his ordinary profession, has generally corrected, in a considerable degree, the abstraction of the one and the coarseness of the other.

In the more important relations of society, in the closer intercourse of friend, of husband, and of father, that superior delicacy and refinement of feeling which the cultivation of the mind bestows, heighten affection into sentiment, and mingle with such connexions a dignity and tenderness, which gives its dearest value to our existence. In fortunate circumstances, those feelings enhance prosperity; but in the decline of fortune, as in the decline of life, their influence and importance are chiefly felt. They smooth the harshness of adversity, and on the brow of misfortune print that languid smile, which their votaries would often not exchange for the broadest mirth of those unfeelingly prosperous men, who possess good fortune, but have not a heart for happiness.

END OF THE PAPERS FROM THE LOUNGER.

THE MAN OF THE WORLD.

IN TWO PARTS.

VIRGINIBUS PUERISQUE CANTO.—*Horace.*

PART I.

INTRODUCTION

THOUGH the world is but little concerned to know in what situation the author of any performance that is offered to its perusal may be, yet I believe it is generally solicitous to learn some circumstances relating to him; for my own part, I have always experienced this desire in myself, and read the advertisement at the beginning, and the postscript at the end of a book, if they contain any information of that sort, with a kind of melancholy inquietude about the fate of him in whose company, as it were, I have passed some harmless hours, and whose sentiments have been unbosomed to me with the openness of a friend.

The life of him who has had an opportunity of presenting to the eye of the public the following tale, though sufficiently checkered with vicissitude, has been spent in a state of obscurity, the recital of which could but little excite admiration, or gratify curiosity. The manner of his procuring the story contained in the following sheets, is all he thinks himself entitled to relate.

After some wanderings at that time of life which is most subject to wandering, I had found an opportunity of revisiting the scenes of my earlier attachments, and returned to my native spot with that tender emotion, which the heart, that can be moved at all, will naturally feel on approaching it. The remembrance of my infant days, like the fancied vibration of pleasant sounds in the ear, was still alive in my mind; and I flew to find out the marks by which even inanimate things were to be known, as the friends of my youth, not forgotten, though long unseen, nor lessened in my estimation, from the pride of refinement, or the comparison of experience.

In the shade of an ancient tree, that centred a circle of elms, at the end of the village where I was born, I found my old acquaintance, Jack Ryland. He was gathering moss with one hand, while the other held a flannel bag, containing earth worms, to be used as bait in angling. On seeing me, Ryland dropped

his moss on the ground, and ran with all the warmth of friendship to embrace me. "My dear Tom," said he, "how happy I am to see you! you have travelled, no doubt, a woundy long way since we parted.—You find me in the old way here.—I believe they have but a sorry notion of sport in Italy.—While I think on't, look on this minnow; I'll be hanged if the sharpest-eyed trout in the river can know it from the natural. It was but yesterday now—You remember the cross-tree pool, just below the parsonage—there I hooked him, played him half an hour by the clock, and landed him at last as far down as the church-way ford. As for his size—Lord! how unlucky it is that I have not my landing net here! for now I recollect that I marked his length on the outside of the pole; but you shall see it some other time."

Let not my reader be impatient at my friend Ryland's harangue. I give it him, because I would have characters develope themselves. To throw, however, some farther light upon Ryland's:

He was first cousin to a gentleman who possessed a considerable estate in our county; born to no fortune, and not much formed by nature for acquiring one, he found pretty early that he should never be rich, but that he might possibly be happy; and happiness to him was obtained without effort, because it was drawn from sources which it required little exertion to supply. Trifles were the boundaries of his desire, and their attainment the goal of his felicity. A certain neatness in all those little arts in which the soul has no share, an immoderate love of sport, and a still more immoderate love of reciting its progress, with the addition of one faculty which has some small connexion with letters, to wit, a remarkable memory for puzzles and enigmas, made up his character; and he enjoyed a privilege uncommon to the happy, that no one envied the means by which he attained what every one pursues.

I interrupted his narrative by some inquiries about my former acquaintance in the village; for Ryland was the recorder of the place, and could have told the names, families, relations, and intermarriages of the parish, with much more accuracy than the register.

"Alack-a-day!" said Jack, "there have been many changes among us since you left this: here has died the old gauger Wilson, as good a cricket player as ever handled a bat; Rooke, at The Salutation, is gone too; and his wife has left the parish and settled in London, where, I am told, she keeps a gin shop in some street they call Southwark; and the poor parson, whom you were so intimate with, the worthy old Annesly;"—he looked piteously towards the churchyard, and a tear trickled down

his cheek.—"I understand you," said I, "the good man is dead!"—"Ah! there is more than you think about his death," answered Jack; "he died of a broken heart!" I could make no reply but by an ejaculation, and Ryland accompanied it with another tear; for though he commonly looked but on the surface of things, yet Ryland had a heart to feel.

"In the middle of yon clump of alders," said he, "you may remember a small house, that was once farmer Higgins's. It is now occupied by a gentlewoman of the name of Wistanly, who was formerly a sort of servant companion to Sir Thomas Sindall's mother, the widow of Sir William. Her mistress, who died some years ago, left her an annuity, and that house for life, where she has lived ever since. I am told she knows more of Annesly's affairs than any other body; but she is so silent and shy, that I could never get a word from her on the subject. She is reckoned a wonderful scholar by the folks of the village; and you, who are a man of reading, might perhaps be a greater favorite with her. 'If you choose it, I shall introduce you to her immediately." I accepted his offer, and we went to her house together.

We found her sitting in a little parlor, fitted up in a taste much superior to what might have been expected from the appearance of the house, with some shelves, on which I observed several of the most classical English and French authors. She rose to receive us with something in her manner greatly above her seeming rank. Jack introduced me as an acquaintance of her deceased friend, Mr. Annesly. "Then, Sir," said she, "you knew a man who had few fellows!" lifting her eyes gently upwards. The tender solemnity of her look answered the very movement which the remembrance had awakened in my soul; and I made no other reply than by a tear. She seemed to take it in good part, and we met on that ground like old friends, who had much to ask, and much to be answered.

When we were going away, she begged to have a moment's conversation with me alone; Ryland left us together.

"If I am not deceived, Sir," said she, "in the opinion I have formed of you, your feelings are very different from those of Mr. Ryland, and indeed of most of my neighbors in the village. You seem to have had a peculiar interest in the fate of that worthiest of men, Mr. Annesly. The history of that life of purity which he led, of that calamity by which it was shortened, might not be an unpleasing, though a melancholy recital to you; but in this box, which stands on the table by me, is contained a series of letters and papers, which, if you will take the trouble of reading them, will save me the task of recounting his sufferings. You will find many passages which do not indeed relate to it; but, as

they are often the entertainment of my leisure hours, I have marked the most interesting parts on the margin. This deposite, Sir, though its general importance be small, my affection for my departed friend makes me consider as a compliment, and I commit it to you, as to one in whose favor I have conceived a prepossession from that very cause."

Those letters and papers were the basis of what I now offer to the public. Had it been my intention *to make a book*, I might have published them entire; and I am persuaded, notwithstanding Mrs. Wistanly's remark, that no part of them would have been found more foreign to the general drift of this volume, than many that have got admittance into similar collections. But I have chosen rather to throw them into the form of a narrative, and contented myself with transcribing such reflections as naturally arise from the events, and such sentiments as the situations alone appear to have excited. There are indeed many suppletory facts, which could not have been found in this collection of Mrs. Wistanly's. These I was at some pains to procure through other channels. How I was enabled to procure them, the reader may conceive, if his patience can hold out to the end of the story. To account for that now, would delay its commencement, and anticipate its conclusion; for both which effects this introductory chapter may have already been subject to reprehension.

THE

MAN OF THE WORLD.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

In which are some particulars previous to the commencement of the main story.

Richard Annesly was the only child of a wealthy tradesman in London, who, from the experience of that profit which his business afforded himself, was anxious it should descend to his son. Unfortunately the young man had acquired a certain train of ideas which were totally averse to that line of life which his father had marked out for him. There is a degree of sentiment, which, in the bosom of a man destined to the drudgery of the world, is the source of endless disgust. Of this, young Annesly was unluckily possessed; and as he foresaw, or thought he foresaw, that it would not only endanger his success, but take from the enjoyment of prosperity, supposing it attained, he declined following that road which his father had smoothed for his progress; and, at the risk of those temporal advantages which the old gentleman's displeasure on this occasion might deny him, entered into the service of the church, and retired to the country on one of the smallest endowments she has to bestow.

That feeling which prevents the acquisition of wealth, is formed for the support of poverty. The contentment of the poor, I had almost said their pride, buoys up the spirit against the depression of adversity, and gives to our very wants the appearance of enjoyment.

Annesly looked on happiness as confined to the sphere of sequestered life. The pomp of greatness, the pleasures of the affluent, he considered as only productive of turbulence, disquiet, and remorse; and thanked Heaven for having placed him in his own little shed, which, in his opinion, was the residence of pure and lasting felicity.

With this view of things his father's ideas did by no means

coincide. His anger against his son continued till his death; and, when that event happened, with the preposterous revenge of many a parent, he consigned him to misery, as he thought, because he would not be unhappy in that way which he had insisted on his following, and cut him off from the inheritance of his birth, because he had chosen a profession which kept him in poverty without it.

Though Annesly could support the fear of poverty, he could not easily bear the thought of a dying father's displeasure. On receiving intelligence of his being in a dangerous situation, he hastened to London, with the purpose of wringing from him his forgiveness for the only offence with which his son had ever been chargeable; but he arrived too late. His father had breathed his last on the evening of the day preceding that on which he reached the metropolis, and his house was already in the possession of a nephew, to whom his son understood he had left every shilling of his fortune. This man had been bred a haberdasher, at the express desire of old Annesly, and had all that patient dulness which qualifies for getting rich, which, therefore, in the eyes of his uncle, was the most estimable of all qualities. He had seldom seen Richard Annesly before, for indeed this last was not very solicitous of his acquaintance. He recollected his face, however, and desiring him to sit down, informed him particularly of the settlement which his relentless father had made. "It was unlucky," said the haberdasher, "that you should have made choice of such a profession; but a parson, of all trades in the world, he could never endure. It is possible you may be low in cash at this time; if you want a small matter to buy mournings or so, I shall not scruple to advance you the needful; and I wish you would take them of neighbor Bullock the woollendraper, who is as honest a man as any of the trade, and would not impose on a child." Annesly's eyes had been hitherto fixed on the ground, nor was there wanting a tear in each for his unnatural father. He turned them on his cousin with as contemptuous a look as his nature allowed them to assume, and walked out of the house without uttering a word.

He was now thrown upon the world with the sentence of perpetual poverty for his inheritance. He found himself in the middle of a crowded street in London, surrounded by the buzzing sons of industry, and shrunk back at the sense of his own insignificance. In the faces of those he met, he saw no acknowledgment of connexion, and felt himself, like Cain after his brother's murder, an unsheltered, unfriended outcast. He looked back to his father's door; but his spirit was too mild for reproach—a tear dropped from his eye as he looked!

There was in London one person, whose gentle nature, he knew, would feel for his misfortunes; yet to that one of all others, his pride forbade to resort.

Harriet Wilkins was the daughter of a neighbor of his father's, who had for some time given up business, and lived on the interest of 4000*l.*, which he had saved in the course of it. From this circumstance, his acquaintance, old Annesly, entertained no very high opinion of his understanding; and did not cultivate much friendship with a man whom he considered as a drone in the hive of society. But in this opinion, as in many others, his son had the misfortune to differ from him. He used frequently to steal into Wilkins' house of an evening, to enjoy the conversation of one who had passed through life with observation, and had known the labor of business, without that contraction of soul which it often occasions. Harriet was commonly of the party, listening, with Annesly, to her father's discourse, and, with Annesly, offering her remarks on it. She was not handsome enough to attract notice; but her look was of that complacent sort which gains on the beholder, and pleases from the acknowledgment that it is beneath admiration.

Nor was her mind ill suited to this "index of the soul." Without that brilliancy which excites the general applause, it possessed those inferior sweetnesses which acquire the general esteem; sincere, benevolent, inoffensive, and unassuming. Nobody talked of the sayings of Miss Wilkins; but every one heard her with pleasure, and her smile was the signal of universal complacency.

Annesly found himself insensibly attached to her by a chain, which had been imposed without art, and suffered without consciousness. During his acquaintance with Harriet, he had come to that period of life, when men are most apt to be impressed with appearances. In fact, he had looked on many a beauty with a rapture which he thought sincere, till it was interrupted by the reflection that she was not Harriet Wilkins; there was a certain indefinable attraction which linked him every day closer to her, and artlessness of manner had the effect (which I presume, from their practice, few young ladies believe it to have) of securing the conquest she had gained.

From the wealth which old Annesly was known to possess, his son was doubtless, in the phrase of the world, a very advantageous match for Miss Wilkins; but when her father discovered the young man to be serious in his attachment to her, he frequently took occasion to suggest how unequal the small fortune he could leave his daughter was to the expectations of the son of a man worth 30,000*l.*, and, with a frankness peculiar to himself, gave the father to understand, that his son's visits were

rather more frequent than was consistent with that track of prudence, which the old gentleman would probably mark out for him. The father, however, took little notice of this intelligence; the truth was, that, judging by himself, he gave very little credit to it, because it came from one, who, according to his conception of things, should, of all others, have concealed it from his knowledge.

But though his son had the most sincere attachment to Miss Wilkins, his present circumstances rendered it, in the language of prudence, impossible for them to marry. They contented themselves, therefore, with the assurance of each other's constancy, and waited for some favorable change of condition which might allow them to be happy.

The first idea which struck Annesly's mind on the disappointment he suffered from his father's settlement, was the effect it would have on his situation with regard to Harriet. There is perhaps nothing more bitter in the lot of poverty, than the distance to which it throws a man from the woman he loves; that pride I have before taken notice of, which in every other circumstance tends to support, serves but to wound him the deeper in this. That feeling now turned Annesly's feet from his Harriet's door; yet it was now that his Harriet seemed the more worthy of his love, in proportion as his circumstances rendered it hopeless. A train of soft reflections at length banished this rugged guest from his heart—"'Tis but taking a last farewell!" said he to himself, and trod back the steps which he had made.

He entered the room where Harriet was sitting by her father, with a sort of diffidence of his reception that he was not able to hide; but Wilkins welcomed him in such a manner as soon dissipated the restraint under which the thoughts of his poverty had laid him. "This visit, my dear Annesly," said he, "flatters me, because it shows you leaning on my friendship. I am not ignorant of your present situation, and I know the effect which prudent men will say it should have on myself; that I differ from them, may be the consequence of spleen, perhaps, rather than generosity; for I have been at war with the world from a boy. Come hither Harriet; this is Richard Annesly. His father, it is true, has left him 30,000*l.* poorer than it was once expected he would; but he is Richard Annesly still! you will therefore look upon him as you did before. I am not Stoic enough to deny, that riches afford numberless comforts and conveniences which are denied to the poor; but that riches are not essential to happiness I know, because I have never yet found myself unhappy;—nor shall I now sleep unsound, from the consciousness of having added to the pressure of affliction, or wounded merit afresh, because fortune had already wounded it.

Liberal minds will delight in extending the empire of virtue; for my own part, I am happy to believe, that it is possible for an attorney to be honest, and a tradesman to think like Wilkins.

CHAPTER II.

More introductory matter.

Wilkins having thus overlooked the want of fortune in his young friend, the lovers found but little hindrance to the completion of their wishes. Harriet became the wife of a poor man, who returned the obligation he owed to her and her father's generosity, by a tenderness and affection rarely found in wedlock, because there are few minds from whom in reason they can be expected.

His father-in-law, to whom indeed the sacrifice was but trifling, could not resist the joint request of his daughter and her husband, to leave the town and make one of their family in the country. In somewhat less than a year he was the grandfather of a boy, and nearly at the same distance of time after, of a girl, both of whom, in his opinion, were cherubs; but even the gossips around them owned they had never seen more promising children. The felicity of their little circle was now, perhaps, as perfect as the lot of humanity admits; nor would it have been easy to have found a group, whose minds were better formed to deserve or attain it. Health, innocence, and good humor, were of their household; and many an honest neighbor, who never troubled himself to account for it, talked of the goodness of Annesly's ale, and the cheerfulness of his fireside. I have been often admitted of the party, though I was too young for a companion to the seniors, and too old for a playfellow to the children; but no age, and often indeed no condition, excluded from a participation of their happiness; and I have seen little Billy, before he could speak to be well understood, lead in a long-bearded beggar, to sing his song in his turn, and be rewarded with a cup of that excellent liquor I mentioned.

Their felicity was too perfect to be lasting;—such is the proverbial opinion of mankind. The days of joy, however, are not more winged in their course than the days of sorrow; but we count not the moments of their duration with so scrupulous an exactness.

Three years after the birth of her first daughter, Mrs. Annesly was delivered of another; but the birth of the last was fatal to her mother, who did not many days survive it.

Annesly's grief on this occasion was immoderate; nor could all the endeavors of his father-in-law, whose mind was able to preserve more composure, prevail upon him, for some days, to remember the common offices of life, or leave the room in which his Harriet had expired. Wilkins' grief, however, though of a more silent sort, was not less deep in its effects; and when the turbulence of the other's sorrow had yielded to the soothings of time, the old man retained all that tender regret, due to the death of a child, an only child, whose filial duty had led him down the slope of life without suffering him to perceive the descent. The infant she had left behind her was now doubly endeared to his father and him, from being considered as the last memorial of its dying mother; but of this melancholy kind of comfort they were also deprived in a few months by the smallpox. Wilkins seemed, by this second blow, to be loosened from the little hold he had struggled to keep of the world, and his resignation was now built upon the hopes, not of overcoming his affliction, but of escaping from its pressure. The serenity which such an idea confers, possesses, of all others, the greatest dignity, because it possesses, of all others, the best assured confidence, leaning on a basis that is fixed above the rotation of sublunary things. An old man, who has lived in the exercise of virtue, looking back, without a blush, on the tenor of his past days, and pointing to that better state, where alone he can be perfectly rewarded, is a figure the most venerable that can well be imagined. Such did Wilkins now exhibit.

"My son," said he to Annesly, "I feel that I shall not be with you long; yet I leave not the world with that peevish disgust, which is sometimes mistaken for the courage that overcomes the dread of death. I lay down my being with gratitude, for having so long possessed it, without having disgraced it by any great violation of the laws of him by whom it was bestowed. There is something we cannot help feeling, on the fall of those hopes we had been vainly diligent to rear. I had looked forward to some happy days, amidst a race of my Harriet's and yours; but to the good there can be no reasonable regret from the disappointment of such expectations, because the futurity they trust in after death, must far exceed any enjoyment which a longer life here could have afforded. It is otherwise with the prospect of duty to be done; these two little ones I leave to your tenderness and care; you will value life, as it gives you an opportunity of forming them to virtue.—Lay me beside my Harriet."

The old man's prediction was but too well verified; he did not

long survive this pathetic declaration. His son-in-law was now exposed, alone and unassisted, to the cares of the world, increased by the charge of his boy and girl; but the mind will support much, when called into exertion by the necessity of things. His sorrow yielded by degrees to the thoughts of that active duty he owed his children; in time his fireside was again cheered by their sports around it; and though he sometimes looked upon them with a tear at the recollection of the past, yet would he as often wipe it from his eye, in silent gratitude to Heaven, for the enjoyment of the present, and the anticipation of the future.

CHAPTER III.

The openings of two characters with which the reader may afterwards be better acquainted.

His son had a warmth of temper, which the father often observed with mingled pleasure and regret; with pleasure, from considering the generosity and nobleness of sentiment it bespoke; with regret, from a foreboding of the many inconveniences to which its youthful possessor might naturally be exposed.

But Harriet was softness itself. The sprightliness of her gayest moments would be checked by the recital of the distress of a fellow-creature, and she would often weep all night from some tale which her maid had told of fictitious disaster. Her brother felt the representation of worth ill-treated, or virtue oppressed, with indignation against the oppressor, and wished to be a man, that he might, like Jack the Giant-killer, gird on his sword of sharpness, and revenge the wrongs of the sufferer; while his sister pressed his hand in her's, and trembled for the danger to which she imagined him exposed; nay, she has been afterwards heard to cry out in her sleep, in a hurried voice, "You shall not go, my Billy, papa and I will die if you do."

A trifling incident, of which I find an account in one of their father's letters, will discriminate their characters better than a train of the most labored expression.

At the bottom of his garden ran a little rivulet, which was there dammed up to furnish water for a mill below. On the bank was a linnet's nest, which Harriet had discovered in her rambles, and often visited with uncommon anxiety for the callow brood it contained. One day, her brother and she were at play on the green at a little distance, attended by a servant of their

father's, when a favorite terrier of Billy's happened to wander amongst the bushes where this nest was sheltered. Harriet, afraid of the consequences, begged the servant to run, and prevent his doing mischief to the birds. Just as the fellow came up, the dog had lighted on the bush, and surprised the dam, but was prevented from doing her much harm by the servant, who laid hold of him by the neck, and snatched his prey out of his mouth. The dog, resenting this rough usage, bit the man's finger till it bled, who, in return, bestowed a hearty drubbing upon him, without regarding the entreaties or the threats of his little master. Billy, enraged at the sufferings of his favorite, resolved to wreak his vengeance where it was in his power, and running up to the nest, threw it down, with all its unfledged inhabitants to the ground. "Cruel Billy!" cried his sister, while the tears ran down her cheeks. He turned sullenly from her, and walked up to the house, while she, with the man's assistance, gathered up the little flutterers, and having fastened the nest as well as she could, replaced them safely within it.

When she saw her brother again, he pouted, and would not speak to her. She endeavored to regain his favor by kindness, but he refused her caresses; she sought out the dog, who had suffered on her linnet's account, and stroking him on the head, fed him with some cold meat from her own hand. When her brother saw it, he called him away. She looked after Billy till he was gone, and then burst into tears.

Next day they were down at the rivulet again. Still was Harriet endeavoring to be reconciled, and still was her brother averse to a reconciliation. He sat biting his thumb, and looking angrily to the spot where his favorite had been punished.

At that instant the linnet, in whose cause the quarrel had begun, was bringing out her younglings to their first imperfect flight, and two of them, unfortunately taking a wrong direction, fell short into the middle of the pool. Billy started from the ground, and, without considering the depth, rushed into the water, where he was over head and ears the second step that he made. His sister's screams alarmed the servant, who ran to his assistance: but before he got to the place, the boy had reached a shallower part of the pool, and, though staggering from his first plunge, had saved both linnets, which he held carefully above the water, and landed safely on the opposite bank. He returned to his sister by a ford below, and, presenting her the birds, flung his arms round her neck, and blubbering, asked her if she would now forgive his unkindness.

Such were the minds which Annesly's tuition was to form. To repress the warmth of temerity, without extinguishing the generous principles from which it arose, and to give firmness to

sensibility where it bordered on weakness, without searing its feelings where they led to virtue, was the task he had marked out for his industry to accomplish. He owned that his plan was frequently interrupted on both sides by the tenderness of paternal affection; but he accustomed himself to remember, that for his children he was accountable to God and their country. Nor was the situation I have described without difficulties, from the delicacy of preventing inclinations in the extreme, which were laudable in degree; "but here also," said Annesly, "it is to be remembered, that no evil is so pernicious as that which grows in the soil from which good should have sprung."

CHAPTER IV.

A very brief account of their education.

ANNESLY was not only the superintendent of his children's manners, but their master in the several branches of education. Reading, writing, arithmetic, the elements of mathematics and geography, with a competent knowledge of the French and Italian languages, they learned together; and while Billy was employed with his father in reading Latin and Greek, his sister received instruction in the female accomplishments, from a better sort of servant, whom Annesly kept for that purpose, whose station had once been superior to servitude, and whom he still treated more as a companion than a domestic. This instructress, indeed, she lost when about ten years old; but the want was more than supplied by the assistance of another, to wit, Mrs. Wistanly, who devoted many of her leisure hours to the daughter of Annesly, whom she had then got acquainted with, and whom reciprocal worth had attached to her with the sincerest friendship and regard. The dancing-master of a neighboring town paid them a weekly visit for their instruction in the science he professed; at which time also were held their family concerts, where Annesly, who was esteemed in his youth a first-rate player on the violin, used to preside. Billy was an excellent second; Mrs. Wistanly or her pupil undertook for the harpsichord, and the dancing-master played bass as well as he could. He was not a very capital performer, but he was always very willing; and found as much pleasure in his own performance as the best

of them. Jack Ryland, too, would sometimes join in a catch, though indeed he had but two, *Christ-church-bells*, and *Jack, thou'rt a toper*; and Annesly alleged that he was often out in the last; but Jack would never allow it.

Besides these, there were certain evenings appropriated to exercises of the mind. "It is not enough," said Annesly, "to put weapons into those hands which have been never taught the use of them: the reading we recommend to youth will store their minds with intelligence, if they attend to it properly; but to go a little farther, we must accustom them to apply it, we must teach them the art of comparing the ideas with which it has furnished them." In this view, it was the practice, at those stated times I have mentioned, for Billy, or his sister, to read a select passage of some classical author, on whose relations they delivered opinions, or on whose sentiments they offered a comment. Never was seen more satisfaction on a countenance, than used to enlighten their father's, at the delivery of those observations which his little philosophers were accustomed to make. Indeed there could scarcely, even to a stranger, be a more pleasing exhibition; their very errors were delightful, because they were the errors of benevolence, generosity and virtue.

As punishments are necessary in all societies, Annesly was obliged to invent some for the regulation of his; they consisted only of certain modifications of disgrace. One of them I shall mention, because it was exactly opposite to the practice of most of our schools: while there, offences are punished by doubling the task of the scholar; with Annesly the getting of a lesson, or performing of an exercise, was a privilege of which a forfeiture was incurred by misbehaviour; to teach his children, that he offered them instruction as a favor, instead of pressing it as a hardship.

Billy had a small part of his father's garden allotted him for his peculiar property, in which he wrought himself, being furnished with no other assistance from the gardener than directions how to manage it, and parcels of the seeds which they enabled him to sow. When he had brought these to maturity, his father purchased the produce. Billy, with part of the purchase money was to lay in the stores necessary for his future industry, and the overplus he had the liberty of bestowing on charitable uses in the village. The same institution prevailed as to his sister's needlework, or embroidery: "For it is necessary," said Annesly, "to give an idea of property, but let it not be separated from the idea of beneficence."

Sometimes, when these sums were traced to their disbursements, it was found that Harriet's money did not always reach the village, but was intercepted by the piteous recital of a wan-

dering beggar by the way; and that Billy used to appropriate part of his to purposes not purely eleemosynary; as, when he once parted with two-thirds of his revenue, to reward a little boy for beating a big one, who had killed his tame sparrow; or another time, when he went the blameable length of comforting with a shilling a lad who had been ducked in a horsepond, for robbing the orchard of a miser.

It was chiefly in this manner of instilling sentiments, (as in the case of the charitable establishment I have mentioned,) by leading insensibly to the practice of virtue, rather than by downright precept, that Annesly proceeded with his children; for it was his maxim, that the heart must feel, as well as the judgment be convinced, before the principles we mean to teach can be of habitual service; and that the mind will always be more strongly impressed with ideas which it is led to form of itself than with those which it passively receives from another. When, at any time, he delivered instructions, they were always clothed in the garb rather of advices from a friend, than lectures from a father; and were listened to with the warmth of friendship, as well as the humility of veneration. It is in truth somewhat surprising how little intimacy subsists between parents and their children, especially of our sex; a circumstance which must operate, in conjunction with their natural partiality, to keep the former in ignorance of the genius and disposition of the latter.

Besides all this, his children had the general advantage of a father's example. They saw the virtues he inculcated attended by all the consequences in himself, which he had promised them as their reward. Piety in him was recompensed by peace of mind, benevolence by self-satisfaction, and integrity by the blessings of a good conscience.

But the time at last arrived when his son was to leave those instructions, and that example, for the walks of more public life. As he was intended, or, more properly speaking, seemed to have an inclination for a learned profession, his father sent him, in his twentieth year, to receive the finishings of education necessary for that purpose, at one of the universities. Yet he had not, I have heard him say, the most favorable opinion of the general course of education there; but he knew, that a young man might there have an opportunity of acquiring much knowledge, if he were inclined to it; and that good principles might preserve him uncorrupted, even amidst the dangers of some surrounding dissipation. Besides, he had an additional inducement to this plan, from the repeated request of a distant relation, who filled an office of some consequence at Oxford, and had expressed a very earnest desire to have his young kinsman sent thither, and placed under his own immediate inspection.

Before he set out for that place, Annesly, though he had a sufficient confidence in his son, yet thought it not improper to mark out to him some of those errors to which the inexperienced are liable. He was not wont, as I have before observed, to press instruction upon his children; but the young man himself seemed to expect it, with the solicitude of one who ventured, not without anxiety, to leave that road, where the hand of a parent and friend had hitherto guided him in happiness and safety. The substance of what he delivered to his son and daughter (for she too was an auditor of his discourses) I have endeavored to collect from some of the papers Mrs. Wistanly put into my hands, and to arrange, as far as it seemed arrangeable, in the two following chapters.

It will not, however, after all, have a perfectly connected appearance, because, I imagine it was delivered at different times, as occasion invited, or leisure allowed him: but its tendency appeared to be such, that even under these disadvantages, I could not forbear inserting it.

CHAPTER V.

Parental instructions.—Of suspicion and confidence.—Ridicule.—Religion.—True pleasure.—Caution to the female sex.

You are now leaving us, my son, said Annesly, to make your entrance into the world; for though, from the pale of a college, the bustle of ambition, the plodding of business, and the tinsel of gayety, are supposed to be excluded; yet as it is the place where the persons that are to perform in those several characters often put on the dresses of each, there will not be wanting, even there, those qualities that distinguish in all. I will not shock your imagination, with the picture which some men, retired from its influence, have drawn of the world; nor warn you against enormities, into which, I should equally affront your understanding and your feelings, did I suppose you capable of falling. Neither would I arm you with that suspicious caution which young men are sometimes advised to put on; they who always suspect will often be mistaken, and never be happy. Yet there is a wide distinction between the confidence which becomes a man, and the simplicity that disgraces a fool; he who never trusts is a niggard of his soul, who starves himself, and by whom no other is enriched; but he who gives every one his confidence

and every one his praise, squanders the fund that should serve for the encouragement of integrity, and the reward of excellence.

In the circles of the world, your notice may be frequently attracted by objects glaring, not useful; and your attachment won to characters whose surfaces are showy, without intrinsic value: In such circumstances, be careful not always to impute knowledge to the appearance of acuteness, or give credit to opinions according to the confidence with which they are urged. In the more important articles of belief or conviction, let not the flow of ridicule be mistaken for the force of argument. Nothing is so easy as to excite a laugh at that time of life, when seriousness is held to be an incapacity of enjoying it; and no wit so futile, or so dangerous, as that which is drawn from the perverted attitudes of what is in itself momentous. There are in most societies a set of self-important young men, who borrow consequence from singularity, and take precedency in wisdom from the unfeeling use of the ludicrous: this is at best a shallow quality; in objects of eternal moment, it is poisonous to society. I will not now, nor could you then, stand forth armed at all points to repel the attacks which they may make on the great principles of your belief; but let one suggestion suffice, exclusive of all internal evidence, or extrinsic proof of revelation. He who would undermine those foundations upon which the fabric of our future hope is reared, seeks to beat down that column which supports the feebleness of humanity:—let him but think a moment, and his heart will arrest the cruelty of his purpose;—would he pluck its little treasure from the bosom of poverty? Would he wrest its crutch from the hand of age, and remove from the eye of affliction the only solace of its woe? The way we tread is rugged at best; we tread it, however, lighter by the prospect of that better country to which we trust it will lead; tell us not that it will end in the gulf of eternal dissolution, or break off in some wild, which fancy may fill up as she pleases, but reason is unable to delineate; quench not that beam which, amidst the night of this evil world has cheered the despondency of ill-requited worth, and illumined the darkness of suffering virtue.

The two great movements of the soul, which the moulder of our frames has placed in them, for the incitement of virtue and the prevention of vice, are the desire of honor and the fear of shame; but the perversion of these qualities, which the refinement of society is peculiarly unhappy in making, has drawn their influence from the standard of morality, to the banners of its opposite; into the first step on which a young man ventures in those paths which the cautions of wisdom have warned him to avoid, he is commonly pushed by the fear of that ridicule which

he has seen levelled at simplicity, and the desire of that applause which the spirit of the profligate has enabled him to acquire.

Pleasure is in truth subservient to virtue. When the first is pursued without those restraints which the last would impose, every infringement we make on them lessens the enjoyment we mean to attain; and nature is thus wise in our construction, that when we would be blessed beyond the pale of reason, we are blessed imperfectly. It is not by the roar of riot, or the shout of the bacchanal, that we are to measure the degree of pleasure which he feels; the grossness of the sense he gratifies is equally unsusceptible of the enjoyment, as it is deaf to the voice of reason, and obdurated by the repetition of debauch, is incapable of that delight, which the finer sensations produce, which thrills in the bosom of delicacy and virtue.

Libertines have said, my Harriet, that the smiles of your sex attend them, and that the pride of conquest, where conquest is difficult, overcomes the fear of disgrace and defeat. I hope there is less truth in this remark than is generally imagined; let it be my Harriet's belief that it cannot be true for the honor of her sex; let it be her care that, for her own honor, it may be false as to her. Look on those men, my child, even in their gayest and most alluring garb, as creatures dangerous to the peace, and destructive of the welfare, of society; look on them as you would look on a beautiful serpent, whose mischief we may not forget while we admire the beauties of its skin. I marvel, indeed, how the pride of the fair can allow them to show a partiality to him who regards them as being merely subservient to his pleasure, in whose opinion they have lost all that dignity which excites reverence, and that excellence which creates esteem.

Be accustomed, my love, to think respectfully of yourself; it is the error of the gay world to place your sex in a station somewhat unworthy of a reasonable creature; and the individuals of ours, who address themselves to you, think it a necessary ingredient in their discourse, that it should want every solid property with which sense and understanding would invest it. The character of a female pedant is undoubtedly disgusting; but it is much less common than that of a trifling or an ignorant woman; the intercourse of the sex is, in this respect, advantageous, that each has a desire to please, mingled with a certain deference for the other; let not this purpose be lost on one side, by its being supposed, that, to please yours, we must speak something, in which fashion has sanctified folly, and ease lent her garb to insignificance. In general, it should never be forgotten, that, though life has its venial trifles, yet they cease to be innocent when they encroach upon its important concerns; the mind that

is often employed about little things, will be rendered unfit for any serious exertion; and, though temporary relaxations may recruit its strength, habitual vacancy will destroy it.

CHAPTER VI.

In continuation.—Of knowledge.—Knowledge of the world.—Politeness.—Honor.—Another rule of action suggested.

As the mind may be weakened by the pursuit of trivial matters, so its strength may be misled in deeper investigations.

It is a capital error in the pursuit of knowledge, to suppose that we are never to believe what we cannot account for. There is no reason why we should not attempt to understand every thing; but to own, in some instances, our limited knowledge, is a piece of modesty in which lies the truest wisdom.

Let it be our care that our effort in its tendency is *useful*, and our effort need not be repressed; for he who attempts the impossible, will often achieve the extremely difficult; but the pride of knowledge often labors to gain what, if gained, would be useless, and wastes exertion upon objects that have been left unattained from their futility. Men possessed of this desire you may perhaps find, my son, in that seat of science whither you are going; but remember, that what claims our wonder does not always merit our regard; and in knowledge and philosophy be careful to distinguish, that the purpose of research should ever be fixed on making simple what is abstruse, not abstruse what is simple; and that difficulty in acquisition will no more sanctify its inexpediency, than the art of tumblers, who have learned to stand on their heads, will prove that to be the proper posture for man.

There is a pedantry in being master of paradoxes contrary to the common opinions of mankind, which is equally disgusting to the illiterate and the learned. The peasant who enjoys the beauty of the tulip is equally delighted with the philosopher, though he knows not the powers of the rays from which its colors are derived; and the boy who strikes a ball with his racket is as certain whither it will be driven by the blow, as if he were perfectly versant in the dispute about matter and motion. Vanity of our knowledge is generally found in the first stages of its acquirement, because we are then looking back to that rank

we have left, of such as know nothing at all. Greater advantages cure us of this, by pointing our view to those above us, and when we reach the summit, we begin to discover, that human knowledge is so imperfect, as not to warrant any vanity upon it. In particular arts, beware of that affectation of speaking technically, by which ignorance is often disguised, and knowledge disgraced. They who are really skilful in the principles of science, will acquire the veneration only of shallow minds by talking scientifically; for to simplify expression is always the effect of the deepest knowledge and the clearest discernment. On the other hand, there may be many who possess taste, though they have not attained skill; who, if they will be contented with the expression of their own feelings, without laboring to keep up the borrowed phrase of erudition, will have their opinion respected by all whose suffrages are worthy of being gained. The music, the painting, the poetry of the passions, is the property of every one who has a heart to be moved; and though there may be particular modes of excellence which national or temporary fashions create, yet that standard will ever remain which alone is common to all.

The ostentation of learning is indeed always disgusting in the intercourse of society; for even the benefit of instruction received cannot allay the consciousness of inferiority, and remarkable parts more frequently attract admiration than procure esteem. To bring forth knowledge agreeably, as well as usefully, is perhaps very difficult for those who have attained it in the secluded walks of study and speculation, and is an art seldom found but in men who have likewise acquired some knowledge of the world.

I would, however, distinguish between that knowledge of the world that fits us for intercourse with the better part of mankind, and that which we gain by associating with the worst.

But there is a certain learned rust, which men as well as metals acquire; it is, simply speaking, a blemish in both; the social feelings grow callous from disuse, and we lose that spring of little affections, which sweeten the cup of life as we drink it.

Even the ceremonial of the world, shallow as it may appear, is not without its use; it may indeed take from the warmth of friendship, but it covers the coldness of indifference; and if it has repressed the genuine overflowings of kindness, it has smothered the turbulence of passion and animosity.

Politeness taught as an art is ridiculous; as the expression of liberal sentiment and courteous manners, it is truly valuable There is a politeness of the heart which is confined to no rank, and dependant upon no education: the desire of obliging, which a man possessed of this quality will universally show, seldom

fails of pleasing, though his style may differ from that of modern refinement. I knew a man in London of the gentlest manners, and of the most winning deportment, whose eye was ever brightened with the smile of good-humor, and whose voice was mellowed with the tones of complacency—and this man was a blacksmith.

The falsehood of politeness is often pleaded for, as unavoidable in the commerce of mankind; yet I would have it as little indulged as possible. There is a frankness without rusticity, an openness of manner prompted by good-humor, but guided by delicacy, which some are happy enough to possess, that engages every worthy man, and gives not offence even to those whose good opinion, though of little estimation, it is the business of prudence not wantonly to lose.

The circles of the gay, my children, would smile to hear me talk of qualities which my retired manner of life has allowed me so little opportunity of observing; but true good-breeding is not confined within those bounds to which their pedantry (if I may use the expression) would restrict it; true good-breeding is the sister of philanthropy, with feelings perhaps not so serious or tender, but equally inspired by a fineness of soul, and open to the impressions of social affection.

As politeness is the rule of the world's manners, so has it erected *Honor* the standard of its morality; but its dictates too frequently depart from wisdom with respect to ourselves, from justice and humanity with respect to others. Genuine honor is undoubtedly the offspring of both; but there has arisen a counterfeit, who, as he is more boastful and showy, has more attracted the notice of gayety and grandeur. Generosity and courage are the virtues he boasts of possessing; but his generosity is a fool, and his courage a murderer.

The punctilios, indeed, on which he depends, for his own peace and the peace of society, are so ridiculous in the eye of reason, that it is not a little surprising, how so many millions of reasonable beings should have sanctified them with their mutual consent and acquiescence: that they should have agreed to surround the seats of friendship, and the table of festivity, with so many thorns of inquietude and snares of destruction.

You will probably hear, my son, very frequent applause bestowed on men of nice and jealous honor, who suffer not the smallest affront to pass unquestioned or unrevenged; but do not imagine that the character which is most sacredly guarded, is always the most unsullied in reality, nor allow yourself to envy a reputation for that sort of valor which supports it. Think how easily that man must pass his time, who sits like a spider in the midst of his feeling web, ready to catch the minutest occasion

for quarrel and resentment. There is often more real pusillanimity in the mind that starts into opposition where none is necessary, than in him who overlooks the wanderings of some unguarded act or expression, as not of consequence enough to challenge indignation or revenge. I am aware, that the young and high-spirited will say, that men can only judge of actions, and that they will hold as cowardice, the blindness I would recommend to affront or provocation ; but there is a steady coolness and possession of one's self, which this principle will commonly bestow, equally remote from the weakness of fear, and the discomposure of anger, which gives to its possessor a station that seldom fails of commanding respect, even from the ferocious votaries of sanguinary *Honor*.

But some principle is required to draw a line of action, above the mere precepts of moral equity,

"Beyond the fixt and settled rules;"

and for this purpose is instituted the motive of *Honor*:—there is another at hand, which the substitution of this phantom too often destroys—it is *Conscience*—whose voice, were it not stifled, (sometimes by this very false and spurious *Honor*) would lead directly to that liberal construction of the rules of morality which is here contended for. Let my children never suffer this monitor to speak unheeded, nor drown its whispers, amidst the din of pleasure or the bustle of life. Consider it as the representative of that power who spake the soul into being, and in whose disposal existence is! To listen, therefore, to his unwritten law which he promulgates by its voice, has every sanction which his authority can give. It were enough to say that we are mortal: but the argument is irresistible, when we remember our immortality.

CHAPTER VII.

Introducing a new and capital character.

It was thus the good man instructed his children.

But, behold! the enemy came in the night, and sowed tares!

Such an enemy had the harmless family of which Annesly was the head. It is ever to be regretted, that mischief is seldom so weak but that worth may be stung by it: in the present instance, however, it was supported by talents misapplied, and ingenuity perverted.

Sir Thomas Sindall enjoyed an estate of 5000*l.* a year in Annesly's parish. His father left him when but a child, possessed of an estate to the amount we have just mentioned, and of a very large sum of money besides, which his economy had saved him from its produce. His mother, though a very good woman, was a very bad parent; she loved her son, as too many mothers do, with that instinctive affection which nature has bestowed on the lowest rank of creatures. She loved him as her son, though he inherited none of her virtues; and because she happened to have no other child, she reared this in such a manner as was most likely to prevent the comfort he might have afforded herself, and the usefulness of which he might have been to society. In short, he did what he liked, at first, because his spirit should not be confined too early; and afterwards he did what he liked, because it was passed being confined at all.

But his temper was not altogether of that fiery kind, which some young men so circumstanced, and so educated, are possessed of. There was a degree of prudence which grew up with him from a boy, that tempered the sallies of passion, to make its object more sure in the acquisition. When at school, he was always the conductor of mischief, though he did not often participate in its execution: and his carriage to his master was such, that he was a favorite without any abilities as a scholar, and acquired a character for regularity, while his associates were daily flogged for transgressions which he had guided in their progress, and enjoyed the fruits of in their completion. There sometimes arose suspicions of the reality; but even those who discovered them mingled a certain degree of praise with their censure, and prophesied that he would be *a man of the world.*

As he advanced in life, he fashioned his behaviour to the different humors of the gentlemen in the neighborhood; he hunted with the foxhunters through the day, and drank with them in the

evening. With these he diverted himself at the expense of the sober prigs, as he termed them, who looked after the improvement of their estates when it was fair, and read a book within doors when it rained; and to-morrow he talked on farming with this latter class, and ridiculed the hunting phrases, and boisterous mirth of his yesterday's companions. They were well pleased to laugh at one another, while he laughed in his sleeve at both. This was sometimes discovered, and people were going to be angry—but somebody said in excuse, that Sindall was *a man of the world.*

While the Oxford terms lasted, (to which place he had gone in the course of modern education) there were frequent reports in the country of the dissipated life he led; it was even said that he had disappeared from college for six weeks together, during which time he was suspected of having taken a trip to London with another man's wife; this was only mentioned in a whisper; it was loudly denied; people doubted at first, and shortly forgot it. Some little extravagances, they said, he might have been guilty of. It was impossible for a man of two-and-twenty to seclude himself altogether from company; and you could not look for the temperance of a hermit in a young baronet of 5000*l.* a-year. It is indispensable for such a man to come forth into life a little; with 5000*l.* a year, one must be *a man of the world.*

His first tutor, whose learning was as extensive as his manners were pure, left him in disgust; sober people wondered at this; but he was soon provided with another with whom he had got acquainted at Oxford; one whom every body declared to be much fitter for the tuition of young Sindall, being, like his pupil, *a man of the world.*

But though his extravagance in squandering money, under the tuition of this gentleman, was frequently complained of, yet it was found that he was not altogether thoughtless of its acquisition. Upon the sale of an estate in his neighborhood, it was discovered, that a very advantageous mortgage, which had stood in the name of another, had been really transacted for the benefit of young Sindall. His prudent friends plumed themselves upon this intelligence; and, according to their use of the phrase, began to hope, that, after sowing his wild oats, Sir Thomas would turn out *a man of the world.*

CHAPTER VIII.

The footing on which he stood with Annesly and his family.

THOUGH such a man as we have described might be reckoned a valuable acquaintance by many, he was otherwise reckoned by Annesly: he had heard enough (though he had heard but part) of his character, to consider him as a dangerous neighbor; but it was impossible to avoid sometimes seeing him, from whose father he had got the living which he now occupied. There is no tax so heavy on a little man, as an acquaintance with a great one. Annesly had found this in the lifetime of Sir William Sindall. He was one of those whom the general voice pronounces to be a good sort of man, under which denomination I never look for much sense, or much delicacy. In fact, the baronet possessed but little of either; he lived hospitably for his own sake, as well as that of his guests, because he liked a good dinner and a bottle of wine after it; and in one part of hospitality he excelled, which was, the faculty of making every body drunk that had not uncommon fortitude to withstand his attacks. Annesly's cloth protected him from this last inconvenience; but it often drew from Sir William a set of jests, which his memory had enabled him to retain, and had passed through the heirs of his family, like their estate, down from the days of that monarch of facetious memory, Charles the Second.

Though to a man of Annesly's delicacy all this could not but be highly disagreeable, yet gratitude made him Sir William's guest often enough, to show that he had not forgot that attention which his past favors demanded; and Sir William recollected them from another motive; to wit, that they gave a sanction to those liberties he sometimes used with him who had received them. This might have been held sufficient to have cancelled the obligation; but Annesly was not wont to be directed by the easiest rules of virtue; the impression still remained, and it even descended to the son after the death of the father.

Sindall, therefore, was a frequent guest at his house; and, though it might have been imagined, that the dissipated mind of a young man of his fortune would have found but little delight in Annesly's humble shed, yet he seemed to enjoy his simplicity with the highest relish; he possessed indeed that pliancy of disposition that could wonderfully accommodate himself to the humor of every one around him; and he so managed matters in

his visits to Annesly, that this last began to imagine the reports he had heard concerning him, to be either entirely false, or at least aggravated much beyond truth.

From what motive soever Sindall began these visits, he soon discovered a very strong inducement to continue them. Harriet Annesly was now arrived at the size, if not the age, of womanhood; and possessed an uncommon degree of beauty and elegance of form. In her face, joined to the most perfect symmetry of features, was a melting expression, suited to that sensibility of soul we have mentioned her to be endowed with. In her person, rather above the common size, she exhibited a degree of ease and gracefulness which nature alone had given, and art was not allowed to diminish. Upon such a woman Sindall could not look with indifference; and according to his principles of libertinism, he had marked her as a prey, which his situation gave him opportunities of pursuing, and which one day he could not fail to possess.

In the course of his acquaintance, he began to discover, that the softness of her soul was distant from simplicity, and that much art would be necessary to overcome a virtue, which the hand of a parent had carefully fortified. He assumed, therefore, the semblance of those tender feelings, which were most likely to gain the esteem of the daughter, while he talked with that appearance of candor and principle, which he thought necessary to procure him the confidence of the father. He would frequently confess, with a sigh, that his youth had been sometimes unwarily drawn into error; then grasp Annesly's hand, and, looking earnestly in his face, beg him to strengthen by his counsel the good resolutions which, he thanked Heaven, he had been enabled to make. Upon the whole, he continued to gain such a degree of estimation with the family, that the young folks spoke of his seeming good qualities with pleasure, and their father mentioned his supposed foibles with regret.

CHAPTER IX.

Young Annesly goes to Oxford.—The friendship of Sindall.—Its consequences.

Upon its being determined that young Annesly should go to Oxford, Sir Thomas showed him remarkable kindness and attention. He conducted him thither in his own carriage; and as his kinsman, to whose charge he was committed, happened accidentally to be for some time unable to assign him an apartment in his house, Sindall quitted his own lodgings to accommodate him. To a young man newly launched into life, removed from the only society he had ever known, to another composed of strangers, such assiduity of notice could not be but highly pleasing; and in his letters to his father, he did not fail to set forth, in the strongest manner, the obligations he had to Sir Thomas. His father, whom years had taught wisdom, but whose warmth of gratitude they had not diminished, felt the favor as acutely as his son; nor did the foresight of meaner souls arise in his breast to abate its acknowledgment.

The hopes which he had formed of his Billy were not disappointed. He very soon distinguished himself in the university for learning and genius; and in the correspondence of his kinsman, were recited daily instances of the notice which his parts attracted. But his praise was cold in comparison with Sindall's; he wrote to Annesly of his young friend's acquirements and abilities, in a strain of enthusiastic encomium; and seemed to speak the language of his own enjoyment, at the applause of others which he repeated. It was on this side that Annesly's soul was accessible; for on this side lay that pride which is the weakness of all. On this side did Sindall overcome it.

From those very qualities also which he applauded in the son, he derived the temptation with which he meant to seduce him: for such was the plan of exquisite mischief he had formed, besides the common desire of depravity to make proselytes from innocence, he considered the virtue of the brother as that structure, on the ruin of which he was to accomplish the conquest of the sister's. He introduced him, therefore, into the company of some of the most artful of his own associates, who loudly echoed the praises he lavished on his friend, and showed, or pretended to show, that value for his acquaintance, which was the strongest recommendation of their own. The diffidence which Annesly's youth and inexperience had at first laid upon

his mind, they removed by the encouragement which their approbation of his opinions bestowed; and he found himself indebted to them both for an ease of delivering his sentiments, and the reputation which their suffrages conferred upon him.

For all this, however, they expected a return; and Annesly had not fortitude to deny it—an indulgence for some trivial irregularities which they now and then permitted to appear in their conversation. At first their new acquaintance took no notice of them at all; he found that he could not approve, and it would have hurt him to condemn. By degrees he began to allow them his laugh, though his soul was little at ease under the gayety which his features assumed; once or twice, when the majority against him appeared to be small, he ventured to argue, though with a caution of giving offence, against some of the sentiments he heard. Upon these occasions, Sindall artfully joined him in the argument; but they were always overcome. He had to deal with men who were skilled, by a mere act of the memory, in all the sophisms which voluptuaries have framed to justify the unbounded pursuit of pleasure; and those who had not learning to argue, had assurance to laugh. Yet Annesly's conviction was not changed; but the edge of his abhorrence to vice was blunted; and though his virtue kept her post, she found herself galled in maintaining it.

It was not till some time after, that they ventured to solicit his participation of their pleasures: and it was not till after many solicitations that his innocence was overcome. But the progress of their victories was rapid after his first defeat; and he shortly attained the station of experienced vice, and began to assume a superiority from the undauntedness with which he practised it.

But it was necessary, the while, to deceive that relation under whose inspection his father had placed him; in truth, it was no very hard matter to deceive him. He was a man of that abstracted disposition, that is seldom conversant with any thing around it. Simplicity of manners was, in him, the effect of an apathy in his constitution, (increased by constant study) that was proof against all violence of passion or desire; and he thought, if he thought of the matter at all, that all men were like himself, whose indolence could never be overcome by the pleasure of pursuit, or the joys of attainment. Besides all this, Mr. Lumley, that tutor of Sindall's whom we have formerly mentioned, was a man the best calculated in the world for lulling his suspicions asleep, if his nature had ever allowed them to arise. This man, whose parts were of that pliable kind that easily acquire a superficial knowledge of every thing, possessed the talent of hypocrisy as deeply as the desire of pleasure; and

while in reality he was the most profligate of men, he had that command of passion, which never suffered it to intrude where he could wish it concealed; he preserved, in the opinion of Mr. Jephson, the gravity of a studious and contemplative character, which was so congenial to his own; and he would often rise from a metaphysical discussion with the old gentleman, leaving him in admiration of the depth of his reading, and the acuteness of his parts, to join the debauch of Sindall and his dissolute companions.

By his assistance, therefore, Annesly's dissipation was effectually screened from the notice of his kinsman; Jephson was even prevailed on, by false suggestions, to write to the country continued encomiums on his sobriety and application to study; and the father, who was happy in believing him, inquired no further.

CHAPTER X.

A very gross attempt is made on Annesly's honor.

SINDALL having brought the mind of his proselyte to that conformity of sentiment to which he had thus labored to reduce it, ventured to discover to him the passion he had conceived for his sister. The occasion, however, on which he discovered it, was such a one as he imagined gave him some title to be listened to.

Annesly had an allowance settled on him by his father, rather in truth above what his circumstances might warrant with propriety; but as the feelings of the good man's heart were, in every virtuous purpose, somewhat beyond the limitations of his fortune, he inclined rather to pinch himself, than to stop any channel through which advantage might flow to his son; and meant his education and his manners to be in every respect liberal and accomplished.

But this allowance ill sufficed to gratify the extravagance which his late connexion had taught him; he began very soon to know a want which he had never hitherto experienced: at first, this not only limited his pleasures, but began to check the desire of them, and in some measure served to awaken that sense of contrition which their rotation had before overcome. But Sindall took care that he should not be thus left to reflection; and as soon as he guessed the cause, prevented its con-

tinuance by an immediate supply, offered, and indeed urged, with all the open warmth of disinterested friendship. From being accustomed to receive, Annesly at last overcame the shame of asking, and applied repeatedly for sums, under the denomination of loans, for the payment of which he could only draw upon contingency. His necessities were the more frequent, as, amongst other arts of pleasure which he had lately acquired, that of gaming had not been omitted.

Having one night lost a sum considerably above what he was able to pay, to a member of their society with whom he was in no degree of intimacy, he gave him his note payable the next morning, (for this was the regulated limitation of their credit) though he knew that to-morrow would find him as poor as to-night. On these particular occasions, when his hours would have been so highly irregular, that they could not escape the censure of Mr. Jephson or his family, he used to pretend, that for the sake of disentangling some point of study with Sindall and his tutor, he had passed the night with them at their lodgings, and what small portion of it was allowed for sleep he did actually spend there. After this loss, therefore, he accompanied Sindall home, and could not, it may well be supposed, conceal from him the chagrin it occasioned. His friend, as usual, advanced him money for discharging the debt. Annesly, who never had had occasion to borrow so much from him before, expressed his sorrow at the necessity which his honor laid him under, of accepting so large a sum. "Poh!" answered Sindall, "'tis but a trifle, and what a man must now and then lose to be thought genteelly of." "Yes, if his fortune can afford it," said the other gloomily. "Ay, there's the rub," returned his friend, "that fortune should have constituted an inequality where nature made none. How just is the complaint of Jaffier,

> "Tell me why, good Heaven!
> Thou mad'st me what I am, with all the spirit,
> Aspiring thoughts, and elegant desires,
> That fill the happiest man:"

That such should be the lot of my friend, I can regret—thanks to my better stars, I can more than regret it. What is the value of this dross (holding a handful of gold) but to make the situation of merit level with its deservings? Yet, believe me, there are wants which riches cannot remove, desires which sometimes they cannot satisfy; even at this moment, your seeming happy Sindall, in whose lap fortune has poured her blessings, has his cares, my Annesly, has his inquietudes, which need the hand of friendship to comfort and to soothe."

Annesly, with all the warmth of his nature, insisted on par-

taking his uneasiness, that if he could not alleviate, he might at least condole with his distress.

Sindall embraced him. "I know your friendship," said he, "and I will put it to the proof. You have a sister, the lovely, the adorable Harriet; she has robbed me of that peace which the smile of fortune cannot restore, as her frown has been unable to take away! Did you know the burning of this bosom!—But I speak unthinkingly what perhaps my delicacy should not have whispered, even in the ear of friendship. Pardon me—the ardor of a love like mine may be forgiven some extravagance."

Annesly's eyes sufficiently testified his inward satisfaction at this discovery; but he recollected the dignity which his situation required, and replied calmly, "that he pretended no guidance of his sister's inclinations; that his own gratitude for Sir Thomas's favors he had ever loudly declared; and that he knew his sister felt enough on his account, to make the introduction of her brother's friend a more than usually favorable one."

"But my situation," returned Sindall, "is extremely particular; you have heard my opinions on the score of love often declared; and, trust me, they are the genuine sentiments of my heart. The trammels of form, which the unfeeling custom of the world has thrown upon the freedom of mutual affection, are insupportable to that fineness of soul, to which restraint and happiness are terms of opposition. Let my mistress be my mistress still, with all the privileges of a wife, without a wife's indifference, or a wife's disquiet—My fortune, the property of her and her friends, but that liberty alone reserved, which is the strongest bond of the affection she should wish to possess from me."—He looked steadfastly in Annesly's face, which, by this time, began to assume every mark of resentment and indignation. He eyed him askant with an affected smile: "You smile, Sir," said Annesly, whose breath was stifled by the swelling of his heart—Sindall laughed aloud: "I am a wretched hypocrite," said he, "and could contain myself no longer." "So you were but in jest, it seems," replied the other, settling his features into a dry composure. "My dear Annesly," returned he, "had you but seen the countenance this trial of mine gave you; it would have made a picture worthy of the gallery of Florence. I wanted to have a perfect idea of surprise, indignation, struggling friendship, and swelling honor, and I think I succeeded—But I keep you from your rest—Good night."—And he walked out of the room.

Annesly had felt too much to be able to resign himself speedily to rest. He could not but think this joke of his friend rather a serious one; yet he had seen him sometimes carry this species of wit to a very extraordinary length; but the indelicacy

of the present instance was not easily to be accounted for—he doubted, believed, was angry and pacified by turns; the remembrance of his favors arose; they arose at first in a form that added to the malignity of the offence; then the series in which they had been bestowed, seemed to plead on the other side. At last, when worn by the fighting of contrary emotions, he looked forward to the consequences of a rupture with Sindall; the pleasures of that society of which he was the leader, the habitual tie which it had got on Annesly's soul, prevailed; for he had by this time lost that satisfaction which was wont to flow from himself. He shut his mind against the suggestions of any further suspicion, and, with that winking cowardice, which many mistake for resolution, was resolved to trust him for his friend, whom it would have hurt him to consider as an enemy.

Sindall, on the other hand, discovered that the youth was not so entirely at his disposal as he had imagined him; and that though he was proselyte enough to be wicked; he must be led a little farther to be useful.

CHAPTER XI.

Annesly gives farther proofs of depravity of manners.—The effect it has on his father, and the consequences with regard to his connexion with Sindall.

To continue that train of dissipation in which their pupil had been initiated, was the business of Sindall and his associates. Though they contrived, as we have before mentioned, to escape the immediate notice of Mr. Jephson; yet the eyes of others could not be so easily blinded; the behaviour of Annesly began to be talked of for its irregularity, and the more so, for the change which it had undergone from that simplicity of manners which he had brought with him to Oxford. And some one, whether from regard to him, or what other motive, I know not, informed his kinsman of what every one but his kinsman suspected.

Upon this information, he gave the young man a lecture in the usual terms of admonition; but an effort was always painful to him, even where the office was more agreeable than that of reproof. He had recourse, therefore, to the assistance of his fellow philosopher Mr. Lumley, whom he informed of the accounts he had received of Annesly's imprudence, and entreated to take

the proper measures, from his influence with the young gentleman, to make him sensible of the impropriety of his past conduct, and to prevent its continuance for the future.

Lumley expressed his surprise at this intelligence with unparalleled command of features; regretted the too prevailing dissipation of youth, affected to doubt the truth of the accusation, but promised, at the same time, to make the proper inquiries into the fact, and take the most prudent method of preventing a consequence so dangerous, as that of drawing from the road of his duty, one whom he believed to be possessed of so many good qualities as Mr. Annesly.

Whether Mr. Lumley employed his talents towards his reformation, or degeneracy, it is certain that Annesly's conduct betrayed many marks of the latter. At last, in an hour of intoxication, having engaged in a quarrel with one of his companions, it produced consequences so notorious, that the proctor could not fail to take notice of it; and that officer of the university, having interposed his authority, in a manner which the humor of Annesly, inflammable as it then was, could not brook, he broke forth into some extravagances so personally offensive, that when the matter came to be canvassed, nothing short of expulsion was talked of as a punishment for the offence.

It was then that Mr. Jephson first informed his father of those irregularities which his son had been guilty of. His father, indeed, from the discontinuance of that gentleman's correspondence much beyond the usual time, had begun to make some unfavorable conjectures; but he accounted for this neglect from many different causes; and when once his ingenuity had taken that side of the argument, it quickly found means to convince him, that his kinsman's silence could not be imputed to any fault of his son.

It was at the close of one of their solitary meals that this account of Jephson's happened to reach Annesly and his daughter. Harriet never forgot her Billy's health, and she had now filled her father's glass to the accustomed pledge, when the servant brought them a letter with the Oxford mark on it. Read it, my love, said Annesly with a smile, while he began to blame his suspicions at the silence of his kinsman. Harriet began reading accordingly, but she had scarce got through the first sentence, when the matter it contained rendered her voice inarticulate. Her father took the letter out of her hand, and after perusing it, he put it in his pocket, keeping up a look of composure amidst the anguish with which his heart was wrung. "Alas!" said Harriet, "what has my brother done?" He pressed her involuntarily to his bosom, and it was then that he could not restrain his tears—"Your brother, my love, has forgotten the purity

which here is happiness, and I fear has ill exchanged it for what the world calls pleasure; but this is the first of his wanderings, and we will endeavor to call him back into the path he has left. Reach me the pen, ink, and paper, my love."—"I will go," said she, sobbing, "and pray for him the while." Annesly sat down to write.—"My dearest boy!"—'twas a movement grown mechanical to his pen—he dashed through the words, and a tear fell on the place;—ye know not, ye who revel in the wantonness of dissipation, and scoff at the solicitude of parental affection! ye know not the agony of such a tear; else—ye are men, and it were beyond the depravity of nature.

It was not till after more than one blotted scrawl, that he was able to write, what the man might claim, and the parent should approve. The letter which he at last determined to send was of the following tenor:

"My Son,—With anguish I write what I trust will be read with contrition. I am not skilled in the language of rebuke, and it was once my pride to have such a son that I needed not to acquire it. If he has not lost the feelings by which the silent sorrows of a father's heart are understood, I shall have no need of words to recall him from that conduct by which they are caused. In the midst of what he will now term pleasure, he may have forgotten the father and the friend; let this tear with which my paper is blotted, awaken his remembrance; it is not the first I have shed; but it is the first which flowed from my affliction mingled with disgrace. Had I been only weeping for my son, I should have found some melancholy comfort to support me; while I blush for him I have no consolation.

"But the future is yet left to him and to me; let the reparation be immediate, as the wrong was great, that the tongue which speaks of your shame may be stopt with the information of your amendment."

He had just finished this letter when Harriet entered the room: "Will my dear papa forgive me," said she, "if I enclose a few lines under this cover?"—"Forgive you my dear! it cannot offend me." She laid her hand on his letter, and looked as if she would have said something more; he pressed her hand in his; a tear, which had just budded in her eye, now dropped to the ground. "You have not been harsh to my Billy;" she blushed as she spoke: and her father kissed her cheek as it blushed. She enclosed the following note to her brother:—

"Did my dearest Billy but know the sorrow which he has given the most indulgent of fathers, he could not less than his Harriet regret the occasion of it.

"But things may be represented worse than they really are—I am busy at framing excuses, but I will say nothing more on

a subject, which by this time, my brother must have thought enough on.

"Alas! that you should leave this seat of innocent delight—but men were made for bustle and society; yet we might have been happy here together: there are in other hearts, wishes which they call ambition; mine shrinks at the thought, and would shelter for ever amidst the sweets of this humble spot. Would that its partner where here to taste them! the shrub-walk you marked out through the little grove, I have been careful to trim in your absence—'tis wild, melancholy, and thoughtful. It is there that I think most of my Billy.

"But at this time, besides his absence, there is another cause to allay the pleasure which the beauties of nature should bestow. My dear papa is far from being well. He has no fixed complaint; but he looks thin and pale, and his appetite is almost entirely gone; yet he will not let me say that he ails. Oh! my brother! I dare not think more that way. Would you were here to comfort me; in the meantime, remember your ever affectionate

"HARRIET."

Annesly was just about to dispatch these letters, when he received one expressed in the most sympathizing terms from Sir Thomas Sindall. That young gentleman, after touching, in the tenderest manner, on the pain which a father must feel for the errors of his children, administered the only comfort that was left to administer, by representing, that young Annesly's fault had been exaggerated much beyond the truth, and that it was entirely owing to the effects of a warm temper, accidentally inflamed with liquor, and provoked by some degree of insolence in the officer to whom the outrage had been offered. He particularly regretted that his present dispositions towards sobriety had prevented him from being present at that meeting, in which case, he said, he was pretty certain this unlucky affair had never happened; that, as it was, the only thing left for his friendship to do, was to amend what it had not lain within his power to prevent; and he begged, as a testimony of the old gentleman's regard, that he might honor him so far as to commit to him the care of setting matters to rights with regard to the character of his son, which he hoped to be soon able effectually to restore.

The earliest consolation which a man receives after any calamity, is hallowed for ever in his regard, as a benighted traveller caresses the dog, whose barking first announced him to be near the habitations of men; it was so with Annesly; his unsuspecting heart overflowed with gratitude towards this friend of his son, and he now grew lavish of his confidence towards him, in proportion as he recollected having once (in his present opinion unjustly) denied it.

He returned, therefore, an answer to Sir Thomas, with all those genuine expressions of acknowledgment, which the honest emotions of his soul could dictate. He accepted, as the greatest obligation, that concern which he took in the welfare of his son, and cheerfully reposed on his care the trust which his friendship desired; and, as a proof of it, he enclosed to him the letter he had wrote to William, to be delivered at what time, and enforced in what manner, his prudence should suggest.

CHAPTER XII.

The plan which Sindall forms for obliterating the stain which the character of his friend had suffered.

Sir Thomas did accordingly deliver this letter of Annesly's to his son; and as the penitence which the young man then felt for his recent offence, made the assumption of a character of sobriety proper, he accompanied this paternal remonstrance with advices of his own, dictated alike by friendship and prudence.

They were at this time, indeed, but little necessary; in the interval between the paroxysms of pleasure and dissipation, the genuine feelings of his nature had time to arise: and, awakened as they now were by the letters of his father and sister, their voice was irresistible. He kissed the signature of their names a thousand times, and, weeping on Sindall's neck, imprecated the wrath of Heaven on his own head, that could thus heap affliction on the age of the best of parents.

He expressed at the same time his intention of leaving Oxford, and returning home, as an immediate instance of his desire of reformation. Sir Thomas, though he gave all the praise to this purpose which its filial piety deserved, yet doubted the propriety of putting it in execution. He said, that in the little circles of the country, Annesly's penitence would not so immediately blot out his offence, but that the weak and the illiberal would shun the contagion, as it were, of his company, and that he would meet every day with affronts and neglects, which the sincerity of his repentance ill deserved, and his consciousness of that sincerity might not easily brook. He told him, that a young gentleman, a friend of his, who was just going to set out on a tour abroad, had but a few days before written to him, desiring his recommendation of somebody, with the manners and

education of a gentleman, to accompany him on his travels, and that he believed he could easily procure that station for his friend, which would have the double advantage of removing him from the obloquy to which the late accident had subjected him, and of improving him in every respect, by the opportunity it would give of observing the laws, customs, and polity of our neighbors on the continent.

While the depression produced by Annesly's consciousness of his offences remained strong upon his mind, this proposal met with no very warm reception: but, in proportion as the comfort and encouragement of his friend prevailed, the ambition which a man of his age naturally feels to see something of the world, began to speak in its behalf; he mentioned, however, the consent of his father as an indispensable preliminary. This Sir Thomas allowed to be just; and showing him that confidential letter which the old gentleman had written him, undertook to mention this scheme for his approbation in the answer he intended making to it. In this, too, was enclosed his young friend's return to the letters of his father and sister, which were contained in the preceding chapter, full of that contrition which, at the moment, he really felt, and of those good resolutions which, at the time, he sincerely formed. As to the matter of his going abroad, he only touched on it as a plan of Sir Thomas Sindall's, whose friendship had dictated the proposal, and whose judgment of its expediency his own words were to contain.

His father received it, not without those pangs, which the thought of separation from a son on whom the peace of his soul rested must cause; but he examined it with that impartiality which his wisdom suggested in every thing that concerned his children: "My own satisfaction," he would often say, "has for its object only the few years of a waning life; the situation of my children—my hopes would extend to the importance of a much longer period." He held the balance, therefore, in an even hand; the arguments of Sindall had much of the specious, as his inducement to use them had much of the friendly. The young gentleman whom Billy was to accompany, had connexions of such weight in the state, that the fairest prospects seemed to open from their patronage; nor could the force of that argument be denied, which supposed conveniency in the change of place to Annesly at the present, and improvement for the future. There were not, however, wanting some considerations of reason to side with a parent's tears against the journey; but Sindall had answers for them all; and at last he wrung from him his slow leave, on condition that William should return

home, for a single day, to bid the last farewell to his father and his Harriet.

Meantime, the punishment of Annesly's late offence in the university was mitigated by the interest of Sindall, and the intercession of Mr. Jephson. Expulsion, which had before been insisted on, was changed into a sentence of less indignity, to wit, that of being publicly reprimanded by the head of the college to which he belonged; after submitting to which, he set out, accompanied by Sir Thomas, to bid adieu to his father's house, preparatory to his going abroad.

His father, at meeting, touched on his late irregularities with that delicacy of which a good mind cannot divest itself, even amidst the purposed severity of reproof; and, having thus far sacrificed to justice and parental authority, he opened his soul to all that warmth of affection which his Billy had always experienced; nor was the mind of his son yet so perverted by his former course of dissipation, as to be insensible to that sympathy of feelings which this indulgence should produce. The tear which he offered to it was the sacrifice of his heart, wrung by the recollection of the past, and swelling with the purpose of the future.

When the morning of his departure arrived, he stole softly into his father's chamber, meaning to take leave of him without being seen by his sister, whose tenderness of soul could not easily bear the pangs of a solemn farewell. He found his father on his knees. The good man, rising with that serene dignity of aspect which those sacred duties ever conferred on him, turned to his son: "You go, my boy," said he, "to a distant land, far from the guidance and protection of your earthly parent; I was recommending you to the care of Him who is at all times present with you; though I am not superstitious, yet I confess I feel something about me as if I should never see you more: if these are my last words, let them be treasured in your remembrance.—Live as becomes a man and a Christian; live as becomes him who is to live for ever!"

As he spoke, his daughter entered the room. "Ah! my Billy," said she, "could you have been so cruel as to go without seeing your Harriet? it would have broken my heart! Oh! I have much to say, and many farewells to take; yet now, methinks, I can say nothing, and scarce dare bid you farewell!"—"My children," interrupted her father, "in this cabinet is a present I have always intended for each of you; and this, which is perhaps the last time we shall meet together, I think the fittest to bestow them. Here, my Harriet, is a miniature of that angel your mother; imitate her virtues, and be happy.—Here, my Billy, is its counterpart, a picture of your father; whatever he is,

heaven knows his affection to you; let that endear the memorial, and recommend that conduct to his son, which will make his father's gray hairs go down to the grave in peace!" Tears were the only answer that either could give. Annesly embraced his son, and blessed him. Harriet blubbered on his neck! Twice he offered to go, and twice the agony of his sister pulled him back; at last she flung herself into the arms of her father, who beckoning to Sir Thomas Sindall, just then arrived to carry off his companion, that young gentleman, who was himself not a little affected with the scene, took his friend by the hand, and led him to the carriage that waited them.

CHAPTER XIII.

He reaches London, where he remains longer than was expected.—The effects of his stay there.

In a few days Annesly and his friend the baronet arrived in the metropolis. His father had been informed, that the gentleman whom he was to accompany in his travels was to meet him in that city, where they proposed to remain only a week or two, for the purpose of seeing any thing curious in town, and of settling some points of accommodation on their route through the countries they mean to visit; an intelligence he confessed very agreeable to him, because he knew the temptations to which a young man is exposed by a life of idleness in London.

But, in truth, the intention of Sir Thomas Sindall never was, that his present pupil (if we may so call him) should travel any farther. The young gentleman, for whose companion he had pretended to engage Annesly, was indeed to set out very soon after on the tour of Europe; but he had already been provided with a travelling governor, who was to meet him upon his arrival at Calais, (for the air of England agreed so ill with this gentleman's constitution, that he never crossed the channel,) and who had made the same journey several times before with some English young men of great fortunes, whom he had the honor of returning to their native country with the same sovereign contempt for it that he himself entertained. The purpose of Sindall was merely to remove him to a still greater distance from his father, and to a scene where his own plan, of entire conversion, should meet with every aid which the society of the idle and the profligate could give it.

For some time, however, he found the disposition of Annesly averse to his designs. The figure of his father venerable in virtue, of his sister lovely in innocence, were imprinted on his mind; and the variety of public places of entertainment to which Sir Thomas conducted him, could not immediately efface the impression.

But as their novelty at first delighted, their frequency at last subdued him; his mind began to accustom itself to the hurry of thoughtless amusement, and to feel a painful vacancy, when the bustle of the scene was at any time changed for solitude. The unrestrained warmth and energy of his temper yielded up his understanding to the company of fools, and his resolutions of reformation to the society of the dissolute, because it caught the fervor of the present moment, before reason could pause on the disposal of the next; and, by the industry of Sindall, he found every day a set of friends, among whom the most engaging were always the most licentious, and joined to every thing which the good detest, every thing which the unthinking admire. I have often, indeed, been tempted to imagine that there is something unfortunate, if not blameable, in that harshness and austerity which virtue too often assumes; and have seen with regret, some excellent men, the authority of whose understanding, and the attraction of whose wit, might have retained many a deserter under the banners of goodness, lose all that power of service by the unbending distance which they keep from the little pleasantries and sweetnesses of life. This conduct may be safe, but there is something ungenerous and cowardly in it; to keep their forces, like an over-cautious commander, in fastnesses and fortified towns, while they suffer the enemy to waste and ravage the champaign. Praise is indeed due to him who can in any way preserve his integrity; but surely the heart that can retain it, even while it opens to all the warmth of social feeling, will be an offering more acceptable in the eye of Heaven.

Annesly was distant from any counsel or example, that might counterbalance the contagious influence of the dissolute society with which his time was now engrossed; but his seduction was not complete, till the better principles which his soul still retained, were made accessory to its accomplishment.

Sindall procured a woman infamous enough for his purpose, the cast mistress of one of his former companions, whom he tutored to invent a plausible story of distress and misfortune, which he contrived, in a manner seemingly accidental, to have communicated to Annesly. His native compassion, and his native warmth, were interested in her sufferings and her wrongs; and he applauded himself for the protection which he afforded

ner, while she was the abandoned instrument of his undoing. After having retained, for some time, the purity of her guardian and protector, in an hour of intoxication, he ventured to approach her on a looser footing; and she had afterwards the address to make him believe, that the weakness of her gratitude had granted to him, what to any other her virtue would have refused; and during the criminal intercourse in which he lived with her, she continued to maintain a character of affection and tenderness, which might excuse the guilt of her own conduct, and account for the infatuation of his.

In this fatal connexion, every remembrance of that weeping home which he had so lately left, with the resolutions of penitence and reformation, was erased from his mind; or, if at times it intruded, it came not that gentle guest, at whose approach his bosom used to be thrilled with reverence and love, but approached in the form of some ungracious monitor, whose business it was to banish pleasure, and awaken remorse; and therefore the next amusement, folly, or vice, was called in to his aid to banish and expel it. As it was sometimes necessary to write to his father, he fell upon an expedient, even to save himself the pain of thinking so long as that purpose required, on a subject now grown so irksome to him, and employed that woman, in whose toils he was thus shamefully entangled, to read the letters he received, and dictate such answers as her cunning could suggest, to mislead the judgment of his unsuspecting parent.

All this while Sindall artfully kept so much aloof, as to preserve, even with the son, something of that character which he had acquired with the father. He was often absent from parties of remarkable irregularity, and sometimes ventured a gentle censure on his friend for having been led into them. But while he seemed to check their continuance under this cloak of prudence, he encouraged it in the report he made of the vice of others; for while the scale of character for temperance, sobriety, and morals, sinks on one side, there is a balance of fame in the mouths of part of the world rising on the other.—Annesly could bear to be told of his spirit, his generosity, and his honor.

CHAPTER XIV.

He feels the distresses of poverty.—He is put on a method of relieving them.—An account of its success.

THE manner of life which Annesly now pursued without restraint, was necessarily productive of such expense as he could very ill afford. But the craft of his female associate was not much at a loss for pretences to make frequent demands on the generosity of his father. The same excuses which served to account for his stay in London, in some measure apologized for the largeness of the sums he drew for; if it was necessary for him to remain there, expense, if not unavoidable, was at least difficult to be avoided; and for the causes of his stay in that city, he had only to repeat the accounts which he daily received from Sindall, of various accidents which obliged his young friend to postpone his intended tour.

Though in the country there was little opportunity of knowing the town irregularities of Annesly, yet there were not wanting surmises of it among some, of which it is likely his father might have heard enough to alarm him, had he not been at this time in such a state of health as prevented him from much society with his neighbors; a slow aguish disorder, which followed those symptoms his daughter's letter to her brother had described, having confined him to his chamber almost constantly from the time of his son's departure.

Annesly had still some blushes left; and when he had pushed his father's indulgence in the article of supply, as far as shame would allow him, he looked round for some other source whence present relief might be drawn, without daring to consider how the arrearages of the future should be cancelled. Sindall for some time answered his exigencies without reluctance; but at last he informed him, as he said, with regret, that he could not, from particular circumstances, afford him, at that immediate juncture, any farther assistance than a small sum, which he then put into Annesly's hands, and which the very next day was squandered by the prodigality of his mistress.

The next morning he rose without knowing how the wants of the day were to be provided for, and strolling out into one of his accustomed walks, gave himself up to all the pangs which the retrospect of the past, and the idea of the present, suggested. But he felt not that contrition which results from ingenuous sorrow for our offences; his soul was ruled by that gloomy

demon, who looks only to the anguish of their punishment, and accuses the hand of Providence for calamity which himself has occasioned.

In this situation he was met by one of his new acquired friends, who was walking off the impression of last night's riot. The melancholy of his countenance was so easily observable, that it could not escape the notice of his companion, who rallied him on the seriousness of his aspect, in the cant phrase of those brutes of our species, who are professed enemies to the faculty of thinking. Though Annesly's pride for a while kept him silent, it was at last overcome by the other's importunity, and he confessed the desperation of his circumstances to be the cause of his present depression. His companion, whose purse, as himself informed Annesly, had been flushed by the success of the preceding night, animated by the liberality which attends sudden good fortune, freely offered him the use of twenty pieces till better times should enable him to repay them. "But," said he gayly, "it is a shame for a fellow of your parts to want money, when fortune has provided so many rich fools for the harvest of the wise and the industrious. If you'll allow me to be your conductor this evening, I will show you where, by the traffic of your wits, in a very short time you may convert these twenty guineas into fifty." "At play," replied Annesly coolly. "Ay, at play," returned the other, "and fair play too; 'tis the only profession left for a man of spirit and honor to pursue; to cheat as a merchant, to quibble as a lawyer, or to cant as a churchman, is confined to fellows who have no fire in their composition. Give me but a bold set, and a fair throw for it, and then for the life of a lord, or the death of a gentleman." "I have had but little experience in the profession," said Annesly, "and should but throw away your money." "Never fear," replied the other; "do but mark me, and I will ensure you; I will show you our men; pigeons, mere pigeons, by Jupiter!"

It was not for a man in Annesly's situation to baulk the promise of such a golden opportunity; they dined together, and afterwards repaired to a gaming-house, where Annesly's companion introduced him as a friend of his just arrived from the country, to several young gentlemen, who seemed to be waiting his arrival.—"I promised you your revenge," said he, "my dears, and you shall have it; some of my friend's lady-day rents, too, have accompanied him to London: if you win you shall wear them. To business, to business."

In the course of their play, Annesly, though but moderately skilled in the game, discovered that the company to whom he had been introduced were in reality such bubbles as his companion had represented them; after being heated by some

small success in the beginning, they began to bet extravagantly against every calculation of chances; and in an hour or two his associate and he had stripped them of a very considerable sum, of which his own share, though much the smaller, was upwards of three-score guineas. When they left the house, he offered his conductor the sum he had lent him, with a profusion of thanks both for the use and the improvement of it. "No, my boy," said he, "not now; your note is sufficient; I will rather call for it when I am at a pinch; you see now the road to wealth and independence: you will meet me here to-morrow." He promised to meet him accordingly.

They had been but a few minutes in the room this second night, when a gentleman entered, whom the company saluted with the appellation of Squire; the greater part of them seemed to be charmed with his presence, but the countenance of Annesly's companion fell at his approach: "Damn him," said he in a whisper to Annesly, "he's a knowing one."

In some degree, indeed, he deserved the title, for he had attained, from pretty long experience, assisted by natural quickness of parts, a considerable knowledge in the science; and in strokes of genius, at games where genius was required, was excelled by few. But after all, he was far from being successful in the profession; nature intended him for something better; and as he spoiled a wit, an orator, and perhaps a poet, by turning gambler, so he often spoiled a gambler by the ambition, which was not yet entirely quenched, of shining occasionally in all those characters. And as a companion he was too pleasing, and too well-pleased, to keep that cool indifference which is the characteristic of him who should always be possessed of himself, and consider every other man only as the spunge from whom he is to squeeze advantage.

To the present party, however, he was unquestionably superior; and, of course, in a short time began to levy large contributions, not only on the more inexperienced, whom Annesly and his conductor had marked for their own booty, but likewise on these two gentlemen themselves, whose winnings of the former evening were now fast diminishing before the superior skill of this new antagonist.

But in the midst of his success, he was interrupted by the arrival of another gentleman, who seemed also to be a well known character in this temple of fortune, being saluted by the familiar name of Black Beard. This man possessed an unmoved equality both of temper and aspect; and though in reality he was of no very superior abilities, yet had acquired the reputation both of depth and acuteness, from being always accustomed to think on his own interest, and pursuing with the most

sedulous attention every object which led to it, unseduced by one single spark of those feelings which the world terms weakness.

In the article of gaming, which he had early pitched on as the means of advancement, he had availed himself of that industry and saturnine complexion, to acquire the most consummate knowledge of its principles, which indeed he had attained to a very remarkable degree of perfection.

Opposed to this man, even the skill of the hitherto-successful squire was unavailing; and consequently, he not only stripped that gentleman of the gains he had made, but gleaned whatever he had left in the purses of the inferior members of the party, amongst whom Annesly and his associates were reduced to their last guinea.

This they agreed to spend together at a tavern in the neighborhood, where they cursed fortune, their spoiler, and themselves, in all the bitterness of rage and disappointment. Annesly did not seek to account for their losses otherwise than in the real way, to wit, from the superior skill of their adversary; but his companion, who often boasted of his own, threw out some insinuations of foul play and connivance.

"If I thought that," said Annesly, laying his hand on his sword, while his cheeks burnt with indignation—"Poh!" replied the other, "'tis in vain to be angry; here's damnation to him in a bumper."

The other did not fail his pledge; and by a liberal application to the bottle, they so far overcame their losses, that Annesly reeled home, singing a catch, forgetful of the past, and regardless of to-morrow.

CHAPTER XV.

Another attempt to retrieve his circumstances, the consequences of which are still more fatal.

THOUGH the arrival of to-morrow might be overlooked, it could not be prevented. It rose on Annesly, one of the most wretched of mankind. Poverty, embittered by disgrace, was now approaching him, who knew of no friend to ward off the blow, and had no consolation in himself by which it might be lightened: if any thing could add to his present distress, it was increased by the absence of Sindall, who was then in the country,

and the upbraidings of his female companion, who now exclaimed against the folly which herself had caused, and the extravagance herself had participated.

About mid-day, his last night's fellow-sufferer paid him a visit; their mutual chagrin at meeting, from the recollection of misfortune which it produced, was evident in their countenances; but it was not a little increased, when the other told Annesly, he came to put him in mind of the sum he had advanced him two days before, for which he had now very particular occasion. Annesly answered, that he had frankly told him the state of his finances at the time of the loan, and accepted it on no condition of speedy payment; that he had, that same evening, offered to repay him when it was in his power, and that he could not but think the demand ungentlemanlike, at a time when he must know his utter inability to comply with it.

"Ungentlemanlike!" said the other; "I don't understand what you mean, Sir, by such a phrase: will you pay me my money or not?"—"I cannot."—"Then, sir, you must expect me to employ some gentleman for the recovery of it, who will speak to you, perhaps, in a more ungentlemanlike style than I do." And, so saying, he flung out of the room.

"Infamous wretch!" exclaimed Annesly, and walked about with a hurried step, gnawing his lips and muttering curses on him and on himself.—There was another gentleman wanted to see him below stairs.—'Twas a mercer, who came to demand payment of some fineries his lady, as he termed her, had purchased; he was with difficulty, dismissed.—In a quarter of an hour there was another call—'Twas a dun of a tailor for clothes to himself—he would take no excuse—"Come," said Annesly, with a look of desperation, "to-morrow morning, and I will pay you."

But how?—he stared wildly on the ground, then knocked his head against the wall, and acted all the extravagances of a madman. At last, with a more settled horror in his eye, he put on his sword, and without knowing whither he should go, sallied into the street.

He happened to meet in his way some of those boon companions, with whom his nights of jollity had been spent; but their terms of salutation were so cold and forbidding, as obviously to show that the account of his circumstances had already reached them; and, with them, he who had every thing to ask, and nothing to bestow, could possess no quality attractive of regard. After sauntering from street to street, and from square to square, he found himself, towards the close of the day, within a few paces of that very gaming-house where he had been so unfortunate the evening before. A sort of malicious curiosity,

and some hope of he knew not what, tempted him to re-enter it. He found much the same company he had seen the preceding night, with the exception, however, of his former associate, and one or two of the younger members of their party, whom the same cause prevented from attending.

Strolling into another room, he found an inferior set of gamesters, whose stakes were lower, though their vociferation was infinitely more loud. In the far corner sat a man, who preserved a composure of countenance, undisturbed by the clamor and confusion that surrounded him. After a little observation, Annesly discovered that he was a money lender, who advanced certain sums at a very exorbitant premium to the persons engaged in the play. Some of those he saw, who could offer no other security satisfying to this usurer, procure a few guineas from him, on pawning a watch, ring, or some other appendage of former finery. Of such he had before divested himself for urgent demands, and had nothing superfluous about him but his sword, which he had kept the latest, and which he now deposited in the hands of the old gentleman in the corner, who furnished him with a couple of pieces upon it, that with them he might once more try his fortune at the table.

The success exceeded his expectation; it was so rapid, that in less than an hour he had increased his two guineas to forty, with which he determined to retire contented; but when he would have redeemed his sword, he was informed that the keeper of it was just gone into the other room, where, as he entered to demand it, he unfortunately overheard the same gentleman who had gained his money the former night, offering a bet to the amount of the sum Annesly then possessed, on a cast where he imagined the chance to be much against it. Stimulated with the desire of doubling his gain, and the sudden provocation, as it were, of the offer, he accepted it; and, in one moment, lost all the fruits of his former good fortune. The transport of his passion could not express itself in words: but taking up one of the dice, with the seeming coolness of exquisite anguish, he fairly bit it in two, and casting a look of frenzy on his sword, which he was now unable to ransom, he rushed out of the house, uncovered as he was, his hat hanging on a peg in the other apartment.

The agitation of his mind was such as denied all attention to common things; and, instead of taking the direct road to his lodgings, he wandered off the street into an obscure alley, where he had not advanced far, till he was accosted by a fellow, who, in a very peremptory tone, desired him to deliver his money, or he would instantly blow out his brains, presenting a pistol at less than half a yard's distance.—"I can give you nothing," said

Annesly, "because I have nothing to give."—"Damn you," returned the other, "do you think I'll be fobbed off so? Your money and be damn'd to you, or I'll send you to hell in a twinkling"—advancing his pistol at the same time, within a hand's breadth of his face. Annesly, at that instant, struck up the muzzle with his arm, and laying hold of the barrel, by a sudden wrench forced the weapon out of the hands of the villain, who, not choosing to risk any farther combat, made the best of his way down the alley, and left Annesly master of his arms. He stood for a moment entranced in thought.—"Whoever thou art," said he, "I thank thee; by Heaven, thou instructest and armest me; this may provide for to-morrow, or make its provision unnecessary." He now returned with a hurried pace to the mouth of the alley, where, in the shade of a jutting wall, he could mark, unperceived, the objects on the street. He had stood there but a few seconds, and began already to waver in his purpose, when he saw come out of the gaming-house, which he had left, the very man who had plundered him of his all. The richness of the prize, with immediate revenge, awakened together in his mind; and the suspicion of foul play, which his companion had hinted the night before, gave him a sanction of something like justice; he waited till the chair in which the gamester was conveyed, came opposite to the place where he stood; then covering his face with one hand, and assuming a tone different from his natural, he pulled out his pistol, and commanded the leading chairman to stop. This effected, he went up to the chair, and the gentleman within having let down one of the glasses to know the reason of its stop, the stopper clapped the pistol to his breast, and threatened him with instant death if he did not deliver his money. The other, after some little hesitation, during which Annesly repeated his threats with the most horrible oaths, drew a purse of gold from his pocket, which Annesly snatched out of his hand, and running down the alley, made his escape at the other end; and, after turning through several streets in different directions, so as to elude pursuit, arrived safely at home with the booty he had taken.

Meantime, the gamester returned to the house he had just quitted, with the account of his disaster. The whole fraternity, who could make no allowance for a robber of this sort, were alarmed at the accident; every one was busied in inquiry, and a thousand questions were asked about his appearance, his behaviour, and the route he had taken. The chairmen, who had been somewhat more possessed of themselves, at the time of the robbery, than their master, had remarked the circumstance of the robber's wanting his hat: this was no sooner mentioned, than a buz ran through the company, that the young gentleman

who had gone off a little while before, had been observed to be uncovered when he left the house; and upon search made, his hat was actually found with his name marked on the inside. This was a ground of suspicion too strong to be overlooked; messengers were dispatched in quest of the friend who had introduced him there the preceding night; upon his being found, and acquainting them of Annesly's lodgings, proper warrants were obtained for a search.

When that unfortunate young man arrived at home, he was met on the stairs by the lady we have formerly mentioned, who, in terms of the bitterest reproach, interrupted with tears, inveighed against the cruelty of his neglect, in thus leaving her to pine alone, without even the common comforts of a miserable life. Her censure, indeed, was the more violent, as there was little reason for its violence; for she had that moment dismissed at a back door, a gallant who was more attentive than Annesly. He, who could very well allow the grounds of her complaint, only pleaded necessity for his excuse; he could but mutter this apology in imperfect words, for the perturbation of his mind almost deprived him of the powers of speech. Upon her taking notice of this, with much seeming concern for his health, he beckoned her into a chamber, and dashing the purse on the floor, pointed to it with a look of horror, as an answer to her upbraidings.

"What have you done for this?" said she, taking it up: He threw himself into a chair, without answering a word.

At that moment, the officers of justice, who had lost no time in prosecuting their information, entered the house; and some of them, accompanied by an attorney, employed by the gentleman who had been robbed, walked softly up stairs to the room where Annesly was, and bursting into it before he could prepare for any defence, laid hold of him in rather a violent manner, which the lawyer observing, desired them to use the gentleman civilly, till he should ask him a few questions. "I will answer none," said Annesly; "do your duty." "Then, Sir," replied the other, "you must attend us to those who can question you with better authority; and I must make bold to secure this lady, till she answer some questions also." The lady saved him the trouble; for being now pretty well satisfied, that her hero was at the end of his career, she thought it most prudent to break off a connexion where nothing was to be gained, and make a merit of contributing her endeavors to bring the offender to justice. She called, therefore, this leader of the party into another room, and being informed by him that the young gentleman was suspected of having committed a robbery scarce an hour before, she pulled out the purse which she had just received from him, and asked

the lawyer, if it was that which had been taken from his client "Ay, that it is, I'll be sworn," said he; "and here (pouring out its contents) is the ring he mentioned at the bottom."—"But," said she, pausing a little, "it will prove the thing as well without the guineas." "I protest," returned the lawyer, "thou art a girl of excellent invention—Hum—here are fourscore; one half of them might have been spent—or dropt out by the way, or—any thing may be supposed; and so we shall have twenty a-piece.—Some folks, to be sure, would take more, but I love conscience in these matters."

Having finished this transaction, in such a manner as might give no offence to the conscience of this honest pettifogger, they returned to the prisoner, who contented himself with darting a look of indignation at his female betrayer; and, after being some time in the custody of the lawyer and his assistants, he was carried, in the morning, along with her, before a magistrate. The several circumstances I have related being sworn to, Annesly was committed to Newgate, and the gamester bound over to prosecute him at the next sessions, which were not then very distant.

CHAPTER XVI.

The miseries of him whose punishment is inflicted by conscience.

Though Annesly must have suffered much during the agitation of these proceedings, yet that was little to what he felt, when left to reflection, in the solitude of his new abode. Let the virtuous remember, amidst their affliction, that though the heart of a good man may bleed even to death, it will never feel a torment equal to the rendings of remorse.

For sometime the whirling of his brain gave him no leisure to exercise any faculty that could be termed thinking; when that sort of delirium subsided, it left him only to make room for more exquisite though less turbulent anguish.

After he had visited every corner of resource, and found them all dark and comfortless, he started at last from that posture of despair in which he sat, and turning the glare of his eye intently upwards:—

"Take back," said he, "thou Power that gavest me being! take back that life which thou didst breathe into me for the best of purposes, but which I have profaned by actions equally mis-

chievous to thy government, and ignominious to myself. The passions which thou didst implant in me, that reason which should balance them is unable to withstand: from one only I received useful admonition; the shame that could not prevent, now punishes my crimes. Her voice for once I will obey; and leave a state, in which if I remain, I continue a blot to nature, and an enemy to man."

He drew a penknife, now his only weapon, from its sheath—he bared his bosom for the horrid deed—when the picture of his father, which the good man had bestowed on him at parting, and he had worn ever since in his bosom, struck his eye—(it was drawn in the mildness of holy meditation, with the hands folded together, and the eyes lifted to heaven), "Merciful God!" said Annesly—he would have uttered a prayer; but his soul was wound up to a pitch that could but one way be let down—he flung himself on the ground, and burst into an agony of tears.

The door of the apartment opening, discovered the jailer, followed by Sir Thomas Sindall—"My friend in this place!" said he to Annesly,—who covered his face with his hands, and replied only by a groan.

Sindall made signs to the keeper of the prison to leave them:—"Come," said he, "my dear Annesly, be not so entirely overcome; I flatter myself, you know my friendship too well to suppose that it will desert you even here. I may, perhaps, have opportunities of comforting you in many ways; at least I shall feel and pity your distresses."—"Leave me," answered the other, "leave me; I deserve no pity, and methinks there is a pride in refusing it."—"You must not say so; my love has much to plead for you; nor are you without excuse even to the world."—"Oh! Sindall," said he, "I am without excuse to myself! when I look back to that peace of mind, to that happiness I have squandered!—I will not curse, but—Oh! Fool, fool, fool!"—"I would not," said Sir Thomas, "increase that anguish which you feel, were I not obliged to mention the name of your father."—"My father," cried Annesly; "Oh, hide me from my father!"—"Alas!" replied Sindall, "he must hear of your disaster from other hands; and it were cruel not to acquaint him of it in a way that should wound him the least."—Annesly gazed with a look of entrancement on his picture; 'Great God!" said he, "for what hast thou reserved me? Sindall, do what thou wilt—think not of such a wretch as I am; but mitigate, if thou canst, the sorrows of a father, the purity of whose bosom must bleed for the vices of mine."—"Fear not," returned Sir Thomas; "I hope all will be better than you imagine. It grows late, and I must leave you now; but promise me to be more composed for the future. I will see you

again early to-morrow; nor will I let a moment escape that can be improved to your service."—"I must think," said Annesly, "and therefore I must feel; but I will often remember your friendship, and my gratitude shall be some little merit left in me to look upon without blushing."

Sindall bade him farewell, and retired; and at that instant he was less a villain than he used to be. The state of horror to which he saw this young man reduced, was beyond the limits of his scheme: and he began to look upon the victim of his designs with that pity which depravity can feel, and that remorse which it cannot overcome.

CHAPTER XVII.

His father is acquainted with Annesly's situation.—His behaviour in consequence of it.

THAT letter to old Annesly, which Sindall had undertaken to write, he found a more difficult task than at first he imagined. The solicitude of his friendship might have been easily expressed on more common occasions, and hypocrisy to him was usually no unpleasing garb; but at this crisis of Annesly's fate, there were feelings he could not suppress; and he blushed to himself, amidst the protestations of concern and regard, with which this account of his misfortune (as he termed it) was accompanied.

Palliated, as it was, with all the art of Sir Thomas, it may be easily conceived what effect it must have on the mind of a father; a father at this time laboring under the pressure of disease, and confined to a sick bed, whose intervals of thought were now to be pointed to the misery, the disgrace, perhaps the disgraceful death of a darling child. His Harriet, after the first shock which the dreadful tidings had given her, sat by him, stifling the terrors of her gentle soul, and speaking comfort when her tears would let her.

His grief was aggravated, from the consideration of being at present unable to attend a son, whose calamities, though of his own procuring, called so loudly for support and assistance.

"Unworthy as your brother is, my Harriet," said he, "he is my son and your brother still; and must he languish amid the horrors of a prison, without a parent or a sister to lessen them? The prayers which I can put up from this sick bed are all the

aid I can minister to him; but your presence might soothe his anguish, and alleviate his sufferings. With regard to this life, perhaps—Do not weep, my love—But you might lead him to a reconciliation with that Being whose sentence governs eternity! Would it frighten my Harriet to visit a dungeon?"—"Could I leave my dearest father," said she, "no place could frighten me where my poor Billy is"—— "Then you shall go, my child, and I shall be the better for thinking that you are with him. Tell him, though he has wrung my heart, it has not forgotten him. That he should have forgotten me is little; let him but now remember, that there is another Father whose pardon is more momentous."

Harriet having therefore entrusted her father to the friendship of Mrs. Wistanly, set out, accompanied by a niece of that gentlewoman's, who had been on a visit to her aunt, for the metropolis, where she arrived a few days before that which was appointed for the trial of her unhappy brother.

Though it was late in the evening when they reached London, yet Harriet's impatience would not suffer her to sleep till she had seen the poor prisoner; and notwithstanding the remonstrances of her companion, to whom her aunt had recommended the tenderest concern about her young friend, she called a hackney coach immediately, to convey her to the place in which Annesly was confined; and her fellow-traveller, when her dissuasions to going had failed, very obligingly offered to accompany her.

They were conducted, by the turnkey, through a gloomy passage, to the wretched apartment which Annesly occupied; they found him sitting at a little table, on which he leaned, with his hands covering his face. When they entered he did not change his posture; but on the turnkey's speaking, for his sister was unable to speak, he started up, and exhibited a countenance pale and haggard, his eyes bloodshot, and his hair dishevelled. On discovering his sister, a blush crossed his cheek, and the horror of his aspect was lost in something milder and more piteous—"Oh! my Billy!" she cried, and sprung forward to embrace him: "This is too much," said he; "leave and forget a wretch unworthy the name of thy brother."—"Would my Billy kill me quite? this frightful place has almost killed me already! Alas! Billy, my dearest father!"—"Oh! Harriet, that name, that name! speak not of my father!"—"Ah!" said she, "if you knew his goodness; he sent me to comfort and support my brother; he sent me from himself, stretched on a sick bed, where his Harriet should have tended him."—"Oh! cursed, cursed!"—"Nay, do not curse, my Billy, he sends you none; his prayers, his blessings, rise for you to heaven; his

forgiveness he bade me convey you, and tell you to seek that of the Father of all goodness!"—His sister's hands were clasped in his; he lifted both together: "If thou canst hear me," said he—"I dare not pray for myself; but spare a father whom my crimes have made miserable; let me abide the wrath I have deserved, but weigh not down his age for my offences; punish it not with the remembrance of me!" He fell on his sister's neck, and they mingled their tears; nor could the young lady who attended Harriet, or the jailer himself, forbear accompanying them; this last, however, recovered himself rather sooner than the other, and reminded them it was late, and that he must lock up for the night.—"Good night then, my Harriet," said Annesly. "And must we separate?" answered his sister; "could I not sit and support that distracted head, and close those haggard eyes?"—"Let me entreat you," returned her brother, "to leave me and compose yourself after the fatigues of your journey, and the perturbation of your mind; I feel myself comforted and refreshed by the sight of my Harriet. I will try to sleep myself, which I have not done those four gloomy nights, unless, perhaps, for a few moments, when the torture of my dreams made waking a deliverance. Good night, my dearest Harriet." She could not say good night, but she wept it.

CHAPTER XVIII.

His sister pays him another visit.—A description of what passed in the prison

It was late before Harriet could think even of going to bed, and later before her mind could be quieted enough to allow her any sleep. But nature was at last worn out; and the fatigue of her journey, together with the conflict of her soul in the visit she had just made, had so exhausted her, that it was towards noon next day before she awaked. After having chid herself for her neglect, she hurried away to her much-loved brother whom she found attended by that baronet, to whose good offices I have had so frequent occasion to show him indebted in the course of my story.

At sight of him, her cheek was flushed with the mingled glow of shame for her brother, and gratitude towards his benefactor. He advanced to salute her; when, with the tears starting into her eyes, she fell on her knees before him, and poured forth a prayer of blessings on his head. There could not, perhaps, be

a figure more lovely or more striking than that which she then exhibited. The lustre of her eyes, heightened by those tears with which the overflowing of her heart supplied them; the glow of her complexion, animated with the suffusion of tenderness and gratitude; these, joined to the easy negligence of her dark brown locks, that waved in ringlets on her panting bosom, made altogether such an assemblage as beauty is a word too weak for. So forcibly, indeed, was Sindall struck with it, that some little time passed before he thought of lifting her from the ground; he looked his very soul at every glance; but it was a soul unworthy of the object on which he gazed, brutal, unfeeling, and inhuman; he considered her, at that moment, as already within the reach of his machinations, and feasted the grossness of his fancy with the anticipation of her undoing.

And here let me pause a little, to consider that account of pleasure which the votaries of pleasure have frequently stated. I allow for all the delight which Sindall could experience for the present, or hope to experience in the future. I consider it abstracted from its consequences, and I will venture to affirm, that there is a truer, a more exquisite voluptuary than he—Had Virtue been now looking on the figure of beauty and of innocence I have attempted to draw—I see the purpose of benevolence beaming in his eye! Its throb is swelling in his heart! He clasps her to his bosom;—he kisses the falling drops from her cheek:—he weeps with her:—and the luxury of his tears baffles description.

But whatever were Sir Thomas's sensations at the sight of Harriet, they were interrupted by the jailer, who now entered the room, and informed him that a gentleman without was earnest to speak with him. "Who can it be?" said Sir Thomas somewhat peevishly. "If I am not mistaken," replied the jailer, "it is a gentleman of the name of Camplin, a lawyer, whom I have seen here with some of the prisoners before."—"This is he of whom I talked to you, my dear Annesly," said the baronet; "let me introduce him to you."—"I have taken my resolution," returned Annesly, "and shall have no need of lawyers for my defence."—"It must not be," rejoined the other; and going out of the room, he presently returned with Mr. Camplin. All this while, Harriet's looks betrayed the strongest symptoms of terror and perplexity; and when the stranger appeared, she drew nearer and nearer to her brother, with an involuntary sort of motion, till she had twined his arm into hers, and placed herself between him and Camplin. This last observed her fears, for indeed she bent her eyes most fixedly upon him; and making her a bow, "Be not afraid, Miss," said he, "here are none but friends. I learn, Sir, that your day is now very near,

and that it is time to be thinking of the business of it." "Good Heavens!" cried Harriet, "what day?" "Make yourself easy, Madam," continued Camplin; "being the first trip, I hope he may fall soft for this time; I believe nobody doubts my abilities; I have saved many a brave man from the gallows, whose case was more desperate than I take this young gentleman's to be."—The color, which had been varying on her cheek during this speech, now left it for a dead pale; and turning her languid eyes upon her brother, she fell motionless into his arms. He supported her to a chair that stood near him, and darting an indignant look at the lawyer, begged of the jailer to procure her some immediate assistance. Sindall, who was kneeling on the other side of her, ordered Camplin, who was advancing to make offer of his services too, to be gone, and send them the first surgeon he could find. A surgeon, indeed, had been already procured, who officiated in the prison, for the best of all reasons, because he was not at liberty to leave it. The jailer now made his appearance, with a bottle of wine in one hand, and some water in the other; followed by a tall, meagre, ragged figure, who, striding up to Harriet, applied a small vial of volatile salt to her nose, and chafing her temples, soon brought her to sense and life again. Annesly, pressing her to his bosom, begged her to recollect herself, and forget her fears. "Pardon this weakness, my dear Billy," said she, "I will try to overcome it: is that horrid man gone? who is this gentleman?" "I have the honor to be a doctor of physic, madam," said he, clapping at the same time his greasy fingers to her pulse: "here is a fulness that calls for venesection." So without loss of time he pulled out a case of lancets covered with rust, and spotted with the blood of former patients. "Oh! for Heaven's sake, no bleeding," cried Harriet, "indeed there is no occasion for it." "How, no occasion!" exclaimed the other; "I have heard, indeed, some ignorants condemn phlebotomy in such cases; but it is my practice, and I am very well able to defend it. It will be allowed, that in plethoric habits"—"Spare your demonstration," interrupted Annesly, "and think of your patient." "You shall not blood me," said she, "you shall not indeed, Sir!" "Nay, Madam," said he, "as you please; you are to know that the operation itself is no part of my profession; it is only *propter necessitatem*, for want of chirurgical practitioners, that I sometimes condescend to it in this place." Sir Thomas gave him a hint to leave them, and at the same time slipped a guinea into his hand. He immediately retired, looking at the unusual appearance of the gold with a joy that made him forget the obstinacy of his patient, and her rejection of his assistance.

Annesly, assisted by his friend, used every possible argument to comfort and support his sister. His concern for her had indeed banished for a while the consideration of his own state; and when he came to think of that solemn day, on which the trial for his life was appointed, his concern was more interested for its effect on his Harriet, than for that it should have on himself.

After they had passed great part of the day together, Sir Thomas observed, that Miss Annesly's present lodgings (in the house of her fellow-traveller's father) were so distant, as to occasion much inconvenience to her in her visits to her brother; and very kindly made offer of endeavoring to procure her others but a few streets off, under the roof of a gentlewoman, he said, an officer's widow of his acquaintance, who, if she had any apartment unoccupied at the time, he knew would be as attentive to Miss Annesly as if she were a daughter of her own.

This proposal was readily accepted; and Sir Thomas having gone upon the inquiry, returned in the evening with an account of having succeeded in procuring the lodgings; that he had taken the liberty to call and fetch Miss Annesly's baggage from those she had formerly occupied, and that every thing was ready at Mrs. Eldridge's (that was the widow's name) for her reception. After supper he conducted her thither accordingly.

As he was going out, Annesly whispered him to return for a few minutes after he had set down his sister, as he had something particular to communicate to him. When he came back, "You have heard, I fancy, Sir Thomas," said he, "that the next day but one is the day of my trial. As to myself, I wait it with resignation, and shall not give any trouble to my country by a false defence; but I tremble for my sister's knowing it. Could we not contrive some method of keeping her in ignorance of its appointment till it be over, and then prepare her for the event, without subjecting her to the tortures of anxiety and suspense?" Sindall agreed in the propriety of the latter part of this scheme, and they resolved to keep his sister that day at home, on pretence of a meeting in the prison between the lawyers of Annesly, and those of his prosecutor. But he warmly insisted that Annesly should accept the services of Camplin towards conducting the cause on his part. "Endeavor not to persuade me, my friend," said Annesly; "for I now rest satisfied with my determination. I thank Heaven, which has enabled me to rely on its goodness, and meet my fate with the full possession of myself. I will not disdain the mercy which my country may think I merit; but I will not entangle myself in chicane and insincerity to avoid her justice."

CHAPTER XIX.

The fate of Annesly determined.—Sindall's friendship, and the gratitude of Harriet.

NOTHING remarkable happened till that day when the fate of Annesly was to be determined by the laws of his country. The project formed by Sindall and himself, for keeping his sister ignorant of its importance, succeeded to their wish; she spent it at home, comforting herself with the hope, that the meeting she understood to be held on it, might turn out advantageously for her brother, and soothed by the kindness of her landlady, who had indeed fully answered Sir Thomas's expectations in the attention she had shown her.

Meanwhile her unfortunate brother was brought to the bar, indicted for the robbery committed on the gamester. When he was asked, in the customary manner, to plead, he stood up, and, addressing himself to the judge—

"I am now, my lord," said he, "in a situation of all others the most solemn. I stand in the presence of God and my country, and I am called to confess or deny that crime for which I have incurred the judgment of both. If I have offended, my lord, I am not yet an obdurate offender; I fly not to the subterfuge of villany, though I have fallen from the dignity of innocence; and I will not screen a life which my crimes have disgraced, by a coward lie to prevent their detection. I plead guilty, my lord, and await the judgment of that law, which, though I have violated, I have not forgotten to revere."

When he ended, a confused murmur ran through the Court, and for some time stopped the judge in his reply. Silence obtained, that upright magistrate, worthy the tribunal of England, spoke to this effect:

"I am sincerely sorry, young gentleman, to see one of your figure at this bar, charged with a crime for which the public safety has been obliged to award an exemplary punishment. Much as I admire the heroism of your confession, I will not suffer advantage to be taken of it to your prejudice; reflect on the consequences of a plea of guilt, which takes from you all opportunity of a legal defence, and speak again, as your own discretion, or your friends, may best advise you." "I humbly thank your lordship," said Annesly, "for the candor and indulgence which you show me; but I have spoken the truth, and will not allow myself to think of retracting it." "I am here,"

returned his lordship, "as the dispenser of justice, and I have nothing but justice to give; the province of mercy is in other hands; if, upon inquiry, the case is circumstanced as I wish it to be, my recommendation shall not be wanting to enforce an application there." Annesly was then convicted of the robbery, and the sentence of the law passed upon him.

But the judge before whom he was tried was not unmindful of his promise; and having satisfied himself, that though guilty in this instance, he was not habitually flagitious, he assisted so warmly the applications which, through the interest of Sindall, (for Sindall was in this sincere,) were made in his behalf, that a pardon was obtained for him, on the condition of his suffering transportation for the term of fourteen years.

This alleviation of his punishment was procured, before his sister was suffered to know that his trial had ever come on, or what had been its event. When his fate was by this means determined, Sindall undertook to instruct the lady in whose house he had placed her, that Miss Annesly should be acquainted with the circumstances of it in such a manner as might least discompose that delicacy and tenderness of which her mind was so susceptible. The event answered his expectation; that good woman seemed possessed of as much address as humanity; and Harriet, by the intervention of both, was led to the knowledge of her brother's situation with so much prudence, that she bore it at first with resignation, and afterwards looked upon it with thankfulness.

After that acknowledgment to Providence, which she had been early instructed never to forget, there was an inferior agent in this affair, to whom her warmest gratitude was devoted. Besides that herself had the highest opinion of Sindall's good offices, her obliging landlady had taken every opportunity, since their acquaintance began, to sound forth his praises in the most extravagant strain; and, on the present occasion, her encomiums were loud, in proportion as Harriet's happiness was concerned in the event.

Sir Thomas, therefore, began to be considered by the young lady as the worthiest of friends; his own language bore the strongest expressions of friendship—of friendship, and no more; but the widow would often insinuate that he felt more than he expressed; and when Harriet's spirits could bear a little raillery, her landlady did not want for jokes on the subject.

These suggestions of another have a greater effect than is often imagined; they are heard with an ease which does not alarm, and the mind habituates itself to take up such a credit on their truth as it would be sorry to lose, though it is not at the trouble of examining. Harriet did not seriously think of Sindall

as of one that was her lover; but she began to make such arrangements, as not to be surprised if he should.

One morning, when Sir Thomas had called to conduct her on a visit to her brother, Mrs. Eldridge rallied him at breakfast on his being still a bachelor. "What is your opinion, Miss Annesly," said she; "is it not a shame for one of Sir Thomas's fortune not to make some worthy woman happy in the participation of it?" Sindall submitted to be judged by so fair an arbitress; he said, "the manners of the court ladies, whose example had stretched unhappily too far, were such as made it a sort of venture to be married;" he then paused for a moment, sighed, and, fixing his eyes upon Harriet, drew such a picture of the woman whom he would choose for a wife, that she must have had some sillier qualities than mere modesty about her, not to have made some guess at his meaning.

In short, though she was as little wanting in delicacy as most women, she began to feel a certain interest in the good opinion of Sindall, and to draw some conclusions from his deportment, which, for the sake of my fair readers, I would have them remember, are better to be slowly understood than hastily indulged.

CHAPTER XX.

An accident, which may possibly be imagined somewhat more than accidental.

Though the thoughts of Annesly's future situation could not but be distressful to his sister and him, yet the deliverance from greater evils, which they had experienced, served to enlighten the prospect of those they feared. His father, whose consolation always attended the calamity he could neither prevent nor cure, exhorted his son (in an answer to the account his sister and he had transmitted him of the events contained in the preceding chapter) to have a proper sense of the mercy of his God and his king, and to bear what was a mitigation of his punishment with a fortitude and resignation becoming the subject of both. The same letter informed his children, that though he was not well enough recovered to be able to travel, yet he was gaining ground on his distemper, and hoped, as the season advanced, to get the better of it altogether. He sent that blessing to his son, which he was prevented from bestowing personally, with a credit

for any sum which he might have occasion for against his approaching departure.

His children received additional comfort from the good accounts of their father which this letter contained; and even in Annesly's prison, there were some intervals in which they forgot the fears of parting, and indulged themselves in temporary happiness.

It was during one of these, that Sindall observed to Harriet how little she possesed the curiosity her sex was charged with, who had never once thought of seeing any thing in London that strangers were most solicitous to see; and proposed that very night to conduct her to the playhouse, where the royal family were to be present, at the representation of a new comedy.

Harriet turned a melancholy look towards her brother, and made answer, that she could not think of any amusement that should subject him to hours of solitude in a prison.

Upon this Annesly was earnest in pressing her to accept Sir Thomas's invitation; he said she knew how often he chose to be alone, at times when he could most command society; and that he should find an additional pleasure in theirs, when they returned to him, fraught with the intelligence of the play.

"But there is something unbecoming in it," said Harriet, "in the eyes of others."

"That objection," replied Sindall, "will be easily removed; we shall go, accompanied by Mrs. Eldridge, to the gallery, where even those who have many acquaintance in town are dressed so much in the incognito way, as never to be discovered."

Annesly repeated his entreaties, Mrs. Eldridge seconded, Sindall enforced them; and all three urged so many arguments, that Harriet was at last overcome; and to the play they accordingly went.

Though this was the first entertainment of the sort at which Harriet had ever been present, yet the thoughts of her absent brother, in whose company all her former amusements had been enjoyed, so much damped the pleasure she should have felt from this, that as soon as the play was over, she begged of her conductor to return, much against the desire of Mrs. Eldridge, who entreated them to indulge her by staying the farce. But Harriet seemed so uneasy at the thoughts of a longer absence from her brother, that the other's solicitations were at last over-ruled; and making shift to get through the crowd, they left the house, and set out in a hackney coach on their return.

They had got the length of two or three streets on their way, when the coachman, who indeed had the appearance of being exceedingly drunk, drove them against a post, by which acci-

dent one of the wheels was broken to pieces, and the carriage itself immediately overturned. Sindall had luckily put down the glass on that side but a moment before, to look at something, so that they escaped any mischief which might have ensued from the breaking of it; and, except the ladies being extremely frightened, no bad consequences followed. This disaster happened just at the door of a tavern; the mistress of which, seeing the discomposure of the ladies, very politely begged them to step into her own room, till they could readjust themselves, and procure another coach from a neighboring stand, for which she promised immediately to dispatch one of her servants. All this while Sir Thomas was venting his wrath against the coachman, continuing to cane him most unmercifully, till stopped by the intercession of Harriet and Mrs. Eldridge, and prevailed upon to accompany them into the house, at the obliging request of its mistress. He asked pardon for giving way to his passion, which apprehension for their safety, he said, had occasioned; and taking Harriet's hand with a look of the utmost tenderness, inquired if she felt no hurt from the fall? Upon her answering, that, except the fright, she was pefectly well; "then all is well," said he, pressing her hand to his bosom, which rose to meet it with a sigh.

He then called for a bottle of Madeira, of which his companions drank each a glass; but upon his presenting another, Mrs. Eldridge declared she never tasted any thing between meals, and Harriet said that her head was already affected by the glass she had taken. This, however, he attributed to the effects of the overturn, for which another bumper was an infallible remedy; and, on Mrs. Eldridge's setting the example, though with the utmost reluctance, Harriet was prevailed upon to follow it.

She was seated on a settee at the upper end of the room, Sindall sat on a chair by her, and Mrs. Eldridge, from choice, was walking about the room; it somehow happened that, in a few minutes, the last mentioned lady left her companions by themselves.

Sindall, whose eyes had not been idle before, cast them now to the ground with a look of the most feeling discomposure; and gently lifting them again, "I know not," said he, "most lovely of women, whether I should venture to express the sensations of my heart at this moment; that respect which ever attends a love so sincere as mine, has hitherto kept me silent; but the late accident, in which all that I hold dear was endangered, has opened every sluice of tenderness in my soul, and I were more or less than man, did I resist the impulse of declaring it." "This is no place, Sir,"—said Harriet, trembling, and covered with blushes.—"Every place," cried Sindall, "is sacred to love,

where my Harriet is." At the same time he threw himself on his knees before her, and imprinted a thousand burning kisses on her hand. "Let go my hand, Sir Thomas," she cried, her voice faltering, and her cheek overspread with a still higher glow: "Never, thou cruel one," said he, (raising himself gently till he had gained a place on the settee by her side,) "never, till you listen to the dictates of a passion too violent to be longer resisted."——At that instant some bustle was heard at the door, and presently after, a voice, in a country accent, vociferating, "It is my neighbor's own daughter, and I must see her immediately."—The door burst open, and discovered Jack Ryland, Mrs. Eldridge following him, with a countenance not the most expressive of good-humor.

"Ryland!" exclaimed the baronet, "what is the meaning of this;" advancing towards him with an air of fierceness and indignation, which the other returned with a hearty shake by the hand, saying, he was rejoiced to find Miss Harriet in so good company.—"Dear Mr. Ryland," said she, "a little confusedly, I am happy to see you; but it is odd—I cannot conceive—tell us, as Sir Thomas was just now asking, how you came to find us out here?"

"Why, you must understand, Miss," returned Jack, "that I have got a little bit of a legacy left me by a relation here in London; as I was coming upon that business, I thought I could do no less than ask your worthy father's commands for you and Mr. William. So we settled matters, that, as our times, I believe, will agree well enough, I should have the pleasure, if you are not otherwise engaged, of conducting you home again. I came to town only this day, and after having eat a mutton-chop at the inn where I lighted, and got myself into a little decent trim, I set out from a place they call Piccadilly, I think, asking every body I met which was the shortest road to Newgate, where I understood your brother was to be found. But I was like to make a marvellous long journey on't; for besides that it is a huge long way, as I was told, I hardly met with one person that would give a mannerly answer to my questions: to be sure they are the most humorsome people here in London, that I ever saw in my life; when I asked the road to Newgate, one told me, I was not likely to be long in finding it; another bade me cut the first throat I met, and it would show me; and a deal of such out-of-the-way jokes. At last, while I was looking round for some civil-like body to inquire of, who should I see whip past me in a coach, but yourself with that lady, as I take it; upon which I hallooed out to the coachman to stop, but he did not hear me, as I suppose, and drove on as hard as ever. I followed him close at the heels for some time, till the street he turned into being

much darker than where I saw you first, by reason there were none of your torches blazing there, I fell headlong into a rut in the middle of it, and lost sight of the carriage before I could recover myself. However, I ran down a righthand road, which I guessed you had taken, asking any body I thought would give me an answer, if they had seen a coach with a handsome young woman in't, drawn by a pair of dark bays; but, I was only laughed at for my pains, till I fell in, by chance, with a simple countryman like myself, who informed me, that he had seen such a one overturned just before this here large house; and the door being open, I stept in without more ado, till I happened to hear this lady whispering something to another about Sir Thomas Sindall, when I guessed that you might be with him, as acquaintances will find one another out, you know; and so here I am, at your service and Sir Thomas's."

This history afforded as little entertainment to his hearers as it may have done to the greatest part of my readers; but it gave Sir Thomas and Harriet time enough to recover from that confusion into which the appearance of Ryland had thrown both of them; though with this difference, that Harriet's was free from the guilt of Sindall's, and did not even proceed from the least suspicion of any thing criminal in the intentions of that gentleman.

Sir Thomas pretended great satisfaction in having met with his acquaintance, Mr. Ryland; and, having obtained another hackney coach, they drove together to Newgate, where Jack received a much sincerer welcome from Annesly, and they passed the evening with the greatest satisfaction.

Not but that there was something unusual in the bosom of Harriet, from the declaration of her lover, and in his, from the attempt which Providence had interposed to disappoint. He consoled himself, however, with the reflection, that he had not gone such a length as to alarm her simplicity, and took from the mortification of the past, by the hope of more successful villany.

CHAPTER XXI.

An account of Annesly's departure.

It was not long before the time arrived, in which Annesly was to bid adieu to his native country, for the term which the mercy of his sovereign had allotted for his punishment. He behaved, at this juncture, with a determined sort of coolness, not easily expected from one of his warmth of feelings, at a time of life when these are in their fullest vigor. His sister, whose gentle heart began to droop under the thoughts of their separation, he employed every argument to comfort. He bade her remember, that it had been determined he should be absent for some years before this necessity of his absence had arisen. "Suppose me on my travels," said he, "my Harriet, but for a longer term, and the sum of this calamity is exhausted; if there are hardships awaiting me, think how I should otherwise expiate my follies and my crimes. The punishments of Heaven, our father has often told us, are mercies to its children; mine, I hope, will have a double effect; to wipe away my former offences, and prevent my offending for the future."

He was actuated by the same steadiness of spirit in the disposal of what money his father's credit enabled him to command. He called in an exact account of his debts, those to Sindall not excepted, and discharged them in full, much against the inclination of Sir Thomas, who insisted, as much as in decency he could, on cancelling every obligation of that sort to himself. But Annesly was positive in his resolution; and after having cleared these incumbrances, he embarked, with only a few shillings in his pocket, saying, that he would never pinch his father's age to mitigate the punishment which his son had more than deserved.

There was another account to settle, which he found a more difficult task. The parting with his sister he knew not how to accomplish, without such a pang as her tender frame could very ill support. At length he resolved to take at least from its solemnity, if he could not alleviate its anguish. Having sat, therefore, with Harriet till past midnight, on the eve of his departure, which he employed in renewing his arguments of consolation, and earnestly recommending to her to keep up those spirits which should support her father and herself, he pretended a desire to sleep, appointed an hour for breakfasting with her in the morning; and so soon as he could prevail on her to leave him, he went on board the boat, which waited to carry him, and

some unfortunate companions of his voyage, to the ship destined to transport them.

Sir Thomas accompanied him a little way down the river, till, at the earnest desire of his friend, he was carried ashore in a sculler, which they happened to meet on their way. When they parted, Annesly wrung his hands, and dropping a tear on it, which hitherto he had never allowed himself to shed. "To my faithful Sindall," said he, "I leave a trust more precious to this bosom than every other earthly good. Be the friend of my father, as you have been that of his undeserving son, and protect my Harriet's youth, who has lost that protection a brother should have afforded her. If the prayers of a wretched exile in a foreign land can be heard of Heaven, the name of his friend shall rise with those of a parent and a sister in his hourly benedictions; and if at any time you shall bestow a thought upon nim, remember the only comfort of which adversity has not deprived him, the confidence of his Sindall's kindness to those whom he has left weeping behind him."

Such was the charge which Annesly gave and Sindall received; he received it with a tear; a tear, which the better part of his nature had yet reserved from the ruins of principle, of justice, of humanity. It fell involuntarily at the time, and he thought of it afterwards with a blush—Such was the system of self-applause which the refinements of vice had taught him, and such is the honor she has reared for the worship of her votaries!

Annesly kept his eyes fixed on the lights of London, till the increasing distance deprived them of their object. Nor did his imagination fail him in the picture, after that help was taken from him. The form of the weeping Harriet, lovely in her grief, still swam before his sight; on the back ground stood a venerable figure, turning his eyes to heaven, while a tear that swelled in each dropped for the sacrifice of his sorrow, and a bending angel accepted it as incense.

Thus, by a series of dissipation, so easy in its progress, that, if my tale were fiction, it would be thought too simple, was this unfortunate young man lost to himself, his friends, and his country. Take but a few incidents away and it is the history of thousands. Let not those, who have escaped the punishment of Annesly, look with indifference on the participation of his guilt, nor suffer the present undisturbed enjoyment of their criminal pleasures, to blot from their minds the idea of future retribution.

CHAPTER XXII.

Harnet is informed of her brother's departure,—she leaves London on her return home.

SINDALL took upon himself the charge of communicating the intelligence of Annesly's departure to his sister. She received it with an entrancement of sorrow, which deprived her of its expression; and when at last her tears found their way to utter it, "Is he gone?" said she, "and shall I never see him more? cruel Billy! Oh! Sir Thomas, I had a thousand things to say! and has he left me without a single adieu?"—"It was in kindness to you, Miss Annesly," answered the baronet, "that he did so."—"I believe you," said she, "I know it was; and yet, methinks, he should have bid me farewell—I could have stood it, indeed I could—I am not so weak as you think me; yet Heaven knows I have need of strength"—and she burst into tears again.

Sir Thomas did not want for expressions of comfort or of kindness, nor did he fail, amidst the assurances of his friendship, to suggest those tender sensations which his bosom felt on account of Miss Annesly. She gave him a warmth of gratitude in return, which, though vice may sometimes take advantage of it, virtue can never blame.

His protestations were interrupted by the arrival of Ryland, who had accidently heard of Annesly's embarkment. Jack had but few words to communicate his feelings by; but his eyes helped them out with an honest tear. "Your brother, I hear, is gone, Miss Harriet," said he: "well, Heaven bless him wherever he goes!"

Harriet begged to know when it would suit his convenience to leave London, saying, that every day she stayed there now would reproach her absence from her father. Jack made answer, that he could be ready to attend her at an hour's warning; for that his business in London was finished, and as for pleasure, he could find none in it. It was agreed, therefore, contrary to the zealous advice of Sir Thomas and Mrs. Eldridge, that Harriet should set off, accompanied by Mr. Ryland, the very next morning.

Their resolution was accomplished, and they set out by the break of day. Sindall accompanied them on horseback several stages, and they dined together about forty miles from London. Here, having settled their route according to a plan of Sir Thomas's, who seemed to be perfectly versant in the geography of the country through which they were to pass, he was prevailed

on, by the earnest entreaty of Harriet, to return to London, and leave her to perform the rest of the journey under the protection of Mr. Ryland.

On their leaving the inn at which they dined, there occurred an incident, of which, though the reader may have observed me not apt to dwell on trifling circumstances, I cannot help taking notice. While they were at dinner, they were frequently disturbed by the boisterous mirth of a company in the room immediately adjoining. This, one of the waiters informed them, proceeded from a gentleman, who, he believed, was travelling from London down into the country, and, having no companion, had associated with the landlord over a bottle of claret, which, according to the waiter's account, his honor had made so free with, as to be in a merrier, or, as that word may generally be translated, a more noise-making mood than usual. As Sindall was handing Harriet into the postchaise, they observed a gentleman, whom they concluded to be the same whose voice they had so often heard at dinner, standing in the passage that led to the door. When the lady passed him, he trod, either accidentally or on purpose, on the skirt of her gown behind; and as she turned about to get rid of the stop, having now got sight of her face, he exclaimed, with an oath, that she was an angel; and, seizing the hand with which she was disengaging her gown, pressed it to his lips in so rude a manner, that even his drunkenness could not excuse it; at least it could not to Sindall; who, stepping between him and Miss Annesly, laid hold of his collar, and shaking him violently, demanded how he dared to affront the lady; and insisted on his immediately asking her pardon. "Dammee," said he, hiccuping, "not on compulsion, dammee, for you nor any man, dammee." The landlord and Mr. Ryland now interposed, and, with the assistance of Harriet, pacified Sir Thomas, from the consideration of the gentleman's being in a temporary state of insanity: Sindall accordingly let go his hold, and went on with Harriet to the chaise, while the other, readjusting his neckcloth, swore that he would have another peep at the girl notwithstanding.

When Harriet was seated in the chaise, Sindall took notice of the flutter into which this accident had thrown her; she confessed that she had been a good deal alarmed, lest there should have been a quarrel on her account, and begged Sir Thomas, if he had any regard for her ease of mind, to think no more of any vengeance against the other gentleman. "Fear not, my adorable Harriet," whispered Sir Thomas; "if I thought there were one kind remembrance of Sindall in that heavenly bosom" —the chaise drove on—she blushed a reply to this unfinished speech, and bowed, smiling, to its author.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Harriet proceeds on her journey with Ryland.—A very daring attack is made upon them.—The consequences.

NOTHING farther happened worthy of recording, till towards the close of that journey which Sir Thomas's direction had marked out for their first day's progress. Ryland had before observed, that Sir Thomas's short roads had turned out very sorry ones; and when it began to be dark, Harriet's fears made her take notice, that they had got upon a large common, where for a great way round, there was not a house to be seen. Nor was she at all relieved by the information of the postboy, who, upon being interrogated by Ryland as to the safety of the road, answered, "To be sure master, I've known some highwaymen frequent this common, and there stands a gibbet hard by, where two of them have hung these three years." He had scarcely uttered this speech, when the noise of horsemen was heard behind them, at which Miss Annesly's heart began to palpitate, nor was her companion's free from unusual agitation. He asked the postboy in a low voice, if he knew the riders who were coming up behind; the boy answered in the negative, but that he needed not be afraid, as he observed a carriage along with them.

The first of the horsemen now passed the chaise in which Ryland and Harriet were, and at the distance of a few yards they crossed the road, and made a halt on the other side of it. Harriet's fears were now too much alarmed to be quieted by the late assurances of the postboy: she was not, indeed, long suffered to remain in a state of suspense; one of those objects of her terror called to the driver to stop; which the lad had no sooner complied with, than he rode up to the side of the carriage where the lady was seated, and told her, in a tone rather peremptory than threatening, that she must allow that gentleman (meaning Ryland) to accept of a seat in another carriage, which was just behind, and do him and his friends the honor of taking one of them for her companion. He received no answer to this demand, she to whom it was made having fainted into the arms of her terrified fellow-traveller. In this state of insensibility, Ryland was forced, by the inhuman ruffian and his associates, to leave her, and enter a chaise which now drew up to receive him; and one of the gang, whose appearance bespoke something of a higher rank than the rest, seated himself by her, and

was very assiduous in using proper means for her recovery. When that was effected, he begged her, in terms of great politeness, not to make herself in the least uneasy, for that no harm was intended.——"Oh heavens!" she cried, "where am I? What would you have? Whither would you carry me? Where is Mr. Ryland?"—"If you mean the gentleman in whose company you were, Madam, you may be assured, that nothing ill shall happen to him any more than to yourself."—"Nothing ill!" said she; "merciful God! What do you intend to do with me?"—"I would not do you a mischief for the world," answered he, "and if you will be patient for a little time, you shall be satisfied that you are in danger of none."—All this while they forced the postboy to drive on full speed; and there was light enough for Harriet to discover, that the road they took had so little the appearance of a frequented one, that there was but a very small chance of her meeting with any relief. In a short time after, however, when the moon shining out made it lighter, she found they were obliged to slacken their pace, from being met, in a narrow part of the road, by some persons on horseback. The thoughts of a relief recruited a little her exhausted spirits; and having got down the front glass, she called out as loud as she was able, begging their assistance to rescue a miserable creature from ruffians. One, who attended the carriage by way of guard, exclaimed, that it was only a poor wretch out of her senses, whom her friends were conveying to a place of security: but Harriet, notwithstanding some endeavors of the man in the chaise to prevent her, cried out with greater vehemence than before, entreating them, for God's sake, to pity and relieve her. By this time one, who had been formerly behind, came up to the front of the party they had met, and overhearing this last speech of Harriet's—"Good God!" said he, "can it be Miss Annesly?" Upon this, her companion in the carriage jumped out with a pistol in his hand, and presently she heard the report of fire-arms, at which the horses taking fright, ran furiously across the fields for a considerable way before their driver was able to stop them. He had scarcely accomplished that, when he was accosted by a servant in livery, who bade him fear nothing, for that his master had obliged the villains to make off.—"Eternal blessings on him!" cried Harriet, "and to that Providence whose instrument he is."—"To have been of any service to Miss Annesly," replied a gentleman who now appeared leading his horse, "rewards itself."——It was Sindall!—"Gracious powers!" exclaimed the astonished Harriet, "can it be you, Sir Thomas?"—"Compose yourself, my dear Miss Annesly," said he, "lest the surprise of your deliverance should overpower your spirits."—He had opened the door of the chaise, and Har-

riet by a natural motion, made room for him to sit by her. He accordingly gave his horse to a servant, and stepped into the chaise, directing the driver to strike down a particular path, which would lead him to a small inn, where he had sometimes passed the night when a-hunting.

When he pulled up the glass, "Tell me, tell me, Sir Thomas," said Harriet, "what guardian angel directed you so unexpectedly to my relief?"—"That guardian angel, my fairest, which I trust will ever direct us to happiness; my love, my impatient love, that could not bear the tedious days which my Harriet's presence had ceased to brighten."——When she would have expressed the warmth of her gratitude for his services: "Speak not of them," said he; "I only risked a life in thy defence, which, without thee, it is nothing to possess."

They now reached that inn to which Sindall had directed them; where if they found a homely, yet it was a cordial reception. The landlady, who had the most obliging and attentive behaviour in the world, having heard of the accident which had befallen the lady, produced some waters which, she said, were highly cordial, and begged Miss Annesly to take a large glass of them; informing her, that they were made after a receipt of her grandmother's, who was one of the most notable doctresses in the country. Sir Thomas, however, was not satisfied with this prescription alone, but dispatched one of his servants to fetch a neighboring surgeon, as Miss Annesly's alarm, he said, might have more serious consequences than people, ignorant of such things, could imagine. For this surgeon, indeed, there seemed more employments than one; the sleeve of Sir Thomas's shirt was discovered to be all over blood, owing, as he imagined, to the grazing of a pistol ball which had been fired at him. This himself treated very lightly, but it awakened the fears and tenderness of Harriet in the liveliest manner.

The landlady now put a question, which indeed might naturally have suggested itself before; to wit, Whom they suspected to be the instigators of this outrage? Sir Thomas answered, that, for his part, he could form no probable conjecture about the matter; and, turning to Miss Annesly, asked her opinion on the subject; "Sure," said he, "It could not have been that ruffian who was rude to you at the inn where we dined." Harriet answered, that she could very well suppose it might; adding, that though in the confusion she did not pretend to have taken very distinct notice of things, yet she thought there was a person standing at the door, near to that drunken gentleman, who had some resemblance to the man that sat by her in the chaise.

They were interrupted by the arrival of the surgeon, which, from the vigilance of the servant happened in a much shorter

time than could have been expected; and Harriet peremptorily insisted, that, before he took any charge of her, he should examine and dress the wound on Sir Thomas's arm. To this, therefore, the baronet was obliged to consent; and after having been some time with the operator in an adjoining chamber, they returned together, Sir Thomas's arm being slung in a piece of crape, and the surgeon declaring, highly to Miss Annesly's satisfaction, that with proper care there was no sort of danger; though he added, that if the shot had taken a direction but half an inch more to the left, it would have shattered the bone to pieces. This last declaration drove the blood again from Harriet's cheek, and contributed, perhaps, more than any thing else, to that quickness and tremulation of pulse which the surgeon, on applying his finger to her wrist, pronounced to be the case. He ordered his patient to be undrest; which was accordingly done; the landlady accommodated her with a bedgown of her own; and then, having mulled a little wine, he mixed in it some powders of his own composition, a secret, he said, of the greatest efficacy in readjusting any disorders in the nervous system; of which draught he recommended a large teacup full to be taken immediately. Harriet objected strongly against these powders, till the surgeon seemed to grow angry at her refusal, and recapitulated in a very rapid manner, the success which their administration had in many great families who did him the honor of employing him. Harriet, the gentleness of whose nature could offend no one living, overcame her reluctance, and swallowed the dose that was offered her.

The indignation of my soul has with difficulty submitted so long to this cool description of a scene of the most exquisite villany. The genuineness of my tale needs not the aid of surprise to interest the feelings of my readers. It is with horror I tell them, that the various incidents, which this and the preceding chapter contain, were but the prelude of a design formed by Sindall for the destruction of that innocence, which was the dowry of Annesly's daughter. He had contrived a route the most proper for the success of his machinations, which the ignorance of Ryland was prevailed on to follow: he had bribed a set of banditti to execute that sham rape, which his seeming valor was to prevent; he had scratched his wrist with a penknife, to make the appearance of being wounded in the cause; he had trained his victim to the house of a wretch whom he had before employed in purposes of a similar kind; he had dressed one of his own creatures to personate a surgeon, and that surgeon, by his directions, had administered certain powders, of which the damnable effects were to assist the execution of his villany.

Beset with toils like these, his helpless prey was, alas! too

much in his power to have any chance of escape; and that guilty night completed the ruin of her, whom, but the day before, the friend of Sindall, in the anguish of his soul, had recommended to his care and protection.——

Let me close this chapter on the monstrous deed!—That such things are, is a thought distressful to humanity——their detail can gratify no mind that deserves to be gratified.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The situation of Harriet, and the conduct of Sindall.—They proceed homeward.—Some incidents in their journey.

I WOULD describe, if I could, the anguish which the recollection of the succeeding day brought on the mind of Harriet Annesly.—But it is in such passages, that the expression of the writer will do little justice even to his own feelings; much must therefore be left to those of the reader.

The poignancy of her own distress was doubled by the idea of her father's; a father's whose pride, whose comfort, but a few weeks ago, she had been, to whom she was now to return deprived of that innocence which could never be restored. I should rather say that honor; for guilt it could not be called, under the circumstances into which she had been betrayed; but the world has little distinction to make; and the fall of her, whom the deepest villany has circumvented, it brands with that common degree of infamy, which, in its justice, it always imputes to the side of the less criminal party.

Sindall's pity (for we will do him no injustice) might be touched; his passion was but little abated; and he employed the language of both to comfort the affliction he had caused. From the violence of what, by the perversion of words, is termed love, he excused the guilt of his past conduct, and protested his readiness to wipe it away by the future. He begged that Harriet would not suffer her delicacy to make her unhappy under the sense of their connexion; he vowed that he considered her as his wife, and that, as soon as particular circumstances would allow him, he would make her what the world called so, though the sacredness of his attachment was above being increased by any form whatever.

There was something in the mind of Harriet which allowed her little ease under all these protestations of regard; but they took off the edge of her present affliction, and she heard them,

if not with a warmth of hope, at least with an alleviation of despair.

They now set out on their return to the peaceful mansion of Annesly. How blissful, in any other circumstances, had Harriet imagined the sight of a father, whom she now trembled to behold!

They had not proceeded many miles, when they were met by Ryland, attended by a number of rustics, whom he had assembled for the purpose of searching after Miss Annesly. It was only indeed by the lower class that the account he gave had been credited, for which those who did not believe it cannot much be blamed, when we consider its improbability, and likewise that Jack's persuasive powers were not of a sort that easily induces persuasion, even when not disarranged by the confusion and fright of such an adventure.

His joy at finding Harriet safe in the protection of Sir Thomas, was equally turbulent with his former fears for her welfare. After rewarding his present associates with the greatest part of the money in his pocket, he proceeded, in a manner not the most distinct, to give an account of what befel himself subsequent to that violence which had torn him from his companion. The chaise, he said, into which he was forced, drove, by several cross roads, about three or four miles from the place where they were first attacked; it then stopping, his attendant commanded him to get out, and, pointing to a farmhouse, which by the light of the moon was discernible at some distance, told him, that, if he went thither, he would find accommodation for the night, and might pursue his journey with safety in the morning.

He now demanded, in his turn, a recital from Harriet of her share of their common calamity, which she gave him in the few words the present state of her spirits could afford. When she had ended, Ryland fell on his knees in gratitude to Sir Thomas for her deliverance. Harriet turned on Sindall a look infinitely expressive, and it was followed by a starting tear.

They had now proceeded to the next stage on their way homeward, Sindall declaring, that, after what had happened, he would, on no account, leave Miss Annesly, till he had delivered her safe into the hands of her father. She heard this speech with a sigh so deep, that if Ryland had possessed much penetration, he would have made conjectures of something uncommon in her mind; but he was guiltless of imputing to others, what his honesty never experienced in himself. Sir Thomas observed it better, and gently chid it by squeezing her hand in his.

At the inn where they first stopped, they met with a gentleman who made the addition of a fourth person to their party, being an officer who was going down to the same part of the

country on recruiting orders, and happened to be a particular acquaintance of Sir Thomas Sindall: his name was Camplin.

He afforded to their society an ingredient of which at present it seemed to stand pretty much in need; to wit, a proper share of mirth and humor, for which nature seemed by a profusion of animal spirits, to have very well fitted him. She had not perhaps bestowed on him much sterling wit; but she had given him abundance of that counterfeit assurance, which frequently passes more current than the real. In this company, to which chance had associated him, he had an additional advantage from the presence of Ryland, whom he very soon discovered to be of that order of men called Butts, those easy cushions (to borrow a metaphor of Otway's) on whom the wits of the world repose and fatten. Besides all this, he had a fund of conversation, arising from the adventures of a life, which according to his own account, he had passed equally in the perils of war and the luxuries of peace; his memoirs affording repeated instances of his valor in dangers of the field, his address in the society of the great, and his gallantry in connexions with the fair.

But lest the reader should imagine, that the real portraiture of this gentleman was to be found in those lineaments which he drew of himself, I will take the liberty candidly, though briefly, to communicate some particulars relating to his quality, his situation, and his character.

He was the son of a man who called himself an attorney, in a village adjoining to Sir Thomas Sindall's estate. His father, Sir William, with whom I made my readers a little acquainted in the beginning of my story, had found this same lawyer useful in carrying on some proceedings against his poor neighbors, which the delicacy of more established practitioners in the law might possibly have boggled at; and he had grown into consequence with the baronet, from that pliancy of disposition which was suited to his service. Not that Sir William was naturally cruel or oppressive, but he had an exalted idea of the consequence which a great estate confers on its possessor, which was irritated beyond measure when any favorite scheme of his was opposed by a man of little fortune, however just or proper his reasons for opposition might be; and, though a *good sort of man*, as I have before observed, his vengeance was implacable.

Young Camplin, who was nearly of an age with Mr. Tommy Sindall, was frequently at Sir William's in quality of a dependant companion to his son; and before the baronet died, he had procured him an ensign's commission in a regiment, which some years after was stationed in one of our garrisons abroad, where Camplin, much against his inclination, was under a necessity of joining it.

Here he happened to have an opportunity of obliging the chief in command, by certain little offices, which though not strictly honorable in themselves, are sanctioned by the favor and countenance of many honorable men; and so much did they attach his commander to the ensign, that the latter was very soon promoted by his interest to the rank of a lieutenant, and not long after was enabled to make a very advantageous purchase of a company.

With this patron also he returned to England, and was received at all times in a very familiar manner into his house; where he had the honor of carving good dishes, which he was sometimes permitted to taste, of laughing at jokes which he was sometimes allowed to make, and carried an obsequious face into all companies, who were not treated with such extraordinary respect as to preclude his approach.

About this time, his father, whose business in the country had not increased since the death of Sir William Sindall, had settled in London, where the reader will recollect the having met with him in a former chapter; but the captain, during his patron's residence there, lived too near St. James's to make many visits to Gray's Inn; and after that gentleman left the town, he continued to move amidst a circle of men of fashion, with whom he contrived to live in a manner which has been often defined by the expression of "nobody knows how:" which sort of life he had followed uninterruptedly without ever joining his regiment, till he was now obliged by the change of a colonel, to take some of the duty in his turn, and was ordered a-recruiting, as I have taken due occasion to relate.

In this company did Harriet return to her father. As the news of disaster is commonly speedy in its course, the good man had already been confusedly informed of the attack which had been made on his daughter. To him, therefore, this meeting was so joyful, as almost to blot from his remembrance the calamities which had lately befallen his family. But far different were the sensations of Harriet: she shrunk from the sight of a parent, of whose purity she now conceived herself unworthy, and fell blushing on his neck, which she bathed with a profusion of tears. This he imagined to proceed from her sensibility of those woes which her unhappy brother had suffered; and he forbore to take notice of her distress, any otherwise than by maintaining a degree of cheerfulness himself, much above what the feelings of his heart could warrant.

He was attended, when her fellow travellers accompanied Miss Annesly to his house, by a gentleman, whom he now introduced to her by the name of Rawlinson, saying he was a very worthy friend of his, who had lately returned from abroad

Harriet, indeed, recollected to have heard her father mention such a one in their conversation before. Though a good deal younger than Annesly, he had been a very intimate school-fellow of his in London, from which place he was sent to the East Indies, and returned as was common in those days, with some thousand pounds, and a good conscience, to his native country. A genuine plainness of manners, and a warm benevolence of heart, neither the refinements of life, nor the subtleties of traffic, had been able to weaken in Rawlinson; and he set out under the impression of both, immediately after his arrival in England, to visit a companion, whose virtues he remembered with veneration, and the value of whose friendship he had not forgotten. Annesly received him with the welcome which his fireside ever afforded to the worthy; and Harriet, through the dimness of her grief, smiled on the friend of her father.

CHAPTER XXV.

Something farther of Mr. Rawlinson.

Rawlinson found his reception so agreeable, that he lengthened his visit much beyond the limits which he at first intended it; and the earnest request of Annesly, to whom his friend's company was equally pleasing, extended them still a little farther.

During this period, he had daily opportunities of observing the amiable dispositions of Harriet. He observed, indeed, a degree of melancholy about her, which seemed extraordinary in one of her age; but he was satisfied to account for it, from the relation, which her father had given him, of the situation of his son, and that remarkable tenderness of which his daughter was susceptible. When viewed in this light, it added to the good opinion which he already entertained of her.

His esteem for Miss Annesly showed itself by every mark of attention, which a regard for the other sex unavoidably prompts in ours; and a young woman, or her father, who had no more penetration in those matters than is common to many, would not have hesitated to pronounce that Rawlinson was already the lover of Harriet. But as neither she nor her father had any wishes pointing that way, which had been one great index for discovery, they were void of any suspicion of his intentions, till he declared them to Annesly himself.

He did this with an openness and sincerity conformable to the whole of his character. He told his friend, that he had now made such a fortune as enabled him to live independently, and that he looked for a companion to participate it, whose good sense would improve what were worthy, and whose good nature would bear what were imperfect in him. He had discovered, he said, so much of both in the mind of Miss Annesly, that there needed not the recommendation of being the daughter of his worthiest friend to determine his choice; and that, though he was not old enough to be insensible to beauty, yet he was wise enough to consider it as the least of her good qualities. He added, that he made this application to her father, not to ask a partial exertion of his interest in his favor, but only, as the common friend of both, to reveal his intentions to Miss Harriet. "She has seen me," said he, "as I am; if not a romantic lover, I shall not be a different sort of being, should she accept of me for a husband; if she does not, I promise you, I shall be far from being offended, and will always endeavor to retain her for my friend, whom I have no right to blame for not choosing to be my wife."

Annesly communicated this proposal to his daughter, with a fairness, worthy of that with which it had been entrusted to him: "I come not," said he, "my Harriet, as a despot to command, not as a father to persuade, but merely as the friend of Mr. Rawlinson, to disclose his sentiments; that you should judge for yourself, in a matter of the highest importance to you, is the voice of reason and of nature: I blush for those parents who have thought otherwise. I would not even, with a view to this particular case, obtrude my advice; in general, you have heard my opinion before, that the violence which we have been accustomed to apply to love, is not always necessary towards happiness in marriage; at the same time that it is a treason of the highest kind in a woman to take him for a husband, whom a decent affection has not placed in that situation, whence alone she should choose one. But my Harriet has not merely been taught sentiments; I know she has learned the art of forming them; and here she shall be entrusted entirely to her own."

The feelings of Harriet on this proposal, and the manner in which her father communicated it, were of so tender a kind, that she could not restrain her tears. There wanted, indeed, but little to induce her to confess all that had passed with Sindall, and throw herself on the clemency of her indulgent parent. Had she practised this sincerity, which is the last virtue we should ever part with, how happy had it been! But it required a degree of fortitude, as well as softness, to make this discovery; besides, that her seducer had, with the tenderest entreaties, and assur-

ances of a speedy reparation of her injuries, prevailed on her to give him something like a promise of secrecy.

Her answer to this offer of Mr. Rawlinson's, expressed her sense of the obligation she lay under to him, and to her father; she avowed an esteem for his character equal to its excellence, but that it amounted not to that tender regard which she must feel for the man whom she could think of making her husband.

Rawlinson received his friend's account of this determination without discomposure. He said, he knew himself well enough to believe that Miss Annesly had made an honest and a proper declaration; and begged to have an interview with herself, to show her that he conceived not the smallest resentment at her refusal, which, on the contrary, though it destroyed his hopes, had increased his veneration for her.

"Regard me not," said he to her when they met, "with that aspect of distance, as if you had offended or affronted me; let me not lose that look of kindness which, as the friend of your father and yourself, I have formerly experienced. I confess there is one disparity between us, which we elderly men are apt to forget, but which I take no offence at being put in mind of. It is more than probable that I shall never be married at all. Since I am not a match for you, Miss Annesly, I would endeavor to make you somewhat better, if it is possible, for another; do me the favor to accept of this paper, and let it speak for me, that I would contribute to your happiness, without the selfish consideration of its being made one with my own." So saying he bowed, and retired into an adjoining apartment, where his friend was seated. Harriet, upon opening the paper, found it to contain bank bills to the amount of a thousand pounds. Her surprise at this instance of generosity held her, for a few moments, fixed to the spot; but she no sooner recollected herself, than she followed Mr. Rawlinson, and putting the paper, with its contents, into his hand, "Though I feel, Sir," said she, "with the utmost gratitude, those sentiments of kindness and generosity you have expressed towards me, you will excuse me, I hope, from receiving this mark of them."—Rawlinson's countenance betrayed some indications of displeasure.—"You do wrong," said he, "young lady, and I will be judged by your father——This was a present, Sir, I intended for the worthiest woman—the daughter of my worthiest friend; she is a woman still, I see, and her pride will no more than her affections submit itself to my happiness." Annesly looked upon the bank bills: "There is a delicacy, my best friend," said he, "in our situation; the poor must ever be cautious, and there is a certain degree of pride which is their safest virtue."—"Let me tell you," interrupted the other, "this is not the pride of virtue. It

is that fantastic nicety which is a weakness in the soul, and the dignity of great minds is above it. Believe me, the churlishness which cannot oblige, is little more selfish, though in a different mode, than the haughtiness which will not be obliged."

"We are instructed, my child," said Annesly, delivering her the paper; "let us show Mr. Rawlinson that we have not that narrowness of mind which he has censured; and that we will pay that last tribute to his worth which the receiving of a favor bestows."

"Indeed, Sir," said Harriet, "I little deserve it; I am not, I am not what he thinks me.—I am not worthy of his regard." And she burst into tears. They knew not why she wept; but their eyes shed each a sympathetic drop, without asking their reason's leave.

Mr. Rawlinson speedily set out for London, where his presence was necessary towards dispatching some business he had left unfinished, after his return to England. He left his friend, and his friend's amiable daughter, with a tender regret; while they, who, in their humble walk of life, had few to whom that title would belong, felt his absence with an equal emotion. He promised, however, at his departure, to make them another visit with the return of the spring.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Captain Camplin is again introduced.—The situation of Miss Annesly, with that gentleman's concern in her affairs.

His place was but ill supplied, at their winter's fireside, by the occasional visits of Camplin, whom Sindall had introduced to Annesly's acquaintance. Yet, though this was a character on which Annesly could not bestow much of his esteem, it had some good-humored qualities, which did not fail to entertain and amuse him. But the captain seemed to be less agreeable in that quarter to which he principally pointed his attention, to wit, the opinion of Harriet, to whom he took frequent occasion to make those speeches, which have just enough of folly in them to acquire the name of compliments, and sometimes even ventured to turn them in so particular a manner, as if he wished to have them understood to mean somewhat more.

The situation of the unfortunate Harriet was such as his pleasantry could not divert, and his attachment could only disgust. As she had lost that peace of mind which inward satis-

faction alone can bestow, so she felt the calamity doubled, by that obligation to secrecy she was under, and the difficulty which her present condition (for she was now with child) made such a concealment be attended with. Often had she determined to reveal, either to her father or to Mrs. Wistanly, who, of her own sex, was her only friend, the story of her dishonor; but Sindall, by repeated solicitations when in the country, and a constant correspondence when in town, conjured her to be silent, for some little time, till he could smooth the way for bestowing his hand on the only woman whom he had ever sincerely loved. One principal reason for his postponing their union, had always been the necessity for endeavoring to gain over the assent of his grandfather by the mother's side, from whom Sindall had great expectations; he had, from time to time, suggested this as difficult, and only to be attempted with caution, from the proud and touchy disposition of the old gentleman. He now represented him as in a very declining state of health; and that, probably, in a very short time, his death would remove this obstacle to the warmest wish of a heart that was ever faithful to his Harriet. The flattering language of his letters could not arrest the progress of that time, which must divulge the shame of her he had undone; but they soothed the tumults of a soul to whom his villany was yet unkown, and whose affection his appearance of worth, of friendship, and nobleness of mind, had but too much entangled.

However imperfectly he had accounted for delaying a marriage, which he always professed his intention to perform, the delusion was kept up in the expectations of Harriet, till that period began to draw near, when it would be impossible any longer to conceal from the world the effects of their intimacy. Then, indeed, her uneasiness was not to be allayed by such excuses as Sindall had before relied on her artless confidence to believe. He wrote her, therefore, an answer to a letter full of the most earnest as well as tender expostulations, informing her of his having determined to run any risk of inconvenience to himself, rather than suffer her to remain longer in a state, such as she had (pathetically indeed) described—That he was to set out in a few days for the country, to make himself indissolubly hers; but that it was absolutely necessary that she should allow him to conduct their marriage in a particular manner, which he would communicate to her on his arrival; and begged, as she valued his peace and her own, that the whole matter might still remain inviolably secret, as she had hitherto kept it.

In a few days after the receipt of this letter, she received a note from Camplin, importing his desire to have an interview with her on some particular business, which related equally to

her and to Sir Thomas Sindall. The time appointed was early in the morning of the succeeding day; and the place a little walk which the villagers used to frequent in holiday times, at the back of her father's garden. This was delivered to her, in a secret manner, by a little boy, an attendant of that gentleman's, who was a frequent guest in Annesly's kitchen, from his talent at playing the flageolet, which he had acquired in the capacity of a drummer to the regiment to which his master belonged. Mysterious as the contents of this note was, the mind of Harriet easily suggested to her, that Camplin had been, in some respect at least, let into the confidence of Sir Thomas. She now felt the want of that dignity which innocence bestows; she blushed and trembled, even in the presence of this little boy, because he was Camplin's; and, with a shaking hand, scrawled a note in answer to that he had brought her, to let his master know that she would meet him at the hour he had appointed.—She met him accordingly.

He began with making many protestations of his regard, both for Miss Annesly and the baronet, which had induced him, he said, to dedicate himself to the service of both in this affair, though it was a matter of such delicacy as he would not otherwise have chosen to interfere in; and, putting into her hand a letter from Sindall, told her, he had taken measures for carrying into execution the purpose it contained.

It informed her that Sir Thomas was in the house of an old domestic at some miles distance, where he waited to be made her's. That he had for this secrecy many reasons, with which he could not by such a conveyance make her acquainted, but which her own prudence would probably suggest. He concluded by recommending her to the care and protection of Camplin, whose honor he warmly extolled.

She paused a moment on the perusal of this billet.—"Oh! heavens!" said she, "to what have I reduced myself! Mr. Camplin, what am I to do? Whither are you to carry me? Pardon my confusion—I scarce know what I say to you."

"I have a chaise-and-four ready," answered Camplin, "at the end of the lane, which in an hour or two, Madam, will convey you to Sir Thomas Sindall."—"But my father! good Heaven! to leave my father!" "Consider," said he, "it is for a very little while. My boy shall carry a note to acquaint him that you are gone on a visit, and will return in the evening." "Return! methinks I feel a foreboding that I shall never return." He put a piece of paper and a pencil into her hand; the note was written, and dispatched by the boy, to whom he beckoned at some distance where he had waited. "Now, Madam," said he, "let me conduct you."——Her knees knocked so against each other

that it was with difficulty she could walk, even with the support of his arm. They reached the chaise, a servant, who stood by it, opened the door to admit her; she put her foot on the step, then drew it back again. "Be not afraid, Madam," said Camplin, "You go to be happy." She put her foot up again, and stood in that attitude a moment; she cast back a look to the little mansion of her father, whence the smoke was now rolling its volumes in the calm of a beautiful morning. A gush of tenderness swelled her heart at the sight. She burst into tears—But the crisis of her fate was come—and she entered the carriage, which drove off at a furious rate, Camplin commanding the postilion to make as much speed as possible.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The effects which the event contained in the preceding chapter had on Mr. Annesly.

THE receipt of that note which Harriet was persuaded by Camplin to write to her father, (intimating, that she was gone upon a visit to a family in the neighborhood, and not to return till the evening,) though her time of going abroad was somewhat unusual, did not create any surprise in the mind of Annesly; but it happened that Mrs. Wistanly, who called in the afternoon to inquire after her young friend, had just left the very house where her message imported her visit to be made. This set her father on conjecturing, yet without much anxiety, and with no suspicion; but his fears were redoubled when, having set up till a very late hour, no tidings arrived of his daughter. He went to bed, however, though it could not afford him sleep; at every bark of the village dogs his heart bounded with the hopes of her return; but the morning arose, and did not restore him his Harriet.

His uneasiness had been observed by his servants, to whom he was too indulgent a master to have his interests considered by them with less warmth than their own. Abraham, therefore, who was coeval with his master, and had served him ever since he was married, had sallied forth by day break in search of intelligence. He was met accidentally by a huntsman of Sir Thomas Sindall's, who informed him, that as he crossed the lane at the back of the village the morning before, he saw Miss Annesly leaning on Captain Camplin's arm, and walking with him towards a chaise-and-four, which stood at the end of it.

Abraham's cheeks grew pale at this intelligence, because he had a sort of instinctive terror for Camplin, who was in use to make his awkward simplicity a fund for many jests and tricks of mischief, during his visits to Annesly. He hastened home to communicate this discovery to his master, which he did with a faltering tongue, and many ejaculations of fear and surprise. Annesly received it with less emotion, though not without an increase of uneasiness. "Yonder," said Abraham, looking through the window, "is the captain's little boy;" and he ran out of the room to bring him to an examination. The lad, upon being interrogated, confessed that his master had sent him to hire a chaise, which was to be in waiting at the end of that lane I have formerly mentioned, at an early hour in the morning, and that he saw Miss Annesly go into it attended by the captain, who had not, any more than Miss Harriet, been at home or heard of since that time. This declaration deprived Annesly of utterance; but it only added to the warmth of Abraham's inquisition, who now mingling threats with his questions, drew from the boy the secret of his having privately delivered a letter from his master to Miss Annesly, the very night preceding the day of their departure; and that a man of his acquaintance, who had stopped about midday at the ale house where he was quartered, told him, by way of conversation, that he had met his master with a lady, whom he supposed, jeeringly, he was running away with, driving at a great rate on the road towards London. Abraham made a sign to the boy to leave the room. "My poor dear young lady!" said he, as he shut the door, and the tears gushed from his eyes. His master's were turned upwards to that Being to whom calamity ever directed them. The maidservant now entered the room, uttering some broken exclamations of sorrow, which a violent sobbing rendered inarticulate. Annesly had finished his account with Heaven; and addressing her with a degree of calmness, which the good man could derive only thence, asked her the cause of her being afflicted in so unusual a manner. "Oh, Sir!" said she, stifling her tears, "I have heard what the captain's boy has been telling; I fear it is but too true, and worse than you imagine! God forgive me, if I wrong Miss Harriet; but I suspect—I have suspected for some time"—she burst into tears again—"that my young lady is with child." Annesly had stretched his fortitude to the utmost—this last blow overcame it, and he fell senseless on the floor! Abraham threw himself down by him, tearing his white locks, and acting all the frantic extravagances of grief. But the maid was more useful to her master; and having raised him gently, and chafed his temples, he began to show some signs of reviving, when Abraham recollected himself so far as to assist his fellow servant in car-

rying him to his chamber, and laying him on his bed, where he recovered the powers of life, and the sense of his misfortune.

Their endeavors for his recovery were seconded by Mrs. Wistanly, who had made this early visit to satisfy some doubts which she, as well as Annesly, had conceived, even from the information of the preceding day. When he first regained the use of speech, he complained of a violent shivering, for which this good lady, from the little skill she possessed in physic, prescribed some simple remedies, and at the same time dispatched Abraham for an apothecary in the neighborhood, who commonly attended the family.

Before this gentleman arrived, Annesly had received so much temporary relief from Mrs. Wistanly's prescriptions, as to be able to speak with more ease, than the incessant quivering of his lips had before allowed him to do. "Alas!" said he, "Mrs. Wistanly, have you heard of my Harriet?" "I have, Sir," said she, "with equal astonishment and sorrow; yet let me entreat you not to abandon that hope which the present uncertainty may warrant. I cannot allow myself to think that things are so ill as your servants have informed me." "My foreboding heart," said he, "tells me they are; I remember many circumstances now, which all meet to confirm my fears. Oh! Mrs. Wistanly, she was my darling, the idol of my heart! perhaps too much so —the will of heaven be done!"—

The apothecary now arrived, who, upon examining into the state of his patient, ordered some warm applications to remove that universal coldness he complained of, and left him with a promise of returning in a few hours, when he had finished some visits, which he was under a necessity of making in the village.

When he returned, he found Mr. Annesly altered for the worse; the cold which the latter felt before, having given place to a burning heat. He therefore told Mrs. Wistanly, at going away, that in the evening he would bring a physician, with whom he had an appointment at a gentleman's not very distant, to see Mr. Annesly as his situation appeared to him to be attended with some alarming circumstances.

His fears of danger were justified by the event. When these gentlemen saw Mr. Annesly in the evening, his fever was increased. Next day, after a restless night, they found every bad symptom confirmed; they tried every method which medical skill could suggest for his relief, but, during four successive days, their endeavors proved ineffectual; and at the expiration of that time, they told his friend, Mrs. Wistanly, who had enjoyed almost as little sleep as the sick man whom she watched, that unless some favorable crisis should happen soon, the worst consequences were much to be feared.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The arrival of Mr. Rawlinson.—Annesly's discourse with him.—That gentleman's account of his friend's illness, and its consequences.

At this melancholy period it happened that Mr. Rawlinson arrived, in pursuance of that promise which Annesly had obtained from him, at the time of his departure for London. There needed not that warmth of heart we have formerly described in this gentleman, to feel the accumulated distress to which his worthy friend was reduced. Nor was his astonishment at the account which he received of Harriet's elopement less than his pity for the sufferings it had brought upon her father. From the present situation of Annesly's family, he did not choose to incommode them with any trouble of provision for him. He took up his quarters, therefore, at the only inn, a paltry one indeed, which the village afforded, and resolved to remain there till he saw what issue his friend's present illness should have, and endeavor to administer some comfort, either to the last moments of his life, or to that affliction which his recovery could not remove.

In the evening of the day on which he arrived, Annesly seemed to feel a sort of relief from the violence of his disease. He spoke with a degree of coolness which he had never before been able to command; and after having talked some little time with his physicians, he told Abraham, who seldom quitted his bedside, that he thought he had seen Mr. Rawlinson enter the room in the morning, though he was in a confused slumber at the time, and might have mistaken a dream for the reality. Upon Abraham's informing him that Mr. Rawlinson had been there, and he had left the house but a moment before, and that he was to remain in the village for some time, he expressed the warmest satisfaction at the intelligence; and having made Abraham fetch him a paper which lay in his bureau, sealed up in a particular manner, he dispatched him to the inn where his friend was, with a message, importing an earnest desire to see him as soon as should be convenient.

Rawlinson had already returned to the house, and was by this time stealing up stairs, to watch at the bedside of his friend, for which task Mrs. Wistanly's former unceasing solicitude had now rendered her unfit. He was met by Abraham with a gleam of joy on his countenance, from the happy change which he thought he observed in his master; and was conducted to the side of the

bed by that faithful domestic, who placed him in a chair that the doctor had just occupied by his patient.

Annesly stretched out his hands, and squeezed that of Rawlinson between them for some time, without speaking a word. "I bless God," said he at last, "that he has sent me a comforter, at a moment when I so much need one. You must by this time have heard, my friend, of that latest and greatest of my family misfortunes, with which Providence has afflicted me."—"You know, my dear Sir," answered Rawlinson, "that no one would more sincerely feel for your sorrows than I; but at present it is a subject to tender for you."—"Do not say so," replied his friend; "it will ease my laboring heart to speak of it to my Rawlinson; but in the first place I have a little business which I will now despatch. Here is a deed making over all my effects to you, Sir, and at your death, to any one you shall name your executor in that trust for my children—if I have any children remaining!—Into your hands I deliver it with a peculiar satisfaction, and I know there will not need the desire of a dying friend to add to your zeal for their service.—Why should that word startle you? death is to me a messenger of consolation!" He paused:—Rawlinson put up the paper in silence; for his heart was too full to allow him the use of words for an answer.

"When I lost my son," continued Annesly, "I suffered in silence; and though it preyed on me in secret, I bore up against the weight of my sorrow, that I might not weaken in myself that stay which Heaven had provided for my Harriet.—She was then my only remaining comfort, saved like some precious treasure from the shipwreck of my family; and I fondly hoped that my age might go down smoothly to its rest, amidst the endearments of a father's care. I have now lived to see the last resting place which my soul could find in this world, laid waste and desolate!—yet to that Being, whose goodness is infinite as his ways are inscrutable, let me bend in reverence! I bless his name that he has not yet taken from me that trust in him, which to lose is the only irredeemable calamity. It is now indeed that I feel its efficacy most, when every ray of human comfort is extinguished. As for me—my deliverance is at hand; I feel something here at my heart that tells me I shall not have long to strive with insufferable affliction. My poor deluded daughter—I commit to thee, Father of all! by whom the wanderings of thy unhappy children are seen with pity, and to whom their return cannot be too late to be accepted: if my friend should live to see her look back with contrition towards that path from which she has strayed, I know his goodness will lead her steps to find it. Show her her father's grave; yet spare her for his sake, who cannot then comfort or support her."

The rest of this narration I will give the reader in Mr. Rawlinson's own words, from a letter of his I have now lying before me, of which I will transcribe the latter part, beginning its recital at the close of this pathetic address of his friend.

"As I have been told," says this gentleman, "that he had not enjoyed one sound sleep since his daughter went away, I left him now to compose himself to rest, desiring his servant to call me instantly if he observed any thing particular about his master. He whispered me, 'that when he sat up with him in the night before, he could overhear him at times talk wildly, and mutter to himself like one speaking in one's sleep; that then he would start, sigh deeply, and seem again to recollect himself.' I went back to his master's bedside, and begged him to endeavor to calm his mind so much as not to prevent that repose which he stood so greatly in need of. 'I have prevailed on my physician,' answered he, 'to give me an opiate for that purpose, and I think I now feel drowsy from its effects.' I wished him good night. 'Good night,' said he,—'but give me your hand; it is perhaps the last time I shall ever clasp it!' He lifted up his eyes to heaven, holding my hand in his, then turned away his face, and laid his head upon his pillow. I could not lay mine to rest. Alas! said I, that such should be the portion of virtue like Annesly's; yet to arraign the distribution of Providence, had been to forget that lesson which the best of men had just been teaching me; but the doubtings, the darkness of feeble man, still hung about my heart.

"When I sent in the morning, I was told that he was still asleep, but that his rest was observed to be frequently disturbed by groans and startings, and that he breathed much thicker than he had ever hitherto done. I went myself to get more perfect intelligence; his faithful Abraham met me at the door. 'Oh! Sir,' said he, 'my poor master!'—'What is the matter?'—'I fear, Sir, he is not in his perfect senses; for he talks more wildly than ever, and yet he is broad awake.'—He led me into the room; I placed myself directly before him; but his eye, though it was fixed on mine did not seem to acknowledge his object. There was a glazing on it that deadened its look.

"He muttered something in a very low voice. 'How does my friend?' said I.—He suffered me to take his hand, but answered nothing. After listening some time, I could hear the name of Harriet. 'Do you want any thing, my dear Sir?' He moved his lips but I heard not what he said. I repeated my question; he looked up piteously in my face, then turned his eye round as if he missed some object on which it meant to rest. He shivered, and caught hold of Abraham's hand, who stood at the side of the bed opposite me. He looked round

again, then uttered with a feeble and broken voice, 'Where is my Harriet? lay your hand on my head—this hand is not my Harriet's—she is dead, I know:—you will not speak—my poor child is dead! yet I dreamed she was alive, and had left me; left me to die alone!—I have seen her weep at the death of a linnet! poor soul! she was not made for this world—we shall meet in heaven!—Bless her! bless her! there! may you be as virtuous as your mother, and more fortunate than your father has been!—My head is strangely convulsed!—but, tell me, when did she die? you should have waked me that I might have prayed by her. Sweet innocence, she had no crimes to confess!—I can speak but ill, for my tongue sticks to my mouth.—Yet—oh!—Most Merciful, strengthen and support.'—He shivered again—'into thy hands'—He groaned and died!"

Sindall! and ye who like Sindall—but I cannot speak! speak for me their consciences!

CHAPTER XXIX.

What befel Harriet Annesly on her leaving her father.

I AM not in a disposition to stop in the midst of this part of my recital, solicitous to embellish or studious to arrange it. My readers shall receive it simple, as becomes a tale of sorrow, and I flatter myself, they are at this moment readier to feel than to judge it.

They have seen Harriet Annesly, by the artifice of Sindall, and the agency of Camplin, tempted to leave the house of her father, in hopes of meeting the man who had betrayed her, and of receiving that only reparation for her injuries which it was now in his power to make.

But Sir Thomas never entertained the most distant thought of that marriage, with the hopes of which he had deluded her. Yet, though he was not subject to the internal principles of honor or morality, he was man of the world enough to know their value in the estimation of others. The virtues of Annesly had so much endeared him to every one within their reach, that this outrage of Sindall's against him, under the disguise of sacred friendship and regard, would have given the interest and character of Sir Thomas such a blow, as he could not easily have recovered, nor conveniently borne. It is not therefore to be

wondered at, that he wished for some expedient to conceal it from the eyes of the public.

For this purpose he had formed a scheme, which all the knowledge he had of the delicacy of Harriet's affection for him, did not prevent his thinking practicable, (for the female who once falls from innocence, is held to be sunk into perpetual debasement;) and that was to provide a husband for her in the person of another. And for that husband he pitched on Camplin, with whose character he was too well acquainted, to doubt the bringing him over to any baseness which danger did not attend, and a liberal reward was to follow. Camplin, who at this time was in great want of money, and had always an appetite for those pleasures which money alone can purchase, agreed to his proposals; they settled the dowry of his future wife, and the scheme which he undertook to procure her. Part of its execution I have already related; I proceed to relate the rest.

When they had been driven with all the fury which Camplin had enjoined the postilions, for about eight or nine miles, they stopped at an inn, where they changed horses. Harriet expressed her surprise at their not having already reached the place where Sir Thomas waited them: on which Camplin told her, that it was not a great way off, but that the roads were very bad, and that he observed the horses to be exceedingly jaded.

After having proceeded some miles further, on a road still more wild and less frequented, she repeated her wonder at the length of the way; on which Camplin, entreating her pardon for being concerned in any how deceiving her, confessed that Sir Thomas was at a place much further from her father's than he had made her believe; which deceit he had begged of him (Camplin) to practise, that she might not be alarmed at the distance, which was necessary, he said, for that plan of secrecy Sir Thomas had formed for his marriage. Her fears were sufficiently roused at this intelligence, but it was now too late to retreat, however terrible it might be to go on.

Some time after they stopped to breakfast, and changed horses again, Camplin informing her, that it was the last time they should have occasion to do so. Accordingly, in little more than an hour, during which the speed of their progress was nowise abated, they halted at the door of a house, which Harriet, upon coming out of the chaise, immediately recollected to be that fatal one to which Sindall had before conveyed her. She felt on entering it, a degree of horror, which the remembrance of that guilty night she had before passed under its roof, could not fail to suggest, and it was with difficulty she dragged her trembling steps to a room above stairs, whither the landlady, with a profusion of civility, conducted her.

"Where is Sir Thomas Sindall?" said she, looking about with terror on the well-remembered objects around her. Camplin, shutting the door of the chamber, told her, with a look of the utmost tenderness and respect, that Sir Thomas was not then in the house, but had desired him to deliver her a letter, which he now put into her hand for her perusal. It contained what follows:

"It is with inexpressible anguish I inform my ever dearest Harriet, of my inability to perform engagements, of which I acknowledge the solemnity, and which necessity alone has power to cancel. The cruelty of my grandfather is deaf to all the remonstrances of my love; and having accidentally discovered my attachment for you, he insists upon my immediately setting out on my travels;—a command which, in my present situation, I find myself obliged to comply with. I feel, with the most poignant sorrow and remorse, for that condition to which our ill-fated love has reduced the loveliest of her sex. I would therefore, endeavor, if possible, to conceal the shame which the world arbitrarily affixes to it. With this view, I have laid aside all selfish considerations, so much as to yield to the suit of Mr. Camplin that hand, which I had once the happiness of expecting for myself. This step the exigency of your present circumstances renders highly eligible, if your affections can bend themselves to a man, of whose honor and good qualities I have had the strongest proofs, and who has generosity enough to impute no crime to that ardency of the noblest passion of the mind, which has subjected you to the obloquy of the undiscerning multitude. As Mrs. Camplin, you will possess the love and affection of that worthiest of my friends, together with the warmest esteem and regard of your unfortunate, but ever devoted, humble servant,

"Thomas Sindall."

Camplin was about to offer his commentary upon this letter; but Harriet, whose spirits had just supported her to the end of it, lay now lifeless at his feet. After several successive faintings, from which Camplin, the landlady, and other assistants, with difficulty recovered her, a shower of tears came at last to her relief, and she became able to articulate some short exclamations of horror and despair! Camplin threw himself on his knees before her. He protested the most sincere and disinterested passion; and that, if she would bless him with the possession of so many amiable qualities as she possessed, the uniform endeavor of his life should be to promote her happiness.—"I think not of thee," she exclaimed; "Oh! Sindall! perfidious, cruel, deliberate villain!" Camplin again interrupted her, with protestations of his own affection and regard. "Away!" said she

"and let me hear no more! Or, if thou wouldst show thy friendship, carry me to that father from whom thou stolest me.—You will not—but if I can live so long, I will crawl to his feet, and expire before him."

She was running towards the door; Camplin gently stopped her. "My dearest Miss Annesly," said he, "recollect yourself but a moment; let me conjure you think of your own welfare, and of that father's whom you so justly love. For these alone could Sir Thomas Sindall have thought of the expedient which he proposes. If you will now become the wife of your adoring Camplin, the time of the celebration of our marriage need not be told to the world: under the sanction of that holy tie, every circumstance of detraction will be overlooked, and that life may be made long and happy, which your unthinking rashness would cut off from yourself and your father."—Harriet had listened little to this speech; but the swelling of her anger had subsided; she threw herself into a chair; and burst again into tears. Camplin drew nearer, and pressed her hand in his: she drew it hastily from him: "If you have any pity," she cried, "I entreat you for Heaven's sake to leave me." He bowed respectfully and retired, desiring the landlady to attend Miss Annesly, and endeavor to afford her some assistance and consolation.

She had, indeed, more occasion for her assistance than he was then aware of; the violent agitation of her spirits having had such an effect on her, that, though she wanted a month of her time, she was suddenly seized with the pains of childbirth; and they were but just able to procure a woman who acted as a midwife in the neighborhood, when she was delivered of a girl. Distracted as her soul was, this new object drew forth its instinctive tenderness; she mingled tears with her kisses on its cheeks, and forgot the shame attending its birth, in the natural meltings of a mother.

For about a week after her delivery she recovered tolerably well, and indeed those about her spared no pains or attention to contribute towards her recovery; but, at the end of that period, an accident threw her into the most dangerous situation. She was lying in a slumber, with a nurse watching her, when a servant of Sir Thomas Sindall's, whom his master had employed very actively in the progress of his designs on Miss Annesly, entered the room with a look of the utmost consternation and horror; the nurse beckoned to him to make no noise, signifying, by her gestures, that the lady was asleep; but the opening of the door had already awakened her, and she lay listening, when he told the cause of his emotion. It was the intelligence which he had just accidentally received of Mr. Annesly's death. The effect of this shock on his unfortunate daughter may be easily

imagined; every fatal symptom, which sudden terror or surprise causes in women at such a season of weakness, was the consequence, and next morning a delirium succeeded them.

She was not, however, without intervals of reason; though these were but intervals of anguish much more exquisite. Yet she would sometimes express a sort of calmness and submission to the will of Heaven, though it was always attended with the hopes of a speedy relief from the calamities of her existence.

In one of these hours of recollection, she was asked by her attendants, whose pity was now moved at her condition, if she chose to have any friend sent for, who might tend to alleviate her distress; upon which she had command enough of herself to dictate a letter to Mrs. Wistanly, reciting briefly the miseries she had endured, and asking, with great diffidence, however, of obtaining, if she could pardon her offences so far, as to come and receive the parting breath of her once innocent and much-loved Harriet. This letter was accordingly dispatched: and she seemed to feel a relief from having accomplished it; but her reason had held out beyond its usual limits of exertion; and immediately after she relapsed into her former unconnectedness.

Soon after the birth of her daughter, Camplin, according to his instructions, had proposed sending it away, under the charge of a nurse whom the landlady had procured, to a small hamlet, where she resided, at a little distance. But this the mother opposed with such earnestness, that the purpose had been delayed till now, when it was given up to the care of this woman, accompanied with a considerable sum of money to provide every necessary for its use, in the most ample and sumptuous manner.

When Mrs. Wistanly received the letter we have mentioned above, she was not long in doubt as to complying with its request. Her heart bled for the distresses of that once amiable friend, whom virtue might now blame, but goodness could not forsake. She set out therefore immediately in a chaise, which Camplin had provided for her, and reached the house, to which it conveyed her on the morning of the following day, her impatience not suffering her to consider either the danger or inconvenience of travelling all night.—From her recital, I took down the account contained in the following chapter.

CHAPTER XXX.

Mrs. Wistanly's recital.—Conclusion of the first part.

When I entered the house, and had got upon the stairs leading to the room in which Harriet lay, I heard a voice enchantingly sweet, but low, and sometimes broken, singing snatches of songs, varying from the sad to the gay, and from the gay to the sad: it was she herself, sitting up in her bed, fingering her pillow as if it had been an harpsichord. It is not easy to conceive the horror I felt on seeing her in such a situation! She seemed unconscious of my approach, though her eye was turned towards me as I entered; only that she stopped in the midst of a quick and lively movement she had begun, and looking wistfully upon me, breathed such a note of sorrow, and dwelt on it with a cadence so mournful, that my heart lost all the firmness I had resolved to preserve, and I flung my arms round her neck, which I washed with my bursting tears!—The traces which her brain could now only recollect, were such as did not admit of any object long; I had passed over it in the moment of my entrance, and it now wandered from the idea; she paid no regard to my caresses, but pushed me gently from her, gazing steadfastly in an opposite direction towards the door of the apartment. A servant entered with some medicine he had been sent to procure; she put it by when I offered it to her, and kept looking earnestly upon him; she ceased her singing too, and seemed to articulate certain imperfect sounds. For some time I could not make them out to be words, but at last she spoke more distinctly, and with a firmer tone——

"You saved my life once, Sir, and I could then thank you, because I wished to preserve it;—but now—no matter, he is happier than I would have him.—I would have nursed the poor old man till he had seen some better days! bless his white beard!—look there! I have heard how they grow in the grave! —poor old man!"———

You weep, my dear Sir; but had you heard her speak these words! I can but coldly repeat them.

All that day she continued in a state of delirium and insensibility to every object around her; towards evening she seemed exhausted with fatigue, and the tossing of her hands, which her frenzy had caused, grew languid, as of one breathless and worn out; about midnight she dropped asleep.

I sat with her during the night, and when she waked in the

morning, she gave signs of having recovered her senses, by recollecting me and calling me by my name. At first, indeed, her questions were irregular and wild; but in a short time she grew so distinct, as to thank me for having complied with the request of her letter: "'Tis an office of unmerited kindness, which," said she (and I could observe her let fall a tear), "will be the last your unwearied friendship for me will have to bestow." I answered, that I hoped not. "Ah! Mrs. Wistanly," she replied, "can you hope so? you are not my friend if you do." I wished to avoid a subject which her mind was little able to bear, and therefore made no other return than by kissing her hand, which she had stretched out to me as she spoke.

At that moment we heard some unusual stir below stairs, and, as the floor was thin and ill laid, the word *child* was very distinctly audible from every tongue. Upon this she started up in her bed, and with a look piteous and wild beyond description, exclaimed, "Oh! my God! what of my child?"—She had scarcely uttered the words, when the landlady entered the room, and showed sufficiently by her countenance that she had some dreadful tale to tell. By signs I begged her to be silent.—"What is become of my infant?" cried Harriet,—"No ill, madam," answered the woman, faltering, "is come to it, I hope." "Speak," said she, "I charge you, for I will know the worst: speak, as you would give peace to my departing soul!" springing out of bed, and grasping the woman's hands with all her force. It was not easy to resist so solemn a charge.—"Alas!" said the landlady, "I fear she is drowned; for the nurse's cloak and the child's wrapper have been found in some ooze which the river had carried down below the ford."—She let go the woman's hands, and wringing her own together, threw up her eyes to heaven, till their sight was lost in the sockets.—We were supporting her, each of us holding one of her arms.—She fell on her knees between us, and dropping her hands for a moment, then raising them again, uttered with a voice, that sounded hollow, as if sunk within her:

"Power Omnipotent! who wilt not lay on thy creatures calamity beyond their strength to bear! if thou hast not yet punished me enough, continue to pour out the phials of thy wrath upon me, and enable me to support what thou inflictest! But if my faults are expiated, suffer me to rest in peace, and graciously blot out the offences which thy judgments have punished here!"—She continued in the same posture for a few moments; then, leaning on us as if she meant to rise, bent her head forward, and drawing her breath strongly, expired in our arms.

Such was the conclusion of Mrs. Wistanly's tale of wo!

Spirits of gentleness and peace! who look with such pity as angels feel, on the distresses of mortality! often have ye seen me laboring under the afflictions which Providence had laid upon me. Ye have seen me in a strange land, without friend, and without comforter, poor, sick, and naked; ye have seen me shivering over the last faggot which my last farthing had purchased, moistening the crust that supported nature with the tears which her miseries shed on it! yet have ye seen me look inward with a smile and overcome them. If such shall ever be my lot again, so let me alleviate its sorrows; let me creep to my bed of straw in peace after blessing God that I am not a Man of the World.

END OF FIRST PART.

THE MAN OF THE WORLD.

IN TWO PARTS.

VIRGINIBUS PUERISQUE CANTO.—*Horace.*

PART II.

INTRODUCTION.

I WAS born to a life of wandering, yet my heart was ever at home! though the country that gave me birth gave me but few friends, and of those few the greatest part were early lost, yet the remembrance of her was present with me in every clime to which my fate conducted me; and the idea of those, whose ashes repose in that humble spot, were they had often been the companions of my infant sports, hallowed it in my imagination, with a sort of sacred enthusiasm.

I had not been many weeks an inhabitant of my native village, after that visit to the lady mentioned in the first part, which procured me the information, I have there laid before my readers, till I found myself once more obliged to quit it for a foreign country. My parting with Mrs. Wistanly was more solemn and affecting than common souls will easily imagine it could have been, upon an acquaintance, accidental in its beginning, and short in its duration; but there was something tender and melancholy in the cause of it, which gave an impression to our thoughts of one another, more sympathetic, perhaps, than what a series of mutual obligations could have effected.

Before we parted, I could not help asking the reason of her secrecy with regard to the story of Annesly and his daughter. In answer to this, she informed me, that besides the danger to which she exposed herself by setting up in opposition to a man, in the midst of whose dependants she proposed ending her days, she was doubtful if her story would be of any service to the memory of her friend; that Camplin (as she supposed, by the direction of Sir Thomas Sindall, who was at that time abroad) had universally given out, that Miss Annesly's elopement was with an intention to be married to him; on which footing, though a false one, the character of that young lady stood no worse than if the truth were divulged to those, most of whom wanted discernment, as well as candor, to make the distinctions which should enable them to do it justice.

Several years elapsed before I returned to that place, whence, it is probable, I shall migrate no more. My friend Mrs. Wistanly was one of the persons after whom I first inquired on my arrival. I found her subject to the common debility, but not to any of the acuter distresses of age; with the same powers of reason, and the same complacency of temper, I had seen her before enjoy. "These," said she, "are the effects of temperance without austerity, and ease without indolence; I have nothing now to do, but to live without the solicitude of life, and to die without the fear of dying."

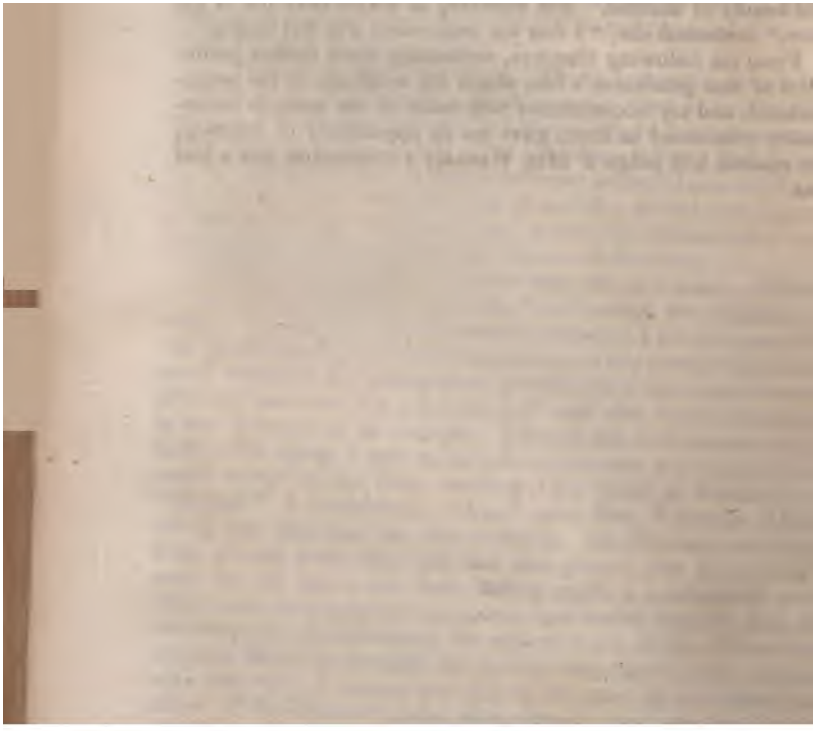
At one of our first interviews, I found her accompanied by a young lady, who besides a great share of what is universally allowed the name of beauty, had something in her appearance which calls forth the esteem of its beholders, without their pausing to account for it. It has sometimes deceived me, yet I am resolved to trust it to the last hour of my life; at that time I gave it unlimited confidence, and I had spoken the young lady's eulogium before I had looked five minutes in her face.

Mrs. Wistanly repeated it to me after she was gone. "That is one of my children," said she, "for I adopt the children of virtue; and she calls me her mother, because I am old, and she can cherish me."—"I could have sworn to her goodness," I replied, "without any information besides what her countenance afforded me."—"'Tis a lovely one," said she, "and her mind is not flattered in its portrait. Though she is a member of a family with whom I have not much intercourse, yet she is a frequent visiter at my little dwelling; her name is Sindall."—"Sindall!" I exclaimed. "Yes," said Mrs. Wistanly, "but she is not therefore the less amiable. Sir Thomas returned from abroad soon after you left this place; but for several years he did not reside here, having made a purchase of another estate in a neighboring county, and busied himself, during that time, in superintending the improvement of it. When he returned hither, he brought this young lady, then a child, along with him, who, it seems, was left to his care by her father, a friend of Sir Thomas's, who died abroad; and she has lived with his aunt, who keeps house for him, ever since that period."

The mention of Sir Thomas Sindall naturally recalled to my mind the fate of the worthy, but unfortunate Annesly. Mrs. Wistanly told me, she had often been anxious in her inquiries about his son William, the only remaining branch of her friend's family; but that neither she nor Mr. Rawlinson, with whom she had corresponded on the subject, had been able to procure any accounts of him; whence they concluded, that he had died in the plantations, to which he was transported in pursuance of his mitigated sentence.

She further informed me, "that Sindall had shown some marks of contrition at the tragical issue of the scheme he had carried on against the daughter's innocence and the father's peace; and to make some small atonement to the dead for the injuries he had done to the living, had caused a monument to be erected over their graves in the village churchyard, with an inscription, setting forth the piety of Annesly, and the virtues and beauty of Harriet. But whatever he might have felt at the time," continued she, "I fear the impression was not lasting."

From the following chapters, containing some further particulars of that gentleman's life, which my residence in his neighborhood, and my acquaintance with some of the persons immediately concerned in them, gave me an opportunity of learning, my readers will judge if Mrs. Wistanly's conclusion was a just one.



THE

MAN OF THE WORLD.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

Some account of the persons of whom Sir Thomas Sindall's family consisted.

The baronet's family consisted, at this time, of his aunt, and the young lady mentioned in the introduction, together with a cousin of his, of the name of Bolton, who was considered as presumptive heir of the Sindall estate, and whose education had been superintended by Sir Thomas.

This young gentleman had lately returned from the university, to which his kinsman had sent him. The expectations of his acquaintance were, as is usually the case, sanguine in his favor; and, what is something less usual, they were not disappointed. Beside the stock of learning which his studies had acquired him, he possessed an elegance of manner, and a winning softness of deportment, which a college life does not often bestow, but proceeded in him, from a cause the least variable of any, a disposition instinctively benevolent, and an exquisite sensibility of heart.

With all his virtues, however, he was a dependant on Sir Thomas Sindall; and their exercise could only be indulged so far as his cousin gave them leave. Bolton's father, who had married a daughter of the Sindall family, had a considerable patrimony left him by a parent, who had acquired it in the sure and common course of mercantile application.

With this, and the dowry he received with his wife, he might have lived up to the limits of his utmost wish, if he had confined his wishes to what are commonly considered the blessings of life; but, though he was not extravagant to spend, he was ruined by an avidity to gain. In short, he was of that order of men who are known by the name of projectors; and wasted the means of present enjoyment in the pursuit of luxury to come.

To himself, indeed, the loss was but small; while his substance was mouldering away by degrees, its value was annihilated in his expectations of the future; and he died amidst the horrors of a prison, smiling at the prospect of ideal wealth and visionary grandeur.

But with his family it was otherwise. His wife, who had often vainly endeavored to prevent, by her advice, the destructive schemes of her husband, at last tamely yielded to her fate and died soon after him of a broken heart, leaving an only son, the Bolton who is now introduced into my story.

The distresses of his father had been always ridiculed by Sir Thomas Sindall, as proceeding from a degree of whim and madness, which it would have been a weakness to pity: his aunt, Mrs. Selwyn, joined in the sentiment; perhaps it was really her own; but, at any rate, she was apt to agree in opinion with her nephew Sir Thomas, and never had much regard for her sister Bolton, for some reasons no less just than common. In the first place, her sister was handsomer than she; secondly, she was sooner married; and, thirdly, she had been blessed with this promising boy, while Mrs. Selwyn became a widow without having had a child.

There appeared, then, but little prospect of protection to poor Bolton from this quarter; but, as he had no other relation in any degree of propinquity, a regard to decency prompted the baronet to admit the boy into his house. His situation, indeed, was none of the most agreeable; but the happy dispositions which nature had given him, suited themselves to the harshness of his fortune; and, in whatever society he was placed, he found himself surrounded with friends. There was not a servant in the house, who would not risk the displeasure of their master or Mrs. Selwyn, to do some forbidden act of kindness to their little favorite, Harry Bolton.

Sir Thomas himself, from some concurring accidents, had his notice attracted by the good qualities of the boy; his indifference was conquered by degrees, and at last he began to take upon himself the charge of rearing him to manhood. There wanted only this to fix his attachment: benefits to those whom we set apart for our own management and assistance, have something so particular in their nature, that there is scarce a selfish passion which their exercise does not gratify. Yet I mean not to rob Sindall of the honor of his beneficence; it shall no more want my praise, than it did the gratitude of Bolton.

CHAPTER II.

Some further particulars of the persons mentioned in the foregoing chapter.

Bolton, however, felt that uneasiness which will ever press upon an ingenuous mind along with the idea of dependance. He had therefore frequently hinted, though in terms of the utmost modesty, a desire to be put into some way of life that might give him an opportunity of launching forth into the world, and freeing his cousin from the incumbrance of a useless idler in his family.

Sir Thomas had often made promises of indulging so laudable a desire; but day after day elapsed without his putting any of them in execution. The truth was, that he had contracted a sort of paternal affection for Bolton, and found it a difficult matter to bring himself to the resolution of parting with him.

He contented himself with employing the young man's genius and activity in the direction and superintendance of his country affairs; he consulted him on plans for improving his estate, and entrusted him with the care of their execution; he associated him with himself in matters of difficult discussion as a magistrate; and in the sports of the field, he was his constant companion.

It was a long time before Mrs. Selwyn, from some of the reasons I have hinted, could look on Harry with a favorable eye. When Sir Thomas first began to take notice of him, she remonstrated the danger of spoiling boys by indulgence, and endeavored to counterbalance the estimation of his good qualities, by the recital of little tales, which she now and then picked up against him.

It was not till some time after his return from the university, that Henry began to gain ground in the lady's esteem. That attachment and deference to the softer sex, which, at a certain age, is habitual to ours, is reckoned effeminacy amongst boys, and fixes a stain upon their manhood. Before he went to the university, Harry was under this predicament; but by the time of his return, he had attained the period of refinement, and showed his aunt all those trifling civilities, which it is the prerogative of the ladies to receive; and which Mrs. Selwyn was often more ready to demand, than some males of her acquaintance were to pay. In truth, it required a knowledge of many feminine qualities, which this lady doubtless possessed, to impress the mind with an idea of that courtesy which is due to the sex; for her countenance was not expressive of much softness, the natural strength of her features being commonly heightened by the

assistance of snuff, and her conversation generally turning on points of controversy in religion and philosophy, which, requiring an extensive exertion of thought, are therefore, I presume, from the practice of the fair in general, no way favorable to the preservation or the improvement of beauty.

It was, perhaps, from this very inclination for investigating truth, that Bolton drew an advantage in his approaches towards her esteem. As he was just returned from the seat of learning, where discussions of that sort are common, she naturally applied to him for assistance in her researches. By assistance, I mean opposition; it being the quality of that desire after knowledge with which this lady was endued, to delight in nothing so much, as in having its own doctrines confronted with opposite ones, till they pummel and belabor one another without mercy; the contest having an advantage peculiar to battles of this kind, that each party, far from being weakened by its exertion, commonly appears to have gained strength, as well as honor, from the rencounter

Bolton, indeed, did not possess quite so much of this quality as his antagonist, he could not, in common good breeding, refuse her challenge; but he often maintained the conflict in a manner rather dastardly for a philosopher. He gave, however, full audience to the lady's arguments; and if he sometimes showed an unwillingness to reply, she considered it as a testimony of her power to silence. But she was generous in her victories. Whenever she conceived them completely obtained, she celebrated the powers of her adversary, and allowed him all that wisdom which retreats from the fortress it cannot defend.

There was, perhaps, another reason, as forcible as that of obliging Mrs. Selwyn, or attaining the recondite principles of philosophy, which increased Bolton's willingness to indulge that lady, in becoming a party to her disquisitions. There was a spectatress of the combat, whose company might have been purchased at the expense of sitting to hear Aquinas himself dispute upon theology——Miss Lucy Sindall. My readers have been acquainted, in the introduction, with my prepossession in her favor, and the character Mrs. Wistanly gave in justification of it. They were deceived by neither. With remarkable quickness of parts, and the liveliest temper, she possessed all that tenderness which is the chief ornament of the female character; and, with a modesty that seemed to shrink from observation, she united an ease and a dignity that universally commanded it. Her vivacity only arose to be amiable; no enemy could ever repeat her wit, and she had no friend who did not boast of her good-humor.

I should first have described her person; my readers will excuse it; it is not of such minds that I am most solicitous to

observe the dwellings. I have hinted before, and I repeat it, that her's was such an one as no mind need be ashamed of.

Such was the attendant of Mrs. Selwyn, whose company the good lady particularly required at those seasons, when she unveiled her knowledge in argument, or pointed her sagacity to instruction. She would often employ Bolton and Miss Lucy to read her select passages of books, when a weakness in her own sight made reading uneasy to her. The subjects were rarely of the entertaining kind, yet Harry never complained of their length. This she attributed to his opinion of their usefulness; Lucy called it good nature; he thought so himself at first; but he soon began to discover that it proceeded from some different cause; for when Miss Lucy was, by any accident, away, he read with very little complacency. He never suspected it to be love; much less did Lucy; they owned each other for friends; and when Mrs. Selwyn used to call them children, Bolton would call Lucy sister; yet he was often not displeased to remember, that she was not his sister indeed.

CHAPTER III.

A natural consequence of some particulars contained in the last.

THE state of the mind may be often disguised, even from the owner, when he means to inquire into it; but a very trifle will throw it from its guard, and betray its situation, when a formal examination has failed to discover it.

Bolton would often catch himself sighing when Miss Sindall was absent, and feel his cheeks glow at her approach; he wondered what it was that made him sigh and blush.

He would sometimes take solitary walks, without knowing why he wandered out alone. He found something that pleased him in the melancholy of lonely recesses, and half-worn paths, and his day dreams commonly ended in some idea of Miss Sindall, though he meant nothing less than to think of such an object.

He had strayed, in one of those excursions, about half a mile from the house, through a copse at the corner of the park, which opened into a little green amphitheatre, in the middle of which was a pool of water, formed by a rivulet that crept through the matted grass, till it fell into this basin by a gentle cascade.

The sun was gleaming through the trees, which were pictured

on the surface of the pool beneath; and the silence of the scene was only interrupted by the murmurs of the waterfall, sometimes accompanied by the querulous note of the woodpigeons who inhabited the neighboring copse.

Bolton seated himself on the bank, and listened to their dirge. It ceased; for he had disturbed the sacred, solitary haunt. "I will give you some music in return," said he, "and drew from his pocket a small-piped flute, which he frequently carried with him in his evening walks, and serenaded the lonely shepherd returning from his fold. He played a little plaintive air which himself had composed; he thought he had played it by chance; but Miss Sindall had commanded it the day before; the recollection of Miss Sindall accompanied the sound, and he had drawn her portrait listening to its close.

She was indeed listening to its close; for accident had pointed her walk in the very same direction with Bolton's. She was just coming out of the wood, when she heard the soft notes of his flute; they had something of fairy music in them that suited the scene, and she was irresistibly drawn nearer the place where he sat, though some wayward feeling arose, and whispered, that she should not approach it. Her feet were approaching it whether she would or no; and she stood close by his side, while the last cadence was melting from his pipe.

She repeated it after him with her voice. "Miss Sindall!" cried he, starting up with some emotion. "I know," said she, "you will be surprised to find me here; but I was enchanted hither by the sound of your flute. Pray touch that little melancholy tune again." He began, but he played very ill. "You blow it," said she, "not so sweetly as before; let me try what tone I can give it."—She put it to her mouth, but she wanted the skill to give it voice.—"There cannot be much art in it;"—she tried it again—"and yet it will not speak at my bidding."—She looked steadfastly on the flute, holding her fingers on the stops; her lips were red from the pressure, and her figure altogether so pastoral and innocent, that I do not believe the kisses with which the poet made Diana greet her sister huntresses, were ever more chaste than that which Bolton now stole from her by surprise.

Her cheeks were crimson at this little violence of Harry's—"What do you mean, Mr. Bolton?" said she, dropping the flute to the ground. "Tis a forfeiture," he replied, stammering, and blushing excessively, "for attempting to blow my flute."—"I don't understand you," answered Lucy, and turned towards the house, with some marks of resentment on her countenance. Bolton was for some time riveted to the spot; when he recovered the use of his feet, he ran after Miss Sindall, and gently laying hold of her hand, "I cannot bear your anger," said he,

"though I own your displeasure is just; but forgive, I entreat you, this unthinking offence of him, whose respect is equal to his love."—"Your love, Mr. Bolton!"—"I cannot retract the word, though my heart has betrayed from me the prudence which might have stifled the declaration. I have not language, Miss Lucy, for the present feelings of my soul: till this moment I never knew how much I loved you, and never could I have expressed it so ill."—He paused—she was looking fixedly on the ground, drawing her hand softly from his, which refused, involuntarily, to quit its hold.—"May I not hope?" said he,—"You have my pardon, Mr. Bolton"—"But"—"I beg you," said Lucy, interrupting him, "to leave this subject; I know your merit, Mr. Bolton—my esteem—you have thrown me into such confusion—nay, let go my hand."—"Pity, then, and forgive me." She sighed—he pressed her hand to his lips—she blushed,—and blushed in such a manner——They have never been in Bolton's situation, by whom that sigh, and that blush, would not have been understood.

CHAPTER IV.

Bolton is separated from Miss Sindall.

THERE was too much innocence in the breast of Lucy, to suffer it to be furnished with disguise. I mean not to throw any imputation on that female delicacy, which, as Milton expresses it,

"—would be woo'd, and not unsought be won."

This, in truth, cannot be called art, because nature has given it to all her females. Let it simply proceed from modesty, and it will never go too far; but the affectation of it is ever the consequence of weakness in the head, or cruelty in the heart.

I believe Miss Sindall to have been subject to neither; she did not therefore assume the pride of indifference which she did not feel, to the attachment of so much worth as Bolton's; and he had soon the happiness to find, that his affection, which every day increased, was not lavished without hope of a return.

But he did not seem to be so fortunate, meanwhile, in the estimation of every person in the family: Sir Thomas Sindall had not of late shown that cordiality towards Bolton, with which he had been wont to favor him. As Harry was unconscious of any reason he could have given for it, this alteration in his cou-

sin's behaviour was, for some time, altogether unnoticed by him: and, when at last he was forced to observe it, he attributed it to no particular cause, but considered it as merely the effect of some accidental and temporary chagrin: nor did he altogether change his opinion, even when Lucy suggested to him her fears on the subject, and entreated him to recollect, if he had, in any respect, disobliged his cousin, whose behaviour seemed to her to indicate some disgust conceived particularly against him.

Not long after, the baronet informed his family of his intention of changing their place of residence, for some time, from Sindall park to his other estate, where, he said, he found his presence was become necessary; and at the same time communicated to Bolton his desire, that he should remain behind, to superintend the execution of certain plans which he had laid down with regard to the management of some country business at the first mentioned place. Harry thought this sufficiently warranted his expressing a suspicion, that his company had not, of late, been so agreeable to Sir Thomas as it used to be, and begged to be informed in what particular he had offended him. "Offended me! my dear boy," replied Sir Thomas; "never in the least.—From what such an idea could have arisen, I know not: if from my leaving you here behind, when we go to Bilswood, it is the most mistaken one in the world: 'tis but for a few months, till those affairs I talked to you of are finished; and I hope there to have opportunity of showing, that, in your absence, I shall be far from forgetting you."

During the time of their stay at Sindall park, he behaved to Harry in so courteous and obliging a manner, that his suspicions were totally removed; and he bore with less regret than he should otherwise have done, a separation from his Lucy, which he considered as temporary; besides that his stay behind was necessary to him, whose countenance and friendship his attachment to that young lady had now rendered more valuable in his estimation. Love increases the list of our dependances; I mean it not as an argument against the passion; that sex, I trust, whose power it establishes, will point its vassals to no pursuit but what is laudable.

Their farewell scene passed on that very spot which I have described in the last chapter, as witness to the declaration of Bolton's passion. Their farewell——but where the feelings say much, and the expression little, description will seldom succeed in the picture.

Their separation, however, was alleviated by the hope, that it was not likely to be of long continuance; Sir Thomas's declaration, of his intending that Harry should follow them in a few months, was not forgotten; and the intermediate days were

swallowed up, in the anticipation of the pleasures which that period should produce.

In the mean time, they took something from the pain of absence by a punctual correspondence. These letters I have seen; they describe things little in themselves; to Bolton and Lucy they were no trifles, but by others their importance would not be understood. One recital only I have ventured to extract for the perusal of the reader; because I observe, that it strongly effected them, who, in this instance, were interested no more than any to whom the feelings it addresses are known; and some of my readers, probably, have the advantange of not being altogether unacquainted with the persons of whom it speaks

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CHAPTER V.

An adventure of Miss Sindall's at Bilswood.

To assume her semblance, is a tribute which Vice must often pay to Virtue. There are popular qualities which the world looks for, because it is aware, that it may be sometimes benefited by their exertions. Generosity is an excellence, by the apparent possession of which, I have known many worthless characters buoyed up from their infamy; though with them it was but thoughtless profusion: and on the other hand, I have seen amiable men marked out with a sneer by the million, from a temperance or reservedness of disposition, which shuns the glare of public, and the pleasures of convivial life, and gives to modesty and gentle manners the appearance of parsimony and meanness of spirit.

The imputation of merit with mankind, Sindall knew to be a necessary appendage to his character; he was careful, therefore, to omit no opportunity of stepping forth to their notice as a man of generosity. There was not a gentleman's servant in the county, who did not talk of the knight's munificence in the article of vails; and a park keeper was thought a happy man, whom his master sent with a haunch of venison to Sir Thomas. Once a year, too, he feasted his tenants, and indeed the whole neighborhood, on the large lawn in the front of his house, where the strong beer ran cascadewise from the mouth of a leaden triton.

But there were objects of compassion, whose relief would not have figured in the eye of the public, on whom he was not so remarkable for bestowing his liberality. The beggars, he com

plained, were perpetually stealing his fruit, and destroying his shrubbery; he therefore kept a wolfdog to give them their answer at the gate; and some poor families in the village on his estate had been brought to beggary by prosecutions for poaching, an offence which every country gentleman is bound, in honor, to punish with the utmost severity of the law; and cannot, therefore, without a breach of that honor, alleviate by a weak and ill-judged exercise of benevolence.

Miss Lucy, however, as she could not so strongly feel the offence, would sometimes contribute to lessen the rigor of its punishment, by making small presents to the wives and children of the delinquents. Passing, one evening, by the door of a cottage, where one of those pensioners on her bounty lived, she observed, standing before it, a very beautiful lapdog, with a collar and bell, ornamented much beyond the trappings of any animal that could belong to the house. From this circumstance her curiosity was excited to enter, when she was not a little surprised to find a young lady in a most elegant undress, sitting on a jointstool by the fire, with one of the children of the family on her lap. The ladies expressed mutual astonishment in their countenances at this meeting, when the good woman of the house, running up to them, and clasping a hand of each in her's, "Blessings," said she, "thousands of blessings on you both! a lovelier couple, or a better, my eyes never looked on."—The infant clapped its hands as if instinctively.——"Dear heart!" continued its mother, "look, if my Tommy be not thanking you too! well may he clap his hands: if it had not been for your gracious selves, by this time his hands would have been cold clay! (mumbling his fingers in her mouth, and bathing his arms with her tears;) when you strictly forbade me to tell mortal of your favors, Oh! how I longed to let each of you know, that there was another lady in the world as good as herself."

The stranger had now recovered herself enough to tell Miss Lucy, how much it delighted her to find, that a young lady of her figure did not disdain to visit affliction, even amongst the poor and the lowly. "That reflection," answered the other, "applies more strongly to the lady who makes it, than to her who is the occasion of its being made. I have not, madam, the honor of your acquaintance; but methinks, pardon my boldness, that I feel as if we were not strangers; at least I am sure that I should reckon it a piece of singular good fortune, if this interview could entitle me to call you stranger no longer." Their landlady cried and laughed by turns; and her two guests were so much pleased with this meeting, that they appointed a renewal of it, at an hour somewhat earlier of the subsequent evening.

Lucy came a few minutes before the time of appointment;

when she learned, that the stranger was the daughter of a neighboring gentleman, whom a difference of disposition from that of Sir Thomas Sindall, arising at last to a particular coolness, had entirely estranged for many years from the baronet, and prevented all intercourse between the families.

When this lady arrived, she brought such tidings along with her, that I question, if in all the sumptuous abodes of wealth and grandeur, there was to be found so much sincerity of joy, as within the ragged and mouldering walls of the hovel which she graced with her presence. She informed the grateful mistress of it, that by her intercession with some justice of the peace, who made part of the judicature before whom the poor woman's husband was brought, his punishment had been mitigated to a small fine, which she had undertaken to pay, and that he would very soon be on his way homewards. The joy of the poor man's family at this intelligence was such as they could not, nor shall I, attempt to express. His deliverance was indeed unexpected, because his crime was great: no less than that of having set a gin in his garden, for some cats that used to prey on a single brood of chickens, his only property; which gin had, one night, wickedly and maliciously hanged a hare, which the baronet's gamekeeper next morning discovered in it.

His wife and little ones seemed only to be restrained by the respected presence of their guests, from running out to meet a husband and a father restored to them from captivity. The ladies observing it, encouraged them in the design; and having received the good woman's benediction on her knees, they walked out together; and leaving the happy family on the road to the prison, turned down a winding romantic walk, that followed the mazes of a rill, in an opposite direction.

Lucy, whose eyes had been fixed with respectful attention on her fair companion, ever since her arrival at the cottage, now dropped a tear from each. "You will not wonder at these tears, madam," said she, "when you know that they are my common sign of joy and admiration; they thank you on behalf of myself and my sex, whose peculiar beauty consists in those gentle virtues you so eminently possess; my heart feels not only pleasure, but pride, in an instance of female worth so exalted. Though the family in which I live, from some cause unknown to me, have not the happiness of an intercourse with yours, yet your name is familiar to my ear, and carries with it the idea of every amiable and engaging quality."—"Nor am I," returned the other, "a stranger to the name, or the worth of Miss Sindall, and I reckon myself singularly fortunate, not only to have accidentally made an acquaintance with her, but to have made it in that very style, which effectually secures the esteem her charac-

ter had formerly impressed me with." "Beneficence, indeed," replied Lucy, "is a virtue, of which the possession may entitle to an acquaintance with one to whom that virtue is so particularly known." "It is no less a pleasure than a duty," rejoined her companion; "but I, Miss Sindall, have an additional incitement to the exercise of it, which, perhaps, as the tongue of curiosity is at one time as busy as its ear is attentive at another, you may ere this have heard of. That ancient building, to which the walk we are on will in a few minutes conduct us, was formerly in the possession of one, in whose bosom resided every gentle excellence that adorns humanity; he, Miss Sindall,—why should I blush to tell it?—in the sordid calculation of the world, his attachment was not enviable; the remembrance of it, though it wrings my heart with sorrow, is yet my pride and my delight! your feelings, Miss Lucy, will understand this—the dear youth left me executrix of that philanthropy which death alone could stop in its course. To discharge this trust, is the business of my life; for I hold myself bound to discharge it."

They had now reached the end of the walk, where it opened into a little circle surrounded with trees, and fenced by a rail, in front of an antique looking house, the gate of which was ornamented with a rudely sculptured crest, cyphered round with the initials of some name, which time had rendered illegible; but a few paces before it, was placed a small urn, of modern workmanship, and, on a tablet beneath, was written,

TO THE MEMORY

OF

WILLIAM HARLEY.

Lucy stepped up to read this inscription: "Harley!" said she, "how I blush to think that I have scarcely ever heard of the name!"—"Alas!" said Miss Walton, "his actions were not of a kind that is loudly talked of: but what is the fame of the world? by him its voice could not now be heard!"—There was an ardent earnestness in her look, even amidst the melancholy with which her countenance was impressed. "There is a blank at the bottom of the tablet," said Lucy: her companion smiled gloomily at the observation, and, leaning on the urn in a pensive attitude, replied, "that it should one day be filled up."

They now heard the tread of feet approaching the place: Lucy was somewhat alarmed at the sound; but her fears were removed, when she discovered it to proceed from a venerable old man, who, advancing towards them, accosted Miss Walton by her name, who, in her turn, pronounced the word Peter! in

the tone of surprise. She stretched out her hand, which he clasped in his, and looked in her face with a certain piteous wistfulness, while a tear was swelling in his eye. "My dear lady," said he, "I have travelled many a mile since I saw your ladyship last: by God's blessing I have succeeded very well in the business your ladyship helped me to set up; and having some dealings with a tradesman in London, I have been as far as that city and back again; and, said I to myself, if I could venture on such a journey for the sake of gain, may I not take a shorter for the sake of thanking my benefactress, and seeing my old friends in the country? and I had a sort of yearning to be here, to remember good Mrs. Margery, and my dear young master.——God forgive me for weeping, for he was too good for this world!"——The tears of Miss Walton and Lucy accompanied his.—"Alack-a-day!" continued Peter, "to think how things will come to pass! that there tree was planted by his own sweet hand!—I remember it well, he was then but a boy; I stood behind him, holding the plants in my apron thus; —'Peter,' said he, as he took one to stick it in the ground, 'perhaps I shall not live to see this grow!'—'God grant your honor may,' said I, 'when I am dead and gone!' and I lifted up the apron to my eyes, for my heart grew big at his words; but he smiled in my face, and said, 'We shall both live, Peter, and that will be best.'——'Ah! I little thought then, Miss Walton, I little thought!'—and he shook his thin gray locks! —the heart of apathy itself could not have withstood it; Miss Walton's and Lucy's, melting and tender at all times, were quite overcome.

They stood some time silent; Miss Walton at last recollected herself: "Pardon me, Miss Sindall," said she, "I was lost in the indulgence of my grief: let us leave this solemn scene, I have no right to tax you with my sorrows." "Call not their participation by that name," answered Lucy, "I know the sacredness of sorrow; yours are such as strengthen the soul while they melt it."

CHAPTER VI.

A change in Bolton's situation.

The reader will pardon the digression I have made; I would not, willingly, lead him out of his way, except into some path, where his feelings may be expanded, and his heart improved.

He will remember, that I mentioned, in the fourth chapter, the expectation which Bolton entertained, of seeing his Lucy at a period not very remote. But that period was not destined to arrive so soon. When he expected Sir Thomas's commands, or rather his permission, to visit the family at Bilswood, he received a letter from that gentleman, purporting, that he had at last been able to put him in the way of attaining that independence he had so often wished for, having just procured him a commission in a regiment then stationed at Gibraltar; that though he, (Sir Thomas,) as well as Mrs. Selwyn and Lucy, was exceedingly desirous of having an opportunity of bidding him farewell, yet he had prevailed on himself to waive that pleasure, from the consideration of its inconvenience to Harry, as it was absolutely necessary that he should join his regiment immediately. He inclosed letters of introduction to several gentlemen of his acquaintance in London, remitted him drafts on that place for a considerable sum, to fit him out for his intended expedition, and begged that he might lose no time in repairing thither for that purpose. He ended with assuring him of the continuance of his friendship, which, he declared, no distance of time or place could alienate or impair.

The effect which this letter had upon Bolton, as he was then circumstanced, my readers can easily imagine. There was another accompanied it—a note from his Lucy; she intended it for comfort, for it assumed the language of consolation; but the depression of her own spirits was visible, amidst the hopes with which she meant to buoy up those of Bolton.

With this letter for its text, did his imagination run over all the delights of the past, and compare them with the disappointment of the present. Yet those tender regrets which the better part of our nature feels, have something in them to blunt the edge of that pain they inflict, and confer on the votaries of sorrow a sensation that borders on pleasure. He visited the walks which his Lucy had trod, the trees under which he had sat, the prospects they had marked together, and he would not have exchanged his feelings for all that luxury could give, or festivity inspire. Nor

did he part with the idea after the object was removed; but, even on the road to London, to which place he began his journey next morning, 'twas but pulling out his letter again, humming over that little melancholy air which his Lucy had praised, and the scene was present at once. It drew indeed a sigh from his bosom, and an unmanly tear stood in his eye; yet the sigh and the tear were such, that it was impossible to wish it removed.

CHAPTER VII.

His arrival, and situation in London.

When Bolton reached the metropolis, he applied without delay, to those persons for whom he had letters from Sir Thomas Sindall, whose instructions the baronet had directed him to follow, in that course of military duty which he had now enabled him to pursue.

In the reception he met with, it is not surprising that he was disappointed. He looked for that cordial friendship, that warm attachment, which is only to be found in the smaller circles of private life, which is lost in the bustle and extended connexion of large societies. The letters he presented were read with a civil indifference, and produced the unmeaning professions of ceremony and politeness. From some of those to whom they were addressed, he had invitations, which he accepted with diffidence, to feasts which he partook with disgust; where he sat, amidst the profusion of ostentatious wealth, surrounded with company he did not know, and listening to discourse in which he was not qualified to join.

A plain honest tradesman, to whom he happened to carry a commission from Mrs. Wistanly, was the only person who seemed to take an interest in his welfare. At this man's house he received the welcome of a favored acquaintance: he eat of the family dinner, and heard the jest which rose for their amusement; for ceremony did not regulate the figure of their table, nor had fashion banished the language of nature from their lips. Under this man's guidance, he transacted any little business his situation required, and was frequently conducted by him to those very doors, whose lordly owners received him in that manner, which grandeur thinks itself entitled to assume, and dependance is constrained to endure.

After some days of inquiry and solicitude, he learned, that it

was not necessary for him to join his regiment so speedily as Sir Thomas's letter had induced him to believe.

Upon obtaining this information, he immediately communicated it to the baronet, and signified at the same time, a desire of improving that time, which this respite allowed him for his stay in England, in a visit to the family at Bilswood. But with this purpose his cousin's ideas did not at all coincide; he wrote Harry an answer, disapproving entirely his intentions of leaving London, and laid down a plan for his improvement in military science, which could only be followed in the metropolis. Here was another disappointment; but Harry considered it his duty to obey. What he felt, however, may be gathered from the following letter which he wrote to Miss Sindall, by the post succeeding that which brought him the instructions of Sir Thomas.

"As I found, soon after my arrival here, that the necessity of joining my regiment immediately was superseded, I hoped, by this time, to have informed my dearest Lucy, of my intended departure from London, to be once more restored to her and the country.

"I have suffered the mortification of another disappointment: Sir Thomas's letter is now before me, which fixes me here for the winter; I confess the reasonableness of his opinion; but reason and Sir Thomas cannot feel like Bolton.

"When we parted last, we flattered ourselves with our prospects; cruel as the reflection is, I feel a sort of pleasure in recalling it; especially when I ventured to believe, that my Lucy had not forgotten our parting.

"To-morrow is Christmas day; I call to remembrance our last year's holidays; may these be as happy with you, though I am not to partake them. Write me every particular of these days of jollity; fear not, as your last letter expresses it, tiring me with trifles; nothing is a trifle in which you are concerned. While I read the account, I will fancy myself at Bilswood: here I will walk forth, an unnoticed thing amidst the busy crowd that surrounds me: your letters give me some interest in myself, because they show me that I am something to my Lucy; she is every thing to her BOLTON."

CHAPTER VIII.

Filial piety.

Bolton had a disposition towards society, that did not allow him an indifference about any thing of human form with whom he could have an opportunity of intercourse. He was every one's friend in his heart, till some positive demerit rendered a person unworthy his good will. He had not long possessed his lodgings in town, till he cultivated an acquaintance with his landlord and landlady: the latter he found to be the representative of the family, from a power of loquacity very much superior to her husband, who seemed to be wonderfully pleased with his wife's conversation, and very happy under what might, not improperly, be termed her government.

To Mrs. Terwitt, therefore, (for that was the lady's name), did Bolton address his approaches towards an acquaintance, and from her he had the good fortune to find them meet with a favorable reception: They were so intimate the second week of his residence in the house, that she told him the best part of the transactions of her life, and consulted him upon the disposal of her eldest daughter in marriage, whom a young tradesman, she said, had been in suit of ever since the Easter holidays preceding. "We can give her," added she, "something handsome enough for a portion; and the old gentleman above stairs has promised her a present of a hundred pounds on her wedding day, provided she marries to please him."

"The gentleman above stairs!" said Bolton; "how have I been so unlucky as never to have heard of him before?" "He is not at present in town," replied the landlady, "having gone about a fortnight ago to Bath, whence he is not yet returned. Indeed, I fear, his health requires some stay at that place, for he has been but poorly of late: Heaven preserve his life! for he is a good friend of ours, and of many one's else, who stand in need of his friendship. He has an estate, Sir, of a thousand pounds a year, and money besides, as I have been told; yet he chooses to live private, as you will see; and spends, I believe, the most of his income in charitable actions."

"I did indeed," said Harry, "observe a young man come to the door this morning at an early hour, and I heard him ask if the gentleman was returned; but I did not then know that he meant any person who lodged here." "Ay, sure enough he meant Mr. Rawlinson," said Mrs. Terwitt, "and I wish he may

not feel his absence much; for he has called here frequently of late, and, the last time, when he was told of his not being yet returned, Betty observed that the tears gushed from his eyes." 'When he calls again," said Bolton, "I beg that I may be informed of it."

Next morning he heard somebody knock at the door, much about the time he had seen the young man approach it the preceding day: upon going to the window, he observed the same stripling, but his dress was different; he had no coat to cover a threadbare waistcoat, nor had he any hat. Bolton let the maid know, that he was aware of his being at the door, and resumed his own station at the window. The youth repeated his inquiries after Mr. Rawlinson, and, upon receiving the same answer, cast up to heaven a look of resignation, and retired.

Bolton slipped down stairs and followed him; his lodgings were situated near Queen square; the lad took the country road, and went on without stopping till he reached Pancras churchyard. He stood seemingly entranced, over a new covered grave at one end of it. Harry placed himself under cover of a tomb hard by, where he could mark him unperceived.

He held his hands clasped in one another, and the tears began to trickle down his cheeks. Bolton stole from out his hiding place, and approached towards the spot. The poor lad began to speak, as if addressing himself to the dead beneath.

"Thou canst not feel their cruelty; nor shall the winds of winter chill thee as they do thy wretched son;——inhuman miscreants; but these shall cover thee."—He threw himself on the ground, and spread his arms over the grave, on which he wept.

Bolton stooped down to raise him from the earth; he turned and gazed on him, with a look 'wildered and piteous. "Pardon a stranger, young man," said Bolton, "who cannot but be interested in your sorrow; he is not entitled to ask its cause, yet his heart swells with the hope of removing it."—"May Heaven requite you," replied the stranger, "for your pity to a poor orphan! Oh! Sir, I have not been used to beg, and even to receive charity is hard upon me; did I mean to move compassion, I have a story to tell. You weep already, Sir! hear me, and judge if I deserve your tears.

"Here lies my father, the only relation whom misfortune had left to own me; but Heaven had sent us a friend in that best of men, Mr. Rawlinson. He came accidentally to the knowledge of our sufferings, and took on himself the charge of relieving them, which the cruelty of our own connexions had abandoned! but, alas! when, by his assistance, my father was put into a way of earning his bread, he was seized with that illness of which he died. Some small debts, which his short time in business had

not yet allowed him to discharge, were put in suit against him by his creditors. His sickness and death, which happened a few days ago, did but hasten their proceedings; they seized, Sir, the very covering of that bed on which his body was laid. Mr. Rawlinson was out of town, and I fancy he never received those letters I wrote him to Bath. I had no one from whom to expect relief; every thing but these rags on my back, I sold to bury the best of fathers; but my little all was not enough! and the man whom I employed for his funeral, took, yesterday, from off these clods, the very sod which had covered him, because I had not wherewithal to pay its price." Bolton fell on his neck, and answered him with his tears.

He covered the dust of the father, and clothed the nakedness of the son; and having placed him where it was in his power to make future inquiries after his situation, left him to bless Providence for the aid it had sent, without knowing the hand through which its bounty had flowed. That hand, indeed, the grateful youth pressed to his lips at parting, and begged earnestly to know the name of his benefactor. "I am a friend," said Bolton, "of Mr. Rawlinson, and humanity."

CHAPTER IX.

A very alarming accident; which proves the means of Bolton's getting acquainted with his fellow lodger.

When Bolton returned, in the evening, from those labors of charity he had undertaken, he found that the family were abroad, supping, in a body, with the daughter's lover: the maid sat up to wait their home coming; and Bolton, who had more liberty, but much less inclination to sleep, betook himself to meditation.

It was now near midnight, and the hum of Betty's spinning-wheel, which had frequently intermitted before, became entirely silent, when Bolton was alarmed with a very loud knocking of the watchmen at the door, and presently a confused assemblage of voices crying out, "Fire! Fire!" echoed from one end of the street to the other. Upon opening his window, he discovered too plainly the reason of the alarm: the flames were already appearing at the windows of the ground floor, to which they had probably been communicated by the candle, which the maid had burning by her in the kitchen below.

She had now at last awakened, and was running about before

the door of the house, wringing her hands, and speaking incoherently to the few who were assembled by the outcry, without having recollection enough to endeavor to save any thing belonging to herself or her master.

Bolton, who had more the possession of his faculties, entreating the assistance of some watchmen, whom the occasion had drawn together, made shift to convey into the street, a few things which he took to be the most valuable; desiring Betty to be so much mistress of herself, as to keep an eye upon them for her master's benefit. She continued, however, her broken exclamations of horror and despair, till, at last starting as it were into the remembrance of something forgot, she cried out vehemently, "Oh! my God! where is Mr. Rawlinson?"

Bolton caught the horrid meaning of her question, and pushing through the flames which had now taken hold of the staircase, forced his way into the bedchamber occupied by the old gentleman, who had returned from the country that very evening, and, being fatigued with his journey, had gone to bed before his fellow lodger's arrival at home.

He had not waked till the room under that where he lay was in a blaze, and, on attempting to rise, was stifled with the smoke that poured in at every cranny of the floor, and fell senseless at his bedside, where Bolton found him upon entering the room.

On endeavoring to carry him down stairs, he found it had now become impracticable, several of the steps having been quite burnt away, and fallen down in flaming brands, since the moment before, when he had ascended. He had presence of mind enough left to observe, that the back part of the house was not so immediately affected by the flames; he carried Mr. Rawlinson therefore into a room on that side, and, having beat out the sash, admitting air enough to revive him. The latter presently recollected his situation, and asking Harry, if it was possible to get down stairs, heard him answer in the negative with remarkable composure. "As for me," said he, "I shall lose but few of my days; but I fear, Sir, your generous concern for a stranger, has endangered a life much more valuable than mine: let me beg of you to endeavor to save yourself, which your strength and agility may enable you to do, without regarding a poor worn-out, old man, who would only encumber you in the attempt." Bolton, with a solemn earnestness, declared, that no consideration should tempt him to such a desertion.

He had, before this, vainly endeavored to procure a ladder, or some other assistance, from the people below; the confusion of the scene prevented their affording it; he considered, therefore, if he could not furnish some expedient from within, and having united the cordage of a bed, which stood in the room, he

found it would make a sufficient length of rope to reach within a few feet of the ground. This he fastened round Mr. Rawlinson's waist, in such a way that his arms should support part of the weight of his body, and sliding it over the edge of the window, so as to cause somewhat more resistance in the descent, he let him down, in that manner, till he was within reach of some assistance below, who caught him in their arms; then fastening the end of the rope round the post of the bed, he slid so far down upon it himself, that he could safely leap to the ground.

He conveyed Mr. Rawlinson to other lodgings hard by, which then happened to be vacant; and having got him accommodated with some clothes belonging to the landlord, he returned to see what progress the fire had been making, when he found, that, happily, from a piece of waste ground's lying between the house where it broke out, and the other to the leeward, it was got so much under, as to be in no danger of spreading any further.

Upon going back to Mr. Rawlinson, he found him sitting in the midst of the family with whom he had lodged, ministering comfort to their distresses; the unfortunate Betty, whom, as she stood self-condemned for her neglect, he considered as the greatest sufferer, he had placed next him. "You shall not," said he, addressing himself to the old folks, "interrupt the happiness of my friend Nancy or her lover here, with wailing your misfortune, or chiding of Betty. I will become bound to make up all your losses, provided your good-humor is not of the number.

"But who," continued the old gentleman, "shall reward Mr. Bolton for the service he has done us all?" "May Heaven reward him!" cried Mrs. Terwitt, and all her audience answered, Amen! "You pray well," said Mr. Rawlinson, "and your petition is heard; on him, to whom the disposition of benevolence is given, its recompense is already bestowed."

CHAPTER X.

Effects of his acquaintance with Mr. Rawlinson.

Such was Bolton's introduction to Mr. Rawlinson's acquaintance; and from the circumstance of its commencement, my readers will easily believe, that neither party could be indifferent to its continuation. Rawlinson saw his own virtues warm and active in the bosom of his young friend; while Harry contemplated

with equal delight, that serenity which their recollection bestowed on the declining age of Rawlinson.

In one of his visits to the old gentleman, some time after the accident related in the foregoing chapter, he found with him that very youth, whose sorrow, over the grave of his father, he had so lately been the means of alleviating. The young man was, indeed, in the midst of their recital as Bolton entered the room, and had just mentioned with regret his ignorance of his benefactor, when the door opened and discovered him. Bolton could not help blushing at the discovery; the other, starting from his seat, exclaimed, "It is he, it is himself!" threw himself on his knees before Harry, with tears in his eyes, and poured out some broken expressions of the warmest gratitude. "It was you then," said Mr. Rawlinson, "who were the comforter of my poor boy, who covered the grave of his unfortunate father! I will not thank you, for Jack is doing it better with his tears; but I will thank Heaven, that there are some such men to preserve my veneration for the species." "I trust, my dear Sir," said Bolton, "there are many to whom such actions are habitual."—"You are a young man," interrupted the other, "and it is fit you should believe so; I will believe so too, for I have sometimes known what it is to enjoy them.—Go, my boy," turning to the lad, "and wish for the luxury of doing good; remember Mr. Bolton, and be not forgetful of Providence."

"The father of that young man," said Mr. Rawlinson, when he was gone, "was a school-fellow of mine here in town, and one of the worthiest creatures in the world; but, from a milkiness of disposition, without the direction of prudence, or the guard of suspicion, he suffered himself to become a dupe to the artifices of some designing men; and when, some time ago, I discovered his place of abode in an obscure village in the country, I found him stripped of his patrimony, and burthened with the charge of that boy, who has just now left us, whose mother, it seems, had died when he was a child. Yet, amidst the distresses of his poverty, I found that easiness of temper which had contributed to bring them on, had not forsaken him; he met with a smile of satisfaction, and talked of the cruel indifference of some wealthy relations, without the emotions of anger, or the acrimony of disappointment. He seemed, indeed, to feel for his child; but comforted himself at the same time with the reflection that he had bred him to expect adversity with composure, and to suffer poverty with contentment. He died, poor man, when I had put him in a way of living with some comfort; nor had I even an opportunity of doing the common offices of friendship to his last moments, my health having obliged me to go down to Bath, whence I had removed to Bristol, and did not

receive any account of his illness till my return to London. I am in your debt, Mr. Bolton, for some supplies to his son; let me know what those were, that we may clear the account." Bolton replied, that he hoped Mr. Rawlinson could not wish to deprive him of the pleasure he felt from the reflection of having assisted so much filial piety in distress. "It shall be in your own way," said the old gentleman; "I am not such a niggard as to grudge you the opportunity; yet I cannot but regret my absence, when I should have closed the eyes of poor Jennings. He was the last of those companions of my childhood, whose history in life I had occasion to be acquainted with; the rest, Mr. Bolton, had already fallen around me, and I am now left within a little of the grave, without a friend (except one, to whom accident has acquired me in you,) to smooth the path that leads to it; but that is short, and therefore it matters not much. At my age, nature herself may be expected to decline; but a lingering illness is shortening her date. I would do, therefore, what good I can, in the space that is left me, and look forward, if I may be allowed, to make some provision for the service of futurity. Here are two papers, Sir, which, on mature deliberation, I have judged it proper to commit to your custody; that in the parchment cover, which is not labelled, my death alone will authorize you to open; the other marked, 'trust deed by Mr. Annesly,' I can explain to you now. That man, Mr. Bolton, who is now a saint in heaven, was prepared for it by the severest calamities on earth: the guilt and misfortune of two darling children, cut short the remnant of a life, whose business it was to guide, and whose pleasure to behold them in the paths of virtue and of happiness. At the time of his death they were both alive; one, alas! did not long survive her father; what has become of her brother, I have never been able to learn; but this trust put in my hands in their behalf, may still be of importance to him or his, and to you therefore I make it over for that purpose; for though, by Mr. Annesly's settlement, the subject of trust accrues to me on the failure of his own issue, yet would I never consider it as mine, while the smallest chance remained of his son, or the descendants of his son, surviving; and even were the negative certain, I should then only look on myself as the steward of my friend, for purposes which his goodness would have dictated, and it becomes his trustee to fulfil. In such a charge I will not instruct my executor; I have been fortunate enough to find one whose heart will instruct him."

Bolton, while he promised an execution of this trust, worthy of the confidence reposed in him, could not help expressing his surprise at Mr. Rawlinson's choice of him for that purpose. "I do not wonder," replied the other, "that you should think

thus, for thus has custom taught us to think; I have told you how friendless and unconnected I am; but while we trace the relatives of birth and kindred, shall we allow nothing to the ties of the heart, or the sympathy of virtue?"

CHAPTER XI.

A remarkable event in the history of Bolton—his behaviour in consequence of it.

THE provisions which Mr. Rawlinson had made, for an event of which he had accustomed himself to think with composure, were but too predictive of its arrival. That worthy man lived not many weeks after the conversation with Bolton which I have just recorded. Bolton was affected with the most lively sorrow for his death. This friendship, though but lately acquired, had something uncommonly ardent in its attachment, and liberal in its confidence. Harry, who had returned it in the most unreserved manner, felt the want both of that kindness which soothed, and that wisdom which instructed him.

Upon opening the sealed paper which had been formerly put into his hands by Mr. Rawlinson, it was found to be that gentleman's will, devising his whole estate, real and personal, to Mr. Bolton. The reason given for this, in the body of the paper itself, was expressed in the following words: "Because I know no man who has deserved more of myself; none who will deserve more of mankind, in the disposal of what I have thus bequeathed him."

Bolton was fully sensible of the force of this recommendation to the exercise of a virtue which he had always possessed, and had only wanted power to practise. He acted as the almoner of Mr. Rawlinson, and justified his friend's method of benefaction, (for so this disposal of his affairs might be called), by joining with the inclination to do good, that choice of object, and attention to propriety, which dignifies the purpose, and doubles the use of beneficence.

Having settled accounts of this kind in town, (amongst which those of young Jennings and the Terwitt family were not forgotten,) he set out for that estate which had now devolved to him by the will of Mr. Rawlinson. With what ideas he made this visit, and in what manner he expressed them on his arrival, I shall allow his own words to describe, in the following letter to Miss Sindall:

"*Wilbrook*,

"My Lucy will not blame me for want of attention, because she has heard of what the world will call my good fortune, only from the relation of others. To her I could not address those short letters of recital, which I was obliged to write to Sir Thomas. She will not doubt her Henry's remembrance at all times; it is only with relation to those we love that prosperity can produce happiness, and our virtues themselves are nourished from the consciousness of some favorite suffrage. The length of this letter shall make up for a silence occasioned by various interruptions. I have had a good deal of business for the present; I have been forming some projects for the future; the idea of my Lucy was absent from neither.

"After the death of Mr. Rawlinson, the friend of mankind, as well as of your Harry, there were some offices of duty which the successor of such a man was peculiarly bound to perform. Though I could discover no relation of his but one, (whose fortune, as it had formerly taught him to overlook his kinsman, stood not now in need of that kinsman's acknowledgment,) yet there were numbers whom humanity had allied to him. Their claim of affinity was now upon me, and their provision a debt which I was called upon to discharge; this kept me some time in London. I have another family here whom it was also necessary to remember; I have been among them a week, and we have not been unhappy.

"When I looked into the conveyances of this estate, I found it had been once before transferred, in a manner not very common in the disposal of modern property. Its owner immediately preceding Mr. Rawlinson, was a friend and companion of his, who had gone out to India some years later than he, and, by his assistance, had been put in the way of acquiring a very large fortune. The greatest part of this he remitted to his former benefactor in England, to be laid out in some purchase near the place of his nativity, which it seems was a village but a few miles distant from Wilbrook. This estate was then in the possession of a gentleman whose London expenses had squandered the savings of four or five generations; and, after having exhausted every other resource, he was obliged to sell this inheritance of his family. Mr. Rawlinson gave him the price he asked, and made a present of a considerable sum besides, to a very deserving woman, who had the misfortune to be the wife of this spendthrift. His friend ratified the bargain with thanks; but he lived not to enjoy his purchase. A fever carried him off in his passage to England, and he bequeathed his estate to him, by whose former good offices he had been enabled to acquire it.

"'The new proprietor took a singular method of improving its value. He lowered the rents which had been raised to an extravagant height, and recalled the ancient tenants of the manor, most of whom had been driven from the unfriendly soil, to make room for desperate adventurers, who undertook for rents they could never be able to pay. To such a man was I to succeed, and I was conscious how much was required of his successor.

"'The third day after my arrival, I gave a general invitation to my tenants and their families to dine with me. The hall was trimmed for their reception, and some large antique pieces of plate, with which Mr. Rawlinson had furnished his cupboard, were ranged on the large table at the end of it. Without doors stood a cask of excellent strong beer for any one of inferior quality who chose to drink of it, dispensed by an old, but jolly-looking servant, whose face was the signal of welcome.

"'I received my guests as friends and acquaintance; asked the names of their children, and praised the bluffness of the boys, and the beauty of the girls. I placed one of the most matronly wives in the wicker chair at the head of the table; and, occupying the lowest place myself, stationed the rest of the company, according to their age, on either side.

"'The dinner had all the appearance of plainness and of plenty: amongst other dishes, four large pieces of roast beef were placed at uniform distances, and a plum-pudding, of a very uncommon circumference, was raised conspicuous in the middle. I pressed the bashful among the girls, commended the frankness of their fathers, and pledged the jolliest of the set in repeated draughts of strong beer.

"'But, though this had the desired effect with some, I could observe in the countenances of others evident marks of distrust and apprehension. The cloth, therefore, was no sooner removed, and the grace-cup drunk, then I rose up in my place, and addressed my guests to the following purpose:—

"'"The satisfaction, my worthy friends, with which I now meet you, is damped by the recollection of that loss we have sustained in the death of your late excellent master. He was to me, as to you, a friend and a father; so may Heaven supply the want to me, as I will endeavor to fill his place to you. I call you to witness, that I hold his estate by no other title.

"'"I have given orders to my steward to renew such of your leases as are near expiring, at the rent which you have heretofore paid. If there is an article of encouragement or convenience wanting to any of you, let him apply to myself, and I will immediately inquire into it. No man is above the business of doing good.

"'"It is customary, I believe, on such occasions, for the tenant

to pay a certain fine or premium to the landlord. I too, my friends, will expect one; you and your families shall pay it me —be industrious, be virtuous, be happy.'

"An exclamation of joy and applause, which the last part of my speech had scarcely been able to stifle, now burst forth around me. I need not tell my Lucy what I felt; her heart can judge of my feelings; she will believe me when I say, that I would not have exchanged them for the revenue of a monarch.

"The rest of the day was spent in all the genuine festivity of happy spirits. I had enlarged a room adjoining to the hall, by striking down a partition at one end; and closed the entertainment with a dance, which I led up myself with the rosy-cheeked daughter of one of my principle tenants.

"This visit I have already returned to several of those honest folks. I found their little dwellings clean and comfortable, and happiness and good-humor seemed the guests of them all. I have commonly observed cleanliness and contentment to be companions amongst the lower ranks of the country people; nor is it difficult to account for this; there is a self-satisfaction in contented minds which disposes to activity and neatness: whereas the reckless lassitude that weighs down the unhappy, seldom fails to make drunkards of the men, and slatterns of the women. I commended highly the neatness which I found in the farm-houses on my estate; and made their owners presents of various household ornaments by way of encouragement.

"I know the usual mode of *improving* estates; I was told by some sagacious advisers in London, that mine was *improveable*; but I am too selfish to be contented with money; I would increase *the love of my people.*

"Yesterday, and to-day, I have been employed in surveying the grounds adjoining to the house. Nature here reigns without control; for Mr. Rawlinson did not attend very much to her improvement; and I have heard him say, that he conceived a certain esteem for an old tree, or even an old wall, that would hardly allow him to think of cutting the one, or pulling down the other. Nature, however, has been liberal of her beauties; but these beauties I view not with so partial an eye as the scenes I left at Sindall-park. Were my Lucy here to adorn the landscape!—but the language of affection like mine is not in words. She will not need them to believe how much I am her

"HENRY BOLTON."

CHAPTER XII.

A change in the family of Sir Thomas Sindall.—Some account of a person whom that event introduces to Miss Lucy's acquaintance.

The answer which Bolton received to the foregoing letter, contained a piece of intelligence material to the situation of Miss Sindall; it conveyed to him an account of the death of Mrs. Selwyn.

Though that lady was not possessed of many amiable or engaging qualities, yet Lucy, to whom she had always shown as much kindness as her nature allowed her to bestow on any one, felt a very lively sorrow for her death, even exclusive of the immediate consequences which herself was to expect from that event. These, indeed, were apparently momentous. Mrs. Selwyn had been her guardian and protectress from her infancy; and, though Sir Thomas Sindall had ever behaved to her like a father, yet there was a feeling in the bosom of Lucy that revolted against the idea of continuing in his house after his aunt's decease. By that lady's will, she was entitled to a legacy of six hundred pounds; by means of this sum she had formed a scheme, which, though it would reduce her to a state very different from the ease and affluence of her former circumstances, might yet secure her from the irksomeness of dependance, or the accusation of impropriety; this was, to appropriate two-thirds of the interest of her capital to the payment of an annual sum for her board with Mrs. Wistanly.

It was now that Bolton felt the advantage of independence from the hopes of being useful to Lucy; but he had her delicacy to overcome. She would not throw herself, at this moment of necessity, into the hands of a man whom fortune had now placed above her. She adhered to her first resolution. But the kindness of Sir Thomas Sindall rendered it unnecessary: for a short time after Mrs. Selwyn's death, when Miss Sindall communicated to him her intention of leaving his house, he addressed her in the following terms: "I have always looked upon you, Miss Lucy, as a daughter; and, I hope, there has been no want of tenderness or attention, on the side of my aunt or myself, to have prevented your regarding us as parents. At the same time, I know the opinions of the world; mistaken and illiberal as they often are, there is a deference which we are obliged to pay them. In your sex the sense of decorum should be ever awake; even in this case, I would not attempt to plead

against its voice; but I hope I have hit on a method which will perfectly reconcile propriety and convenience. There is a lady a distant relation of our family, whom a marriage, such as the world terms imprudent, banished in early life from the notice or protection of it; but, though they could refuse their suffrage to the match, they could not control its happiness; and during the life of Mr. Boothby (for that was her husband's name), she experienced all the felicity of which wedlock is susceptible. Yet on her husband's death, which happened about five years after their marriage, the state of his affairs was found to be such, that she stood but too much in need of that assistance which her relations denied her. At the time of her giving the family this offence, I was a boy; and I scarce ever heard of her name till I was apprized of her misfortunes. Whatever services I have been able to do her, I have found repaid by the sincerest gratitude, and improved to the worthiest purposes. Upon the late event of my aunt's death, I was naturally led to wish her place supplied by Mrs. Boothby; she has done me the favor to accept of my invitation, and I expect her here this evening. Of any thing like authority in this house, Miss Lucy, you shall be always independent; but I flatter myself she has qualities sufficient to merit your friendship." Lucy returned such an answer as the kindness and delicacy of this speech deserved; and it was agreed, that, for the present, her purpose of leaving Bilswood should be laid aside.

In the evening the expected lady arrived; she seemed to be about the age of fifty, with an impression of melancholy on her countenance, that appeared to have worn away her beauty before the usual period. Some traces, however, still remained, and her eyes, when they met the view of the world, which was but seldom, discovered a brilliancy not extinguished by her sorrow. Her appearance, joined to the knowledge of her story, did not fail to attract Miss Sindall's regard; she received Mrs. Boothby with an air, not of civility, but friendship; and the other showed a sense of the obligation conferred on her, by a look of that modest. tender sort, which equally acknowledges and solicits our kindness.

With misfortune a good heart easily makes an acquaintance. Miss Sindall endeavored by a thousand little assiduities, to show this lady the interest she took in her welfare. That reserve, which the humility of affliction, not an unsocial spirit, seemed to have taught Mrs. Boothby, wore off by degrees; their mutual esteem increased as their characters opened to each other; and in a short time their confidence was unreserved, and their friendship appeared to be inviolable.

Mrs. Boothby had now the satisfaction of pouring the tale of

her distresses into the ear of sympathy and friendship. Her story was melancholy but not uncommon; the wreck of her husband's affairs, by a mind too enlarged for his fortune, and an indulgence of inclinations laudable in their kind, but faulty in relation to the circumstances of their owner.

In the history of her young friend's life there were but few incidents to communicate in return. She could only say, that she remembered herself, from her infancy, an orphan, under the care of Sir Thomas Sindall and his aunt; that she had lived with them in a state of quiet and simplicity, without having seen much of the world, or wishing to see it. She had but one secret to disclose in earnest of her friendship; it faltered for some time on her lips: at last she ventured to let Mrs. Boothby know it—her attachment to Bolton.

From this intelligence the other was led to an inquiry into the situation of that young gentleman. She heard the particulars I have formerly related, with an emotion not suited to the feelings of Miss Sindall: and the sincerity of her friendship declared the fears which her prudence suggested. She reminded Lucy of the dangers to which youth and inexperience are exposed, by the sudden acquisition of riches; she set forth the many disadvantages of early independence, and hinted the inconstancy of attachments, formed in the period of romantic enthusiasm, in the scenes of rural simplicity, which are afterwards to be tried by the maxims of the world, amidst the society of the gay, the thoughtless, and the dissipated. From all this followed conclusions, which it was as difficult as disagreeable for the heart of Lucy to form; it could not untwist those tender ties which linked it to Bolton; but it began to tremble for itself and him.

CHAPTER XIII.

Certain opinions of Mrs. Boothby.—An attempt to account for them.

From the particulars of her own story, and of Bolton's, Mrs Boothby drew one conclusion common to both; to wit, the goodness of Sir Thomas Sindall. This, indeed, a laudable gratitude had so much impressed on her mind, that the praise she frequently bestowed on him, even in his own presence, would have savored of adulation to one, who had not known the debt which this lady owed to his beneficence.

Lucy, to whom she would often repeat her eulogium of the

baronet, was ready enough to own the obligations herself had received, and to join her acknowledgments to those of her friend. Yet there was a want of warmth in her panegyric, for which Mrs. Boothby would sometimes gently blame her: and one day, when they were on that subject, she remarked, with a sort of jocular air, the difference of that attachment which Miss Sindall felt, in return for so much unwearied kindness as Sir Thomas had shown her, and that which a few soft glances had procured to the more fortunate Mr. Bolton. Miss Sindall seemed to feel the observation with some degree of displeasure; and answered, blushing, that she considered Sir Thomas as a parent whom she was to esteem and revere, not as one for whom she was to entertain any sentiment of a softer kind.

"But suppose," replied the other, "that he should entertain sentiments of a softer kind for you."—"I cannot suppose it."—"There you are in the wrong; men of sense and knowledge of the world, like Sir Thomas, are not so prodigal of unmeaning compliments as giddy young people, who mean not half of what they say; but they feel more deeply the force of our attractions, and will retain the impression so much the longer as it is grafted on maturity of judgment. I am very much mistaken, Miss Lucy, if the worthiest of men is not your lover."—"Lover! Sir Thomas Sindall my lover!"—"I profess, my dear, I cannot see the reason of that passionate exclamation: nor why that man should not be entitled to love you, who has himself the best title to be beloved."—"I may reverence Sir Thomas Sindall, I may admire his goodness; I will do any thing to show my gratitude to him; but to love him—good heavens!"

"There is, I know," rejoined Mrs. Boothby, "a certain romantic affection, which young people suppose to be the only thing that comes under that denomination. From being accustomed to admire a set of opinions, which they term sentimental, opposed to others which they look upon as vulgar and unfeeling, they form to themselves an ideal system in those matters, which, from the nature of things, must always be disappointed. You will find, Miss Sindall, when you have lived to see a little more of the world, the insufficiency of those visionary articles of happiness, that are set forth with such parade of language in novels and romances, as consisting in sympathy of soul, and the mutual attraction of hearts, destined for each other."

"You will pardon me," said Lucy, "for making one observation, that you yourself are an instance against the universal truth of your argument; you married for love, Mrs. Boothby."—"I did so," interrupted she, "and therefore I am the better able to inform you of the short duration of that paradise such a state is supposed to imply. We were looked upon, Miss Lucy,

as patterns of conjugal felicity; but folks did little know, how soon the raptures with which we went together were changed into feelings of a much colder kind. At the same time, Mr. Boothby was a good natured man; and, I believe, we were on a better footing than most of your couples who marry for love are at the end of a twelvemonth. I am now but too well convinced that those are the happiest matches which are founded on the soberer sentiments of gratitude and esteem."

To this concluding maxim Lucy made no reply. It was one of those which she could not easily bear to believe; it even tinctured the character of the person who made it, and she found herself not so much disposed to love Mrs. Boothby as she once had been.

For this sort of reasoning, however, that lady had reasons which it may not be improper to explain to the reader, if indeed the reader has not already discovered them without the assistance of explanation.

Sir Thomas Sindall, though he was now verging towards that time of life when

"the heyday of the blood is tame,"

was still as susceptible as ever of the influence of beauty. Miss Lucy I have already mentioned as possessing an uncommon share of it; and chance had placed her so immediately under his observation and guardianship, that it was scarce possible not for him to remark, and having remarked, not to desire it. In some minds, indeed, there might have arisen suggestions of honor and conscience, unfavorable to the use of that opportunity which fortune had put in his power; but these were restraints which Sir Thomas had so frequently broken, as in a great measure to annihilate their force.

During the life of his aunt, there were other motives to restrain him; those were now removed; and being solicitous to preserve the advantage which he drew from Miss Sindall's residence in the house, he pitched on Mrs. Boothby to fill Mrs. Selwyn's place, from whom his former good offices gave him an additional title to expect assistance, by means of the influence she would naturally gain over the mind of one who was in some sort to become her ward. As I am willing at present to believe that lady's character a fair one, I shall suppose, that he concealed from her the kind of addresses with which he meant to approach her young friend. It is certain there was but one kind, which the principles of Sir Thomas allowed him to make.

One obstacle, however, he foresaw in the attachment which he had early discovered her to have towards Bolton. This, on the most favorable supposition of the case, he might easily

represent to Mrs. Boothby, equally hurtful to Miss Lucy's interest, and destructive of his own wishes; and if she was prevailed on to espouse his cause, it may account for those lessons of prudence which she bestowed upon Miss Sindall. Besides this, the baronet did not scruple to use some other methods, still more dishonorable, of shaking her confidence in his cousin. He fell upon means of secretly intercepting that young gentleman's letters to Lucy; from this he drew a double advantage; both of fastening a suspicion on Harry's fidelity, and acquiring such intelligence as might point his own machinations to defeat the purposes which that correspondence contained.

CHAPTER XIV.

A discovery interesting to Miss Sindall.

Under those circumstances of advantage in which Sir Thomas Sindall stood, it did not seem a matter of extreme difficulty to accomplish that design which I have hinted to my readers in the preceding chapter. Let him, whose indignation is roused at the mention of it, carry his feelings abroad into life, he will find other Sindalls whom the world has not marked with its displeasure. In the simplicity of my narrative, what is there that should set up this one to his hatred or his scorn? Let but the heart pronounce its judgment, and the decision will be the same.

Hitherto Sir Thomas had appeared as the parent and guardian of Lucy: and though, at times, certain expressions escaped him, which the quickness of more experienced, that is, less innocent minds, would have discovered to belong to another character; yet she to whom they were addressed, had heard them without suspicion. But she was now alarmed by the suggestions of Mrs. Boothby; these suggestions it is possible the baronet himself had prompted. He knew the force of that poison which is conveyed in those indirect approaches, when a woman's vanity is set on the watch by the assistance of a third person. She who imagines she hears them with indifference, is in danger; but she who listens to them with pleasure, is undone.

With Lucy, however, they failed of that effect which the baronet's experience had promised him: She heard them with a sort of disgust at Mrs. Boothby, and something like fear of Sir Thomas. Her uneasiness increased as his declarations began to be

more pointed, though they were then only such as some women, who had meant to give them no favorable ear, might perhaps have been rather flattered than displeased with; but Miss Sindall was equally void of the art by which we disguise our own sentiments, and the pride we assume from the sentiments of others.

To her virtues Sir Thomas was no stranger; they were difficulties which served but as spurs in his pursuit. That he continued it with increasing ardor, may be gathered from two letters, which I subjoin for the information of the reader. The first is addressed

"*To Mrs. Wistanly.*

"My Dear Madam,

"I fear you begin to accuse me of neglect: but there are reasons why I cannot so easily write to you as formerly. Even without this apology, you would scarce believe me capable of forgetting you, who are almost the only friend I am possessed of. Alas! I have need of a friend! pity and direct me.

"Sir Thomas Sindall—how shall I tell it?—he has ceased to be that guardian, that protector, I esteemed him; he says he loves, he adores me;——I know not why it is, but I shudder when I hear these words from Sir Thomas Sindall.

"But I have better reason for my fears; he has used such expressions of late, that, though I am not skilled enough in the language of his sex to understand their meaning fully, yet they convey too much for his honor and for my peace

"Nor is this all.—Last night I was sitting in the parlor with him and Mrs. Boothby (of whom I have much to tell you); I got up, and stood in the bow window, looking at the rays of the moon, which glittered on the pond in the garden. There was something of enviable tranquillity in the scene; I sighed as I looked.—'That's a deep one,' said Sir Thomas, patting me on the shoulder behind; I turned round somewhat in a flurry, when I perceived that Mrs. Boothby had left the room. I made a motion towards the door; Sir Thomas placed himself with his back to it. 'Where is Mrs. Boothby?' said I, though I trembled so, that I could scarcely articulate the words. 'What is my sweet girl frightened at?' said he; 'here are none but love and Sindall.' He fell on his knees, and repeated a great deal of jargon, (I was so confused, I know not what,) holding my hands all the while fast in his. I pulled them away at last; he rose, and clasping me round the waist, would have forced a kiss; I screamed out, and he turned from me. 'What's the matter?' said Mrs. Boothby, who then entered the room. 'A mouse running across the carpet, frightened Miss Lucy,' answered Sir

Thomas. I could not speak, but I sat down on the sofa, and had almost fainted. Sir Thomas brought me some wine and water, and, pressing my hand, whispered, that he hoped I would forgive an offence which was already too much punished by its effects; but he looked so, while he spoke this!

"Oh! Mrs. Wistanly, with what regret do I now recollect the days of peaceful happiness I have passed in your little dwelling, when we were at Sindall park. I remember I often wished, like other foolish girls, to be a woman; methinks I would now gladly return to the state of harmless infancy I then neglected to value. I am but ill made for encountering difficulty or danger; yet I fear my path is surrounded with both. Could you receive me again under your roof? there is something hallowed resides beneath it.—Yet this may not now be so convenient—I know not what to say—here I am miserable. Write to me, I entreat you, as speedily as may be. You never yet denied me your advice or assistance; and never before were they so necessary to your faithful L. SINDALL."

To this letter Miss Sindall received no answer; in truth it never reached Mrs. Wistanly, the servant, to whom she entrusted its conveyance, having, according to the instructions he had received, delivered it into the hands of his master Sir Thomas Sindall. She concluded, therefore, either that Mrs. Wistanly found herself unable to assist her in her present distress, or, what she imagined more probable, that age had now weakened her faculties so much, as to render her callous even to that feeling which should have pitied it. She next turned her thoughts upon Miss Walton, the manner of her getting acquainted with whom I have related in the fifth chapter of this part; but she learned that Mr. Walton had, a few days before, set out with his daughter on a journey to the continent, to which he had been advised by her physicians, as she had, for some time past, been threatened with symptoms of a consumptive disorder. These circumstances and Sir Thomas's further conduct in the interval, induced her to address the following letter to Bolton, though she began to suspect, from the supposed failure of his correspondence, that the suggestions she had heard of his change of circumstances having taught him to forget her, had but too much foundation in reality.

"*To Henry Bolton, Esq.*

"Is it true, that amidst the business, or the pleasures of his new situation, Harry Bolton has forgotten Lucy Sindall? Forlorn as I now am—but I will not complain—I would now less than ever complain to you—Yet it is not pride, it is not—I weep while I write this!

"But, perhaps, though I do not hear from you, you may yet remember her to whom you had once some foolish attachment. It is fit you think of her no more; she was then indeed a dependant orphan, but there was a small challenge of protection from friends, to whom it was imagined her infancy had been entrusted. Know, that this was a fabricated tale; she is, in truth, a wretched foundling, exposed in her infant state, by the cruelty or necessity of her parents, to the inclemency of a winter storm, from which miserable situation Sir Thomas Sindall delivered her. This he has but a little since told me, in the most ungenerous manner, and from motives which I tremble to think on.—Inhuman that he is! why did he save me, then?

"This Mrs. Boothby, too! encompassed as I was with evils, was I not wretched enough before? yet this new discovery has been able to make me more so. My head grows dizzy when I think on it!—to be blotted out from the records of society!—What misery or what vice have my parents known! yet now to be the child of a beggar, in poverty and rags, is a situation I am forced to envy.

"I had one friend from whom I looked for some assistance—Mrs. Wistanly, from infirmity, I fear, has forgotten me; I have ventured to think on you. Be but my friend, and no more talk not of love, that you may not force me to refuse your friendship. If you are not changed, indeed, you will be rewarded enough when I tell you, that, to remove me from the dangers of this dreadful place, will call forth more blessings from my heart, than any other can give, that is not wrung with anguish like that of the unfortunate

"L. SINDALL."

CHAPTER XV.

She receives a letter from Bolton.—A new alarm from Sir Thomas Sindall.

IT happened that the messenger to whom the charge of the foregoing billet was committed, was a person not in that line of association which the baronet had drawn around her; consequently it escaped interception.

When Bolton received it, he was not only alarmed with the intelligence it contained, but his fears were doubly roused from the discovery it made to him, of his letters not being suffered to reach Miss Sindall. He dispatched his answer, therefore, by a special messenger, who was ordered to watch an opportunity of

delivering it privately into the hands of the lady to whom it was addressed. This he found no easy matter to accomplish; nor would he, perhaps, have been able to effect it at all, but for an artifice to which he had recourse, of hiring himself on a job in Sir Thomas's garden, for which his knowledge in the business happened to qualify him. He had, indeed, been formerly employed in that capacity at Sindall park, and had there been well enough known to Miss Lucy, who was herself a gardener for amusement; and, after leaving that place, having gone to the neighborhood of London for improvement, he was met, and hired by his former acquaintance, Mr. Bolton,

The very next evening after he had got into this station, he observed Miss Sindall enter the garden alone. This was an opportunity not to be missed; on pretence, therefore, of fetching somewhat from the end of the walk she was on, he passed her, and pulling off his hat with a look significant of prior acquaintance. Lucy observed him, and feeling a sort of momentary comfort from the recollection, began some talk with him respecting his former situation, and the changes it had undergone. She asked him many questions about their old neighbors at Sindall park, and particularly Mrs. Wistanly; when she was soon convinced of her misapprehension with regard to a failure of that worthy woman's intellects, Jerry (so the gardener was familiarly called,) having seen her on his way to Bilswood, and heard her speak of Miss Lucy with the most tender concern. "And what was your last service, Jerry?" said she.—"I wrought for Mr. Bolton, madam."—"Mr. Bolton?"—"And I received this paper from him for your ladyship, which I was ordered to deliver into your own hands, and no other body's, an't please your ladyship." She took the letter with a trembling impatience, and whispering, that she would find an opportunity of seeing him again, hurried up into her chamber to peruse it. She found it to contain what follows:

"I have not words to tell my ever-dearest Lucy, with what distracting anxiety I read the letter that is now lying before me. To give her suspicions of my faith, must have been the work of no common treachery: when she knows that I wrote to her three several times without receiving any answer, she will, at the same time, acquit me of inconstancy, and judge of my uneasiness.

"That discovery which she had lately made, is nothing to her or to me. My Lucy is the child of heaven, and her inheritance every excellence it can bestow.

"But her present situation—my God! what horrible images has my fancy drawn of it! For Heaven's sake, let not even the

most amiable of weaknesses prevent her escaping from it into the arms of her faithful Bolton. I dispatch a messenger with this instantly. I shall follow him myself, the moment I have made some arrangements, necessary for your present safety and future comfort. I shall be in the neighborhood of Bilswood for I am forbidden to enter, Sir Thomas having taken occasion, from my resigning a commission which would have fixed me ingloriously in a garrison abroad, that I might be of some use to my country at home, to write me a letter in the angriest terms, renouncing me, as he expresses it, for ever. I see, I see the villany of his purpose; 'tis but a few days hence, and I will meet him in the covert of his falsehood, and blast it. Let my Lucy be but just to herself and to

"BOLTON."

She had scarcely read this, when Mrs. Boothby entered the room. The baronet had, for some days quitted that plan of intimidation, which had prompted him to discover to Lucy the circumstance of her being a wretched foundling, supported by his charity, for a behaviour more mild and insinuating; and Mrs. Boothby, who squared her conduct accordingly, had been particularly attentive and obliging. She now delivered to Miss Sindall a message from a young lady in the neighborhood, an acquaintance of her's, begging her company, along with Mrs. Boothby's to a party of pleasure the day after. "And really, Miss Sindall," said she, with an air of concern, "I must enforce the invitation from a regard to your health, as you seem to have been drooping for some days past." Lucy looked her full in the face, and sighed; that look she did not choose to understand, but repeated her question as to their jaunt to-morrow. "Miss Venhurst will call at nine, and expects to find you ready to attend her"—"What you please," replied the other; "if Miss Venhurst is to be of the party, I have no objection." The consent seemed to give much satisfaction to Mrs. Boothby, who left her with a gentle tap on the back, and an unusual appearance of kindness in her aspect.

Lucy read her letter again; she had desired Bolton to think of her no more; but there is in the worthiest hearts, a little hypocrisy attending such requests: she found herself happy in the thought that he had not forgotten her.

When she opened her bureau, to deposit this fresh testimony of his attachment, she observed the corner of a piece of paper, which had been thrust into a fissure occasioned by the shrinking of the wood. Her curiosity was excited by this circumstance; and unfolding the paper she found it to contain——

"*To Miss Sindle.*

"MADM.—I writ this from a sincear regaird to yur welfer. Sir Tho. Sindle hase a helitch plott against yur vartue, and hase imployde Mrs. Buthbie, whu is a wooman of a notoreus karicter in Londun to assist him. They will putt yu on a jant tomoro on pretens of seeing Mss Venhrst, butt it is fals: for she is not to be thair, and they only wants to inveegle yu for a wicket purpes. therfor bi advyzd by a frinde, and du not go.

"Yur secrt welwishar,
R. S."

Amazement and horror filled the mind of Lucy as she read this; but, when the first perturbation of her soul was over, she bethought herself of endeavoring to find out her friend in the author of this epistle, whose compassion seemed so much interested in her behalf. She remembered that one of the servants who was sometimes employed to ride out with her, was called Robert, which agreed with the first initial of the subscription of the note she had received. At supper, therefore, though she wore a look of as much indifference as possible, she marked, with a secret attention, the appearance of this man's countenance. Her belief of his being the person who had communicated this friendly intelligence, was increased from her observation; and she determined to watch an opportunity of questioning him with regard to it.

CHAPTER XVI.

Miss Sindall has an interview with Robert.—A resolution she takes in consequence of it.

AFTER a night of wakeful anxiety, she was called in the morning by Mrs. Boothby, who told her, that breakfast waited, as it was near the hour they proposed setting out on their jaunt. "Miss Venhurst," continued she, "has sent to let you know, that she is prevented from calling here as she promised, but that she will meet us on the road."——"I am sorry," answered Lucy with a counterfeited coolness, "that I should be forced to disappoint her in my turn; but I rested so ill last night, and my head aches so violently, that I cannot possibly attend her."—— "Not go!" exclaimed Mrs. Boothby; "why, my dear, you will disjoint the whole party; besides, I have not time to ac-

quaint the Venhurst family, and it will look so odd."—"It will look odder," said Lucy, "if I should go abroad when I am really so very much indisposed."—"Nay, if you are *really* so much indisposed," answered the other, "I will send our apology, late as it is."—"But you shall not stay at home to attend me," interrupted Lucy. "Indeed but I shall," replied Mrs. Boothby; "it was on your account only that I proposed going. Keep your chamber, and I will send you up some tea immediately."—And she left the room for that purpose.

Her attention, indeed, was but too vigilant for the scheme which Lucy had formed of examining Robert about the note she had found in her bureau; but accident at last furnished her with the opportunity she sought. Mrs. Boothby having left her, in order to preside at dinner, sent this very servant, with a plate of something to her patient above stairs. He would have delivered it to one of the maids at the door; but Lucy hearing his voice, desired that he might come in, on pretence of talking to him about a young horse she had employed him to ride for her, and sending the maid on some errand, put the paper into his hand, and asked him, if he was the person to whom she was indebted for a piece of information so momentous. The fellow blushed, and stammered, and seemed afraid to confess his kindness. "For God's sake," said Lucy, "do not trifle with my misery; there is no time to lose in evasions; what do you know of Sir Thomas's designs against me?"—"Why, for certain, madam," said he, "servants should not blab their master's secrets; but your ladyship is so sweet a lady that I could not bear to see you so deceived. Sir Thomas's valet-de-chamb is a chum of mine, and he told me, after having made me promise to keep it a profound secret, that his master designed to entice you on a party with Mrs. Boothby; that they were to stop at a solitary farmhouse of his, and there Sir Thomas"——"Forbear the shocking recital," cried Lucy—"To be sure it is shocking," said Robert, "and so I said to Jem when he told me; but he answered (your ladyship will forgive me for repeating his words) that it mattered not much; for she is nothing better, said he, than a beggarly foundling, whom my master and I picked up, one stormy night, on the road, near his hunting-place there at Hazleden; and, having taken a liking to the child, he brought her home to Mrs. Selwyn, pretending, that she was the daughter of a gentleman of his own name, a friend of his who died abroad; and his aunt, believing the story, brought her up for all the world ike a lady, and left her forsooth a legacy at her death; but if all were as it should be, she would be following some draggle-tailed gipsy, instead of flaunting in her fineries here."—"Would that I were begging my bread, so I were but out of this

frightful house."—"I wish you were," said Robert simply, "for I fear there are more plots hatching against you than you are aware of: is not Mrs. Boothby's Sukey to sleep to-night in the room with your ladyship?"—"I consented, on Mrs. Boothby's importunity, that she should."—"Why then," continued he, "I saw Jem carry a cast gown of Mrs. Boothby's, she had formerly given to Sukey, but which she asked back from the girl, on pretence of taking a pattern from it, into his master's dressing-room; and when I asked him what he was doing with it there, he winked thus, and said, it was for somebody to masquerade in to-night." "Gracious God!" cried Lucy, "whither shall I turn me?—Robert, if ever thou wouldst find grace with Heaven, pity a wretch that knows not where to look for protection!"—She had thrown herself on her knees before him. "What can I do for your ladyship?" said he, raising her from the ground. "Take me from this dreadful place," she exclaimed, holding by the sleeves of his coat, as if she feared his leaving her. "Alas!" answered Robert, "I cannot take you from it." She stood for some moments wrapped in thought, the fellow looking piteously in her face. "It will do," she cried, breaking from him, and running into her dressing-closet. "Look here, Robert, look here; could I not get from this window on the garden wall, and so leap down into the outer court?"—"But supposing your ladyship might, what would you do then?"—"Could not you procure me a horse?—Stay—there is one of the chaise horses at grass in the paddock—do you know the road to Mrs. Wistanly's?"—"Mrs. Wistanly's!"—"For Heaven's sake refuse not my request; you cannot be so cruel as to refuse it."—"I would do much to serve your ladyship; but if they should discover us." "Talk not of *ifs*, my dear Robert;—but soft—I will manage it thus—no, that can't be, either—the servants are in bed by eleven." "Before it, an't please your ladyship." "If you could contrive to have that horse saddled at the gate so soon as all is quiet within, I can get out and meet you." "I don't know what to say to it."—Somebody from below cried, Robert.—Lucy was down on her knees again.—"Stay, I conjure you, and answer me."—"For God's sake, rise," said he, "and do not debase yourself to a poor servant, as I am."—"Never will I rise, till you promise to meet me at eleven." "I will, I will, (and the tears gushed into his eyes,) whatever be the consequence." Sukey appeared at the door, calling Robert, again;—he ran down stairs, Lucy followed him some steps insensibly, with her hands folded together in the attitude of supplication.

In the interval between this and the time of putting her scheme into execution, she suffered all that fear and suspense could inflict. She wished to see again the intended companion

of her escape; but the consciousness of her purpose stopped ner tongue when she would have uttered some pretence for talking with him. At times her resolution was staggered by the thoughts of the perils attending her flight; but her imagination presently suggested the danger of her stay, and the dread of the greater evil became a fortitude against a less.

The hour of eleven at last arrived. Mrs. Boothby, whose attendance was afterwards to be supplied by that of her maid, had just bid her good-night, on her pretending an unusual drowsiness, and promised to send up Sukey in a very little after. Lucy went into her dressing-closet, and, fastening the door, got up on a chair at the window, which she had taken care to leave open some time before, and stepped out on the wall of the garden, which was broad enough a-top to admit of her walking along it. When she got as far as the gate, she saw, by the light of the moon, Robert standing at the place of appointment: he caught her in his arms when she leaped down. "Why do you tremble so?" said she, her own lips quivering as she spoke.—"Is the horse ready?"—"Here," answered Robert, stammering, "but"—"Get on," said Lucy, "and let us away for Heaven's sake!"—He seemed scarce able to mount the horse; she sprung from the ground on the pad behind him. "Does your ladyship think," said Robert faintly, as they left the gate, "of the danger you run?"—"There is no danger but within those hated walls."—"'Twill be a dreadful night;" for it began to rain, and the thunder rolled at a distance.—"Fear not," said she, "we cannot miss our way."—"But if they should overtake us."—"They shall not, they shall not overtake us!"—Robert answered with a deep sigh! But they were now at some distance from the house, and striking out of the highway into a lane, from the end of which a short road lay, over a common to the village in which Mrs. Wistanly lived, they put on a very quick pace, and in a short time Lucy imagined herself pretty safe from pursuit.

CHAPTER XVII.

Bolton sets out for Bilswood.—A recital of some incidents in his journey.

As I flatter myself that my readers feel some interest in the fate of Miss Sindall, I would not leave that part of my narration which regarded her, till I had brought it to the period of her escape. Having accompanied her thus far, I return to give some account of Mr. Bolton

According to the promise he had made to Lucy, he set out for Bilswood two days after the date of that letter she received from him by the hands of his gardener. That faithful fellow had orders to return, after delivering it, and on procuring what intelligence he could of the family, to wait his master, at a little inn, about five miles distant from Sir Thomas Sindall's. The first part of his business the reader has seen him accomplish; as to the rest, he was only able to learn something, confusedly, of the baronet's attachment to Miss Lucy. He expected to have seen that young lady again on the day following that of their first interview; but her attention had been so much occupied by the discoveries related in the two last chapters, and contriving the means of avoiding the danger with which she was threatened, that her promise to the bearer of Mr. Bolton's letter had escaped her memory. He set out therefore, for the place of appointment on the evening of that day, and reached it but a very short time before his master arrived.

Bolton, having learned what particulars Jerry could inform him of, desired him to return in the morning to his work in Sir Thomas's garden, and remain there till he should receive further orders; then, leaving his horses and servants for fear of discovery, he set out on foot, in the garb of a peasant, which Jerry had found means to procure him.

As he had passed several years of his life at Bilswood, he trusted implicitly to his own knowledge of the way; but soon after his leaving the inn, the moon was totally darkened and it rained with such violence, accompanied with incessant peals of thunder, that, in the confusion of the scene, he missed his path, and had wandered a great way over the adjacent common before he discovered his mistake. When he endeavored to regain the road, he found himself entangled in a very thick brake of furze, which happened to lie on that side whence he had turned; and, after several fruitless efforts to make his way through it, he was obliged to desist from the attempt, and tread back the steps he had made, till he returned to the open part of the heath. Here he stood, uncertain what course to take; when he observed at a distance the twinkling of a light, which immediately determined him. On advancing somewhat nearer, he found a little winding track that seemed to point towards the place; and, after following it some time, he could discern an object which he took for the house to which it led.

The lightning which now flashed around him, discovered on each hand the earth raised into mounds that seemed graves of the dead, and here and there a bone lay on the walk he trod. A few paces further, through a narrow Gothic door, gleamed a light, which faintly illuminated a length of vault within. To

this Bolton approached, not without some degree of fear; when he perceived at the further end, a person in a military uniform, sitting by a fire he had made of some withered brushwood piled up against the wall. As Harry approached him, the echo of the place doubled the hollow sound of his feet. "Who is there?" cried the stranger, turning at the noise, and half unsheathing a hanger which he wore at his side. "A friend," replied Harry, bowing "who takes the liberty of begging a seat by your fire." "Your manner," said the other, "belies your garb; but whoever you are, you are welcome to what shelter this roof can afford, and what warmth my fire can give. We are, for the time, joint lords of the mansion, for my title is no other than the inclemency of the night. It is such a one as makes even this gloomy shelter enviable: and that broken piece of mattock, and this flint, are precious, because they lighted some bits of dry straw, to kindle the flame that warms us. By the moss grown altar, and the frequent figures of the cross, I suppose these are the remains of some chapel devoted to ancient veneration. Sit down on this stone, if you please, Sir, and our offerings shall be a thankful heart over some humble fare which my knapsack contains." As he spoke, he pulled out a loaf of coarse bread, a piece of cheese, and a bottle of ale. Bolton expressed his thanks for the invitation, and partook of the repast. "I fear, Sir," said his companion, "you will be poorly supped; but I have known what it is to want even a crust of bread. You look at me with surprise; but though I am poor, I am honest." —"Pardon me," answered Harry. "I entertain no suspicion; there is something that speaks for you in this bosom, and answers for your worth. It may be in my power to prevent, for the future, those hardships which, I fear, you have formerly endured." The soldier held forth the bit of bread which he was putting to his mouth. "He, to whom this fare is luxury, can scarcely be dependent; yet my gratitude to you, Sir, is equally due; if I have felt misfortune, I have deserved it."—He sighed, and Harry answered him with a sigh—"I see a sort of question in your face, Sir, and I know not why it is, there are some faces I cannot easily resist. If my story outlasts the storm, it will take from the irksomeness of its duration."

CHAPTER XVIII.

The stranger relates the history of his life.

"It is now upwards of twenty years since I left my native country. You are too young, Sir, to have gained much knowledge of mankind; let me warn you, from sad experience, to beware of those passions which at your age I was unable to resist, and which, in the commerce of the world, will find abundant occasion to overcome incautious and inexperienced youth. Start not when I tell you, that you see before you one whom the laws of his country had doomed to expiate his crimes by death, though, from the mercy of his prince, that judgment was mitigated into a term of transportation, some time ago elapsed. This punishment I incurred from the commission of a robbery, to which some particular circumstances, joined to the poverty consequent on dissipation and extravagance, had tempted me.

"The master to whom my service was adjudged in the West Indies, happened to die soon after my arrival there. I got my freedom, therefore, though it was but to change it for a service as severe as my former: I was enlisted in a regiment then stationed in the island, and being considered as a felon, unworthy of any mild treatment, was constantly exposed to every hardship which the strictest duty, or the most continual exposure to the dangers of the climate, could inflict. Had I revealed my story, and taken advantage of that distinction which my birth and education would have made between the other convicts and me, it is probable I might have prevented most of the evils both of my former and present situation; but I set out, from the first, with a fixed determination of suffering every part of my punishment, which the law allots to the meanest and most unfriended. All the severities, therefore, which were now imposed upon me, I bore without repining: and, from an excellent natural constitution, was not only able to overcome them, but they served to render me still more patient of fatigue, and less susceptible of impression from the vicissitudes of the weather; and from a sullen disregard of life, with which the remembrance of better days inspired me, my soul became as fearless as my body robust. These qualities made me be taken notice of by some of the officers in the regiment, and afterwards, when it was ordered to America, and went on some Indian expeditions, were still more serviceable and more attractive of observation. By these means I began to obliterate the disgrace which my situation at

enlisting had fixed upon me; and, if still regarded as a ruffian, I was at least acknowledged to be a useful one. Not long after, on occasion of a piece of service I performed for an officer on an advanced guard, that was attacked by a party of hostile Indians, I was promoted to a halberd. The stigma, however, of my transportation was not yet entirely forgotten, and by some it was the better remembered, because of my present advancement. One of those, with whom I had never been on good terms, was particularly offended at being commanded, as he termed it, by a jail-bird; and one day, when I was on guard, had drawn on the back of my coat, the picture of a gallows, on which was hung a figure in caricature, with the initials of my name written over it. This was an affront too gross to be tamely put up with; having sought out the man, who did not deny the charge, I challenged him to give me satisfaction by fighting me. But this, from the opinion conceived of my strength and ferocity, he did not choose to accept; on which I gave him so severe a drubbing, that he was unable to mount guard in his turn, and the surgeon reported that his life was in danger. For this offence I was tried by a court-martial, and sentenced to receive five hundred lashes as a punishment. When their sentence was communicated to me, I petitioned that it might be changed into death; but my request was refused. That very day, therefore, I received one hundred lashes, (for the sentence was to be executed at different periods,) and next morning was to suffer as many more. The remainder, however, I resolved, if possible, to escape by an act of suicide. This I was only prevented from putting in execution by the want of opportunity; as I had been stripped of every the smallest weapon of offence, and was bound with ropes to one of the posts of my bed. I contrived, nevertheless, about midnight, to reach the fireplace with my feet, and having drawn out thence a live ember, disposed it immediately under the most combustible part of the bed. It had very soon the effect I desired; the room was set on fire, and I regained my liberty, by the ropes, with which I was tied, being burnt. At that moment, the desire of life was rekindled by the possibility of escaping; the flames bursting out fiercely at one side of the house where I lay, the attention of the soldiers whom the fire had awakened, was principally turned to that quarter, and I had an opportunity of stealing off unperceived at the opposite side. We were then in a sort of wooden huts, which had been built for our accommodation on the outside of one of our frontier forts; so that, when I had run two or three hundred yards, I found myself in the shelter of a wood, pretty secure from pursuit; but, as there it was impossible for me long to subsist, and I had no chance of escaping detection if I ventured

to approach the habitations of any of my countrymen, I had formed the resolution of endeavoring to join the Indians, whose scouting parties I had frequently seen at a small distance from our outposts. I held, therefore, in a direction which I judged the most probable for falling in with them, and in a very little after daybreak discovered a party, seated after the manner of their country, in a ring, with the ashes of their newly-extinguished fire in the middle. I advanced slowly to the place, which I had almost reached before I was perceived. When they discovered me, they leaped up on their feet, and seizing their arms, screamed out the war-whoop, to alarm the different small parties who had passed the night in resting places near them. One of them, presenting his piece, took aim at me; but I fell on my knees, showed them my defenceless state, and held out my hands, as if imploring their mercy and protection. Upon this, one of the oldest among them made a sign to the rest, and advancing towards me, asked me, in broken French, mixed with his own language, of which two I understood something, what was my intention, and whence I came? I answered as distinctly as I could to these interrogatories; and showing the sores on my back, which I gave him to understand had been inflicted at the fort, made protestations, both by imperfect language and significant gestures, of my friendship to his countrymen, and hatred to my own. After holding a moment's conversation with the rest, he took my hand, and, leading me a little forward, placed me in the midst of the party. Some of them examined me attentively, and upon some farther discourse together, brought the baggage, with which two prisoners, lately made from some adverse tribe, had been loaded, and laid it upon me. This burden, which to any man would have been oppressively heavy, you may believe, was much more intolerable to me, whose flesh was yet raw from the lashes I had received; but as I knew that fortitude was an indispensable virtue with the Indians, I bore it without wincing, and we proceeded on the route which the party I had joined were destined to pursue. During the course of our first day's march, they often looked steadfastly in my face, to discover if I showed any signs of uneasiness. When they saw that I did not, they lightened my load by degrees, and at last, the senior chief, who had first taken notice of me, freed me from it altogether, and, at the same time, chewing some herbs he found in the wood, applied them to my sores, which in a few day's were almost entirely healed. I was then intrusted with a tomahawk, and shortly after with a gun, to the dextrous use of both which weapons I was frequently exercised by the young men of our party, during the remainder of our expedition. It lasted some months, in which time I had also become

tolerably acquainted with their language. At the end of this excursion, in which they warred on some other Indian nations, they returned to their own country, and were received with all the barbarous demonstrations of joy peculiar to that people. In a day or two after their arrival, their prisoners were brought forth into a large plain, where the kindred of those who had been slain by the nations to which the captives belonged, assembled to see them. Each singled out his expiatory prisoner, and having taken him home to his hut, such as choose that kind of satisfaction, adopted them in place of the relations they had ost; with the rest they returned to their former place of meeting, and began to celebrate the festival of their revenge. You can hardly conceive a species of inventive cruelty, which they did not inflict on the wretches whom fortune had thus put into their power; during the course of which, not a groan escaped from the sufferers; but while the use of their voices remained, they sung in their rude, yet forcible manner, the glory of their former victories, and the pleasure they had received from the death of their foes; concluding always with the hopes of revenge from the surviving warriors of their nation. Nor was it only for the pleasure of the reflection that they carolled thus the triumphs of the past; for I could observe, that, when at any time the rage of their tormentors seemed to subside, they poured forth those boastful strains in order to rekindle their fury, that intenseness of pain might not be wanting in the trial of their fortitude. I perceived the old man, whom I have before mentioned, keep his eye fixed upon me during this inhuman solemnity; and frequently, when an extreme degree of torture was borne with that calmness which I have described, he would point, with an expressive look, to him on whom it was inflicted, as if he had desired me to take particular notice of his resolution. I did not then fully comprehend the meaning of this; but I afterwards understood it to have been a preparatory hint of what I myself was to endure; for the next morning, after the last surviving prisoner had expired, I was seized by three or four Indians, who stripped me of what little clothes I had then left, tied me in a horizontal posture between the branches of two large trees they had fixed in the ground, and, after the whole tribe had danced round me to the music of a barbarous howl, they began to re-act upon me nearly the same scene they had been engaged in the day before. After each of a certain select number had struck his knife into my body, though they carefully avoided any mortal wound, they rubbed it over, bleeding as it was, with gunpowder, the salts of which gave me the most exquisite pain. Nor did the ingenuity of these practised tormentors stop here; they afterwards laid quantities of dry gunpowder on different parts of

my body, and set fire to them, by which I was burnt in some places to the bone.—But I see you shudder at the horrid recital; suffice it then to say, that these, and some other such experiments of wanton cruelty, I bore with that patience, with which nothing but a life of hardship, and a certain obduracy of spirit, proceeding from a contempt of existence, could have endowed me.

"After this trial was over, I was loosed from my bonds, and set in the midst of a circle, who shouted the cry of victory, and my aged friend brought me a bowl of water, mixed with some spirits, to drink. He took me then home to his hut, and laid applications of different simples to my mangled body. When I was so well recovered as to be able to walk abroad, he called together certain elders of his tribe, and acknowledging me for his son, gave me a name, and fastened round my neck a belt of wampum. "It is thus," said he, "that the valiant are tried, and thus are they rewarded; for how shouldst thou be as one of us, if thy soul were as the soul of little men; he is only worthy to lift the hatchet with the Cherokees, to whom shame is more intolerable than the stab of the knife, or the burning of the fire."

CHAPTER XIX.

A continuation of the stranger's story.

"In this society I lived till about a year and a half ago; and it may seem extraordinary to declare, yet it is certainly true, that during the life of the old man who had adopted me, even had there been no legal restraint on my return to my native country, scarce any inducement could have tempted me to leave the nation to which he belonged, except perhaps the desire of revisiting a parent, and a sister, whom I had left in England, sunk beneath that ignominy which the son and the brother had drawn on his guiltless connexions. When we consider the perfect freedom subsisting in this rude and simple state of society, where rule is only acknowledged for the purpose of immediate utility to those who obey, and ceases whenever that purpose of subordination is accomplished; where greatness cannot use oppression, nor wealth excite envy; where the desires are native to the heart, and the languor of satiety is unknown; where, if there is no refined sensation of delight, there is also no ideal source of calamity; we shall the less wonder at the inhabitants

feeling no regret for the want of those delicate pleasures of which a more polished people is possessed. Certain it is, that I am far from being a single instance, of one who had even attained maturity in Europe, and yet found his mind so accommodated, by the habit of a few years, to Indian manners, as to leave that country with regret. The death of my parent by adoption loosened, indeed, my attachment to it; that event happened a short time before my departure from America.

"The composure with which the old man met his dissolution, would have done honor to the firmest philosopher of antiquity. When he found himself near his end, he called me to him, to deliver some final instructions respecting my carriage to his countrymen; he observed at the close of his discourse, that I retained so much of the European, as to shed some tears while he delivered it. 'In those tears,' said he, 'there is no wisdom, for there is no use; I have heard, that, in your country, men prepare for death, by thinking on it while they live; this also is folly, because it loses the good, by anticipating the evil: we do otherwise, my son, as our fathers have better instructed us, and take from the evil by reflecting on the good. I have lived a thousand moons, without captivity, and without disgrace; in my youth I did not fly in battle, and in age, the tribes listened while I spake. If I live in another land after death, I shall remember these things with pleasure; if the present is our only life, to have done thus is to have used it well. You have sometimes told me of your countrymen's account of a land of souls; but you were a young man when you came among us, and the cunning among them may have deceived you; for the children of the French king call themselves after the same God that the English do; yet their discourses concerning him cannot be true, because they are opposite one to another. Each says, that God shall burn the others with fire; which could not happen if both were his children. Besides, neither of them act as the sons of Truth, but as the sons of Deceit; they say their God heareth all things, yet do they break the promises which they have called upon him to hear: but we know that the spirit within us listeneth, and what we have said in its hearing, that we do. If in another country the soul liveth, this witness shall live with it; whom it hath here reproached, it shall there disquiet; whom it hath here honored, it shall there reward. Live, therefore, my son, as your father hath lived; and die, as he dieth, fearless of death.'

"With such sentiments, the old man resigned his breath, and I blushed for the life of Christians, while I heard them.

"I was now become an independent member of the community; and my behaviour had been such, that I succeeded

to the condition of my father, with the respect of a people amongst whom honor is attainable only by merit. But his death had dissolved that tie which gratitude, and indeed affection for the old man, had on my heart; and the scene of his death naturally awakened in me the remembrance of a father in England, whose age might now be helpless, and call for the aid of a long lost son to solace and support it. This idea, once roused, became every day more powerful, and at last I resolved to communicate it to the tribe, and tell them my purpose of returning home.

"They heard me without surprise or emotion; as indeed it is their great characteristic not to be easily awakened to either. 'You return,' said one of the elders, 'to a people who sell affection to their brethren for money; take, therefore, with you some of the commodities which their traders value. Strength, agility, and fortitude, are sufficient to us; but with them they are of little use; and he who possesses wealth, having no need of virtue, among the wealthy it will not be found. The last your father taught you, and amongst us you have practised; the first he had not to leave, nor have we to bestow; but take as many beaver skins as you can carry on your journey, that it may reach that parent whom, you tell us, you go to cherish.'

"I returned thanks to the old man for his counsel, and to the whole tribe for their kindness; and having, according to his advice, taken a few of the furs they offered me, I resumed the tattered remains of the European dress which I had on when I escaped from the fort, and took the nearest road to one of our back settlements, which I reached without any accident, by the assistance of an Indian, who had long shown a particular attachment to me, and who now attended me on my way. 'Yonder smoke,' said my conductor, 'rises from the dwellings of your countrymen. You now return to a world which I have heard you describe as full of calamity; but the soul you possess is the soul of a man; remember that to fortitude there is no sting in adversity, and in death no evil to the valiant.'

"When he left me, I stood for some minutes, looking back, on one hand to the wilds I had passed, and on the other to the scenes of cultivation which European industry had formed; and it may surprise you to hear, that though there wanted not some rekindling attachment to a people amongst whom my first breath had been drawn, and my youth spent, yet my imagination drew, on this side, fraud, hypocrisy, and sordid baseness; while on that seemed to preside honesty, truth, and savage nobleness of soul.

"When I appeared at the door of one of the houses in the settlement that was nearest me, I was immediately accosted by

its master, who, judging from the bundle of furs which I carried, that I had been trading among the Indians, asked me, with much kindness, to take up my lodging with him. Of this offer I was very glad to accept, though I found a scarcity of words to thank my countryman for his favors; as, from want of use, my remembrance of the English language had been so much effaced, as not only to repress fluency, but even to prevent an ordinary command of expression; and I was more especially at a loss for ceremonious phraseology, that department of language being unknown in the country whence I was just returned. My landlord was not a little astonished when I could at last make shift to inform him of my having passed so many years among the Indians. He asked a thousand questions about customs which never existed, and told me of a multitude of things, of which all the time I had lived in that country, I had never dreamed the possibility. Indeed, from the superiority of his expression, joined to that fund of supposed knowledge which it served to communicate, a by stander would have been led to imagine, that he was describing, to some ignorant guest, a country with whose manners he had been long conversant, and among whose inhabitants he had passed the greatest part of his life. At length, however, his discourse centred upon the fur trade, and naturally glided from that to an offer of purchasing my beaver skins. These things, I was informed by my courteous entertainer, had fallen so much in their price of late, that the traders could hardly defray their journey in procuring them; that himself had lost by some late bargains in that way; but that to oblige a stranger, the singularity of whose adventures had interested him in his behalf, he would give me the highest price at which he had heard of their being sold for a long time past. This I accepted without hesitation, as I had neither language nor inclination for haggling; and having procured as much money by the bargain as, I imagined, would more than carry me to a seaport, I proceeded on my journey, accompanied by an inhabitant of Williamsburg, who was returned from an annual visit to a settlement on the back-frontiers, which he had purchased in partnership with another, who constantly resided upon it. He seemed to be naturally of an inquisitive disposition; and having learned from my former landlord, that I had lived several years with the Indians, tormented me, all the while our journey lasted, with interrogatories concerning their country and manners. But as he was less opinionative of his own knowledge in the matter than my last English acquaintance, I was the more easily prevailed on to satisfy his curiosity, though at the expense of a greater number of words than I could conveniently spare; and, at last, he made himself entirely master of my story, from the time of leaving the regi-

ment in which I had served, down to the day on which I delivered my recital. When I mentioned my having sold my beaver skins for a certain sum, he started aside, and then lifting up his eyes in an ejaculatory manner, expressed his astonishment how a Christian could be guilty of such monstrous dishonesty, which, he said, was no better than one would have expected in a *savage*; for that my skins were worth at least three times the money. I smiled at his notions of comparative morality, and bore the intelligence with a calmness that seemed to move his admiration. He thanked God that all were not so ready to take advantage of ignorance or misfortune, and cordially grasping my hand, begged me to make his house at Williamsburg my own, till such time as I could procure my passage to England."

CHAPTER XX.

Conclusion of the stranger's story.

"PURSUANT to this friendly invitation, I accompanied him to his house on our arrival in that place. For some days my landlord behaved to me in the most friendly manner, and furnished me, of his own accord, with linen and wearing apparel; several articles of which, though necessaries in the polished society of those amongst whom I now resided, my ideas of Indian simplicity made me consider superfluous.

"During this time, I frequently attended him at his store, while he was receiving consignments of goods, and assisted him and his servants in the disposal and assortment of them. At first he received this assistance as a favor; but I could observe that he soon began to look upon it as a matter of right, and called me to bear a hand, as he termed it, in a manner rather too peremptory for my pride to submit to. At last, when he ventured to tax me with some office of menial servility, I told him, I did not consider myself his dependant, any further than gratitude for his favors demanded, and refused to perform it. Upon which he let me know, that he looked upon me as his servant, and that, if I did not immediately obey his command, he would find a way to be revenged of me. This declaration heightened my resentment, and confirmed my refusal. I desired him to give me an account of what money he had expended, in those articles with which he had supplied me, that I might pay him out of the small sum I had in my possession, and, if that

was not sufficient, I would rather sell my new habiliments, and return to my rags, than be indebted for a farthing to his generosity. He answered that he would clear accounts with me by and by. He did so, by making oath before a magistrate, that I was a deserter from his majesty's service, and, according to my own confession, had associated with the savages, enemies of the province. As I could deny neither of those charges, I was thrown into prison, where I should have been in danger of starving, had not the curiosity of some of the townsfolks induced them to visit me, when they commonly contributed some trifle towards my support; till at length, partly, I suppose, from the abatement of my accuser's anger, and partly from the flagrancy of detaining me in prison without any provision for my maintenance, I was suffered to be enlarged; and a vessel being then ready to sail for England, several of whose hands had deserted her, the master agreed to take me on board for the consideration of my working the voyage. For this, indeed, I was not in the least qualified as to skill; but my strength and perseverance made up, in some operations, for the want of it.

"As this was before the end of the war, the ship in which I sailed happened to be taken by a French privateer, who carried her into Brest. This, to me, who had already anticipated my arrival at home, to comfort the declining age of a parent, was the most mortifying accident of any I had hitherto met with; but the captain, and some passengers who were aboard of us, seemed to make light of their misfortune. The ship was ensured, so that in property the owners could suffer little; as for ourselves, said they, the French are the politest enemies in the world, and, till we are exchanged, will treat us with that civil demeanor so peculiar to their nation. 'We are not now (addressing themselves to me,) among *savages*, as you were.' How it fared with them I know not; I, and other inferior members of the crew, were thrust into a dungeon, dark, damp, and loathsome; where, from the number confined in it, and the want of proper circulation, the air became putrid to the most horrible degree; and the allowance for our provision was not equal to two pence a day. To hard living I could well enough submit, who had been frequently accustomed, among the Cherokees, to subsist three or four days on a stack of Indian corn moistened in the first brook I lighted on; but the want of air and exercise I could not so easily endure. I lost the use of my limbs, and lay motionless on my back, in a corner of the hole we were confined in, covered with vermin, and supported, in that wretched state, only by the infrequent humanity of some sailor, who crammed my mouth with a bit of his brown bread, softened in stinking water. The natural vigor of my constitution, however,

bore up against this complicated misery, till, upon the conclusion of the peace, we regained our freedom. But when I was set at liberty, I had not strength to enjoy it; and after my companions were gone, was obliged to crawl several weeks about the streets of Brest, where the charity of some well disposed Frenchmen bestowed now and then a trifle upon the *pauvre sauvage*, as I was called, till I recovered the exercise of my limbs, and was able to work my passage in a Dutch merchant ship bound for England. The mate of this vessel happened to be a Scotsman, who, hearing me speak the language of Britain, and having inquired into the particulars of my story, humanely attached himself to my service, and made my situation much more comfortable than any I had for sometime experienced. We sailed from Brest with a fair wind, but had not been long at sea, till it shifted and blew pretty strong at east, so that we were kept for several days beating up the Channel; at the end of which it increased to so violent a degree, that it was impossible for us to hold a course, and the ship was suffered to scud before the storm. At the close of the second day, the wind suddenly chopped about into a westerly point, though without any abatement of its violence; and very soon after daybreak of the third, we were driving on the southwest coast of England, right to the leeward. The consternation of the crew became now so great, that if any expedient had remained to save us, it would have scarce allowed them to put it in practice. The mate, who seemed to be the ablest sailor on board, exhorted them at least to endeavor running the ship into a bay, which opened a little on our starboard quarter, where the shore was flat and sandy; comforting them with the reflection, that they should be cast on friendly ground, and not among *savages*. His advice and encouragement had the desired effect; and notwithstanding the perils with which I saw myself surrounded, I looked with a gleam of satisfaction on the coast of my native land, which for so many years I had not seen. Unfortunately a ridge of rocks ran almost across the basin into which, with infinite labor, we were directing our course; and the ship struck upon them, about the distance of half a league from the shore. All was now uproar and confusion. The longboat was launched by some of the crew, who, with the captain, got immediately into her, and brandishing their long knives, threatened with instant death any who should attempt to follow them, as she was already loaded beyond her burden. Indeed, there remained at this time in the ship only two sailors, the mate, and myself; the first were washed overboard while they hung on the ship's side attempting to leap into the boat, and we saw them no more; nor had their hardhearted companions a better fate; they had scarcely rowed a cable's

length from the ship, when the boat overset, and every one on board her perished. There now remained only my friend the mate, and I, who, consulting a moment together, agreed to keep by the ship till she should split, and endeavor to save ourselves on some broken plank which the storm might drive on shore. We had just time to come to this resolution, when, by the violence of a wave that broke over the ship, her mainmast went by the board, and we were swept off the deck at the same instant. My companion could not swim; but I had been taught that art by my Indian friends to the greatest degree of expertness. I was, therefore, more uneasy about the honest Scotsman's fate than my own, and, quitting the mast, of which I had caught hold in its fall, swam to the place where he first rose to the surface, and catching him by the hair, held his head tolerably above water, till he was able so far to recollect himself, as to cling by a part of the shrouds of our floating mainmast, to which I bore him. In our passage to the shore on this slender float, he was several times obliged to quit his hold, from his strength being exhausted; but I was always so fortunate as to be able to replace him in his former situation, till, at last, we were thrown upon the beach, near to the bottom of that bay at the mouth of which our ship had struck. I was not so much spent by my fatigue, but that I was able to draw the mate safe out of the water, and advancing to a crowd of people whom I saw assembled near us, began to entreat their assistance for him in very pathetic terms, when, to my utter astonishment, one of them struck at me with a bludgeon, while another, making up to my fellow-sufferer, would have beat out his brains with a stone, if I had not run up nimbly behind him, and dashed it from his uplifted hand. This man happened to be armed with a hanger, which he instantly drew, and made a furious stroke at my head. I parried his blow with my arm, and, at the same time, seized his wrist, gave it so sudden a wrench, that the weapon dropped to the ground. I instantly possessed myself of it, and stood astride my companion with the aspect of an angry lionness guarding her young from the hunter. The appearance of strength and fierceness which my figure exhibited, kept my enemies a little at bay, when, fortunately, we saw advancing a body of soldiers, headed by an officer, whom a gentleman of humanity in the neighborhood had prevailed on to march to the place for the preservation of any of the crew whom the storm might spare, or any part of the cargo that might chance to be thrown ashore. At sight of this detachment the crowd dispersed, and left me master of the field. The officer very humanely took charge of my companion and me, brought us to his quarters in the neighborhood, and accommodated me with these very clothes which I now have

on. From him I learned, that those Englishmen, who (as our mate by way of comfort observed) were not *savages*, had the idea transmitted them from their fathers, that all wrecks became their property by the immediate hand of God, and as in their apprehension that denomination belonged only to ships from which there landed no living thing, their hostile endeavors against the Scotsman's life and mine, proceeded from a desire of bringing our vessel into that supposed condition.

"After having weathered so many successive disasters, I am at last arrived near the place of my nativity; fain would I hope, that a parent and a sister, whose tender remembrance, mingled with that of happier days, now rushes on my soul, are yet alive to pardon the wanderings of my youth, and receive me after those hardships to which its ungoverned passions have subjected me. Like the prodigal son, I bring no worldly wealth along with me; but I return with a mind conscious of its former errors, and seeking that peace which they destroyed. To have used prosperity well, is the first favored lot of Heaven; the next is his, whom adversity has not smitten in vain."

CHAPTER XXI.

Bolton and his companion meet with an uncommon adventure.

When the stranger had finished his narration, Bolton expressed, in very strong terms, his compassion for the hardships he had suffered. "I do not wish," said he, "to be the prophet of evil; but if it should happen, that your expectations of the comfort your native country is to afford you be disappointed, it will give me the truest pleasure to shelter a head on which so many vicissitudes have beat, under that roof of which providence has made me master." He was interrupted by the trampling of horses at a distance; his fears, wakeful at this time, were immediately roused; the stranger observed his confusion.—"You seem uneasy, Sir," said he; "but they are not the retreats of houseless poverty like this, that violence and rapine are wont to attack."—"You mistake," answered Harry, who was now standing at the door of the chapel, "the ground of my alarm; at present I have a particular reason for my fears, which is nearer to me than my own personal safety." He listened; the noise grew fainter; but he marked, by the light of the moon, which now shone out again, the direction whence it seemed to

proceed, which was over an open part of the common. "They are gone this way," he cried, with an eagerness of look, grasping one of the knotty branches which the soldier's fire had spared. "If there is danger in your way," said his companion, "you shall not meet it alone." They sallied forth together.

They had not proceeded above a quarter of a mile, when they perceived, at a distance, the twinkling of lights in motion: their pace was quickened at the sight; but in a few minutes those were extinguished, the moon was darkened by another cloud, and the wind began to howl again. They advanced, however, on the line in which they imagined the lights to have appeared, when in one of the pauses of the storm, they heard shrieks, in a female voice, that seemed to issue from some place but a little way off. They rushed forward in the direction of the sound, till they were stopped by a pretty high wall. Having made shift to scramble over this, they found themselves in the garden belonging to a low-built house, from one of the windows of which they saw the glimmer of a candle through the openings of the shutters, but the voice had ceased, and all was silent within. Bolton knocked at the door, but received no answer; when, suddenly, the screaming was repeated with more violence than before. He and his companion now threw themselves with so much force against the door, as to burst it open. They rushed into the room whence the noise proceeded; when the first object that presented itself to Bolton was Miss Sindall on her knees, her clothes torn and her hair dishevelled, with two servants holding her arms, imploring mercy of Sir Thomas, who was calling out in a furious tone, "Damn your pity, rascals, carry her to bed by force."—"Turn, villain!" cried Harry, "turn and defend yourself." Sindall started at the well known voice, and pulling out a pistol, fired it within a few feet of the other's face; he missed, and Bolton pushed forward to close with him; when one of the servants, quitting Miss Sindall, threw himself between him and his master, and made a blow at his head with the butt-end of a hunting whip: this Harry catched on his stick, and in the return levelled the fellow with the ground. His master now fired another pistol, which would have probably taken more effect than the former, had not Bolton's new acquaintance struck up the muzzle just as it went off, the ball going through a window at Harry's back. The baronet had his sword now drawn in the other hand, and, changing the object of his attack, he made a furious pass at the soldier, who parried it with his hanger. At the second lounge, Sir Thomas's violence threw him on the point of his adversary's weapon, which entered his body a little below the breast. He staggered a few paces backwards, and clapping one hand on

the place, leaned with the other on a table that stood behind him, and cried out that he was a dead man. "My God!" exclaimed the stranger, "are not you Sir Thomas Sindall?"—"Sir Thomas Sindall!" cried a woman who now entered half dressed, with the mistress of the house. "It is, it is Sir Thomas Sindall," said the landlady; "for God's sake do his honor no hurt."—"I hope," continued the other with a look of earnest wildness, "you have not been a-bed with that young lady!"—She waited not a reply—"for as sure as there is a God in heaven she is your own daughter!" Her hearers stood aghast as she spoke. Sindall stared wildly for a moment, then giving a deep groan, fell senseless at the feet of the soldier, who had sprung forward to support him. What assistance the amazement of those about him could allow, he received; and in a short time began to recover; but as he revived, his wound bled with more violence than before. A servant was instantly dispatched for a surgeon; in the meantime, the soldier procured some lint, and gave it a temporary dressing. He was now raised from the ground, and supported in an elbowchair; he bent his eyes fixedly on the woman: "Speak," said he, "while I have life to hear thee." On the faces of her audience sat astonishment, suspense and expectation; and a chilly silence prevailed, while she delivered the following recital.

CHAPTER XXII.

A prosecution of the discovery mentioned in the last chapter.

"I HAVE been a wicked woman; may God and this lady forgive me! but heaven is my witness, that I was thus far on my way to confess all to your honor," turning to Sir Thomas Sindall, "that I might have peace in my mind before I died.

"You will remember, Sir, that this young lady's mother was delivered of her at the house of one of your tenants, where Mr. Camplin (I think that was his name) brought her for that purpose. I was intrusted with the charge of her as her nurse, along with some trinkets such as young children are in use to have, and a considerable sum of money, to provide any other necessaries she should want. At that very time I had been drawn in to associate with a gang of pilfering vagrants, whose stolen goods I had often received into my house, and helped to dispose of. Fearing therefore that I might one day be brought

to an account for my past offences, if I remained where I was, and having at the same time the temptation of such a booty before me, I formed a scheme for making off with the money and trinkets I had got from Mr. Camplin: it was to make things appear as if my charge and I had been lost in crossing the river, which then happened to be in flood. For this purpose, I daubed my own cloak, and the infant's wrapper, with mud and sleech, and left them close to the overflow of the stream, a little below the common ford. With shame I confess it, as I have often since thought on it with horror, I was more than once tempted to drown the child, that she might not be a burden to me in my flight; but she looked so innocent and sweet, while she clasped my fingers in her little hand, that I had not the heart to execute my purpose.

"Having endeavored in this manner to account for my disappearing, so as to prevent all further inquiry, I joined a party of those wretches, whose associate I had sometime been, and left that part of the country altogether. By their assistance, too, I was put on a method of disguising my face so much, that had any of my acquaintance met me, of which there was very little chance, it would have been scarce possible for them to recollect it. My booty was put into the common stock, and the child was found useful to raise compassion when we went a-begging, which was one part of the occupation we followed.

"After I had continued in this society the best part of a year, during which time we met with various turns of fortune, a scheme was formed by the remaining part of us (for several of my companions had been banished, or confined to hard labor in the interval) to break into the house of a wealthy farmer, who, we understood, had a few days before received a large sum of money on a bargain for the lease of an estate, which the proprieter had redeemed. Our project was executed with success; but a quarrel arising about the distribution of the spoil, one of the gang deserted, and informed a neighboring justice of the whole transaction and the places of our retreat. I happened to be a fortune telling in this gentleman's house when his informer came to make the discovery; and being closeted with one of the maid-servants overheard him inquiring for the justice, and desiring to have some conversation with him in private. I immediately suspected his design, and having got out of the house, eluded pursuit by my knowledge in the by-paths and private roads of the country. It immediately occurred to me to disburden myself of the child, as she not only retarded my flight, but was a mark by which I might be discovered; but, abandoned as I had then become, I found myself attached to her by that sort of affection which women conceive for the infants they

suckle. I would not, therefore, expose her in any of those unfrequented places through which I passed in my flight, where her death must have been the certain consequence; and, two or three times when I would have dropped her at some farmer's door I was prevented by the fear of discovery. At last I happened to meet with your honor. You may recollect, Sir, that the same night on which this lady, then an infant, was found, a beggar asked alms of you at a farrier's door, where you stopped to have one of your horse's shoes fastened. I was that beggar; and hearing from a boy who held your horse that your name was Sir Thomas Sindall, and that you were returning to a hunting seat you had in the neighborhood, I left the infant on a narrow part of the road a little way before you, where it was impossible you should miss of finding her, and stood at the back of a hedge to observe your behaviour when you came up. I saw you make your servant pick up the child, and place her on the saddle before him. Then having, as I thought, sufficiently provided for her, by thus throwing her under the protection of her father, I made off as fast as I could, and continued my flight, till I imagined I was out of the reach of detection. But being some time after apprehended on suspicion, and not able to give a good account of myself, I was advertised in the papers, and discovered to have been an accomplice in committing that robbery I mentioned, for which some of the gang had been already condemned and executed. I was tried for the crime, and was cast for transportation. Before I was put on board the ship that was to carry me and several others abroad, I wrote a few lines to your honor, acquainting you with the circumstances of my behaviour towards your daughter: but this, I suppose, as it was intrusted to a boy who used to go on errands for the prisoners, has never come to your hands. Not long ago I returned from my transportation, and betook myself to my old course of life again. But I happened to be seized with the smallpox, that raged in a village I passed through; and partly from the violence of the distemper, partly from the want of proper care in the first stages of it, was brought so low, that a physician, whose humanity induced him to visit me, gave me over for lost. I found that the terrors of death on a sick bed had more effect on my conscience than all the hardships I had formerly undergone, and I began to look back with the keenest remorse on a life so spent as mine had been. It pleased God, however, that I should recover; and I have since endeavored to make some reparation for my past offences by my penitence.

"Among other things, I often reflected on what I had done with regard to your child; and being some days ago accident-

ally near Sindall park, I went thither, and tried to learn something of what had befallen her. I understood from some of the neighbors, that a young lady had been brought up from her infancy with your aunt, and was said to be the daughter of a friend of yours, who had committed her to your care at his death. But, upon inquiring into the time of her being brought to your house, I was persuaded that she must be the same I had conjectured, imputing the story of her being another's to your desire of concealing that she was yours, which I imagined you had learned from the letter I wrote before my transportation; till meeting at a house of entertainment, with a servant of your honor's, he informed me in the course of our conversation, that it was reported you were going to be married to the young lady who had lived so long in your family. On hearing this I was confounded, and did not know what to think; but, when I began to fear that my letter had never reached you, I trembled at the thought of what my wickedness might occasion, and could have no ease in my mind, till I should set out for Bilswood to confess the whole affair to your honor. I was to-night overtaken by the storm near this house, and prevailed on the landlady, though it seemed much against her inclination, to permit me to take up my quarters here. About half an hour ago, I was waked with the shrieks of some person in distress, and upon asking the landlady, who lay in the same room with me, what was the matter, she bid me be quiet and say nothing; for it was only a worthy gentleman of her acquaintance who had overtaken a young girl, a foundling he had bred up, that had stolen a sum of money from his house, and run away with one of his footmen. At the word *foundling*, I felt a kind of something I cannot describe, and I was terrified when I overheard some part of your discourse, and guessed what your intentions were; I rose, therefore, in spite of the landlady, and had got thus far dressed, when we heard the door burst open, and presently a noise of fighting above stairs. Upon this we ran up together; and to what has happened since this company has been witness."

CHAPTER XXIII.

Miss Sindall discovers another relation.

It is not easy to describe the sensations of Sindall or Lucy, when the secret of her birth was unfolded. In the countenance of the last were mingled the indications of fear and pity, joy and wonder; while her father turned upon her an eye of tenderness chastened with shame. "Oh! thou injured innocence!" said he, "for I know not how to call thee child, canst thou forgive those—Good God! Bolton, from what hast thou saved me!" Lucy was now kneeling at his feet.—"Talk not, Sir," said she, "of the errors of the past; methinks I look on it as some horrid dream, which it dizzies my head to recollect. My father!—Gracious God! have I a father?—I cannot speak; but there are a thousand things that beat here!—Is there another parent to whom I should also kneel?" Sir Thomas cast up a look to heaven, and his groans stopped for a while his utterance, —"Oh! Harriet! if thou art now an angel of mercy, look down and forgive the wretch that murdered thee!" "Harriet!" exclaimed the soldier, starting at the sound, "what Harriet? what Harriet?" Sindall looked earnestly in his face—"Oh! heavens!" he cried, "art thou—sure thou art!—Annesly?—look not, look not on me—thy sister—but I shall not live for thy upbraidings—thy sister was the mother of my child! Thy father —to what does this moment of reflection reduce me?—thy father fell with his daughter, the victims of that villany which overcame her innocence!" Annesly looked sternly upon him, and anger for a moment inflamed his cheeks; but it gave way to softer feelings. "What! both? both?"—and he burst into tears.

Bolton now stepped up to this new-acquired friend. "I am," said he, "comparatively but a spectator of this fateful scene; let me endeavor to comfort the distress of the innocent, and alleviate the pangs of the guilty. In Sir Thomas Sindall's present condition resentment would be injustice. See here, my friend," pointing to Lucy, "a mediatrix, who forgets the man in the father." Annesly gazed upon her. "She is, she is," he cried, "the daughter of my Harriet;—that eye, that lip, that look of sorrow!" He flung himself on her neck; Bolton looked on them enraptured; and even the languor of Sindall's face was crossed with a gleam of momentary pleasure.

Sir Thomas's servant now arrived, accompanied by a surgeon, who, upon examining and dressing his wound, was of opinion,

that in itself it had not the appearance of imminent danger, bu that from the state of his pulse he was apprehensive of a super vening fever. He ordered him to be put to bed, and his room to be kept as quiet as possible. As this gentleman was an acquaintance of Bolton's, the latter informed him of the state in which Sir Thomas's mind must be from the discoveries that the preceding hour had made to him. Upon which the surgeon begged that he might, for the present, avoid seeing Miss Sindall or Mr. Annesly, or talking with any one on the subject of those discoveries; but he could not prevent the intrusion of thought; and not many hours after, his patient fell into a roving sort of slumber, in which he would often start and mutter the words Harriet, Lucy, murder and incest!

Bolton and Lucy now enjoyed one of those luxurious interviews, which absence, and hardships during that absence, procure to souls formed for each other. She related to him all her past distresses, of which my readers have been already informed, and added the account of that night's event, part of which only they have heard. Herself indeed, was not then mistress of it all; the story at large was this:

The servant, whose attachment to her I have formerly mentioned, had been discovered, in that conference which produced her resolution of leaving Bilswood, by Mrs. Boothby's maid, who immediately communicated to her mistress her suspicions of the plot going forward between Miss Sindall and Robert. Upon this the latter was severely interrogated by his master, and being confronted with Sukey, who repeated the words she had overheard of the young lady and him, he confessed her intention of escaping by his assistance. Sir Thomas, drawing his sword, threatened to put him instantly to death, if he did not expiate his treachery by obeying implicitly the instructions he should then receive; these were, to have the horse saddled at the hour agreed on, and to proceed, without revealing to Miss Sindall the confession he had made, on the road which Sir Thomas now marked out for him. With this, after the most horrid denunciations of vengeance in case of a refusal, the poor fellow was fain to comply; and hence his terror when they were leaving the house. They had proceeded but just so far on their way, as Sir Thomas had thought proper for the accomplishment of his design, when he, with his valet de chambre and another servant, who were confidants of their master's pleasures, made up to them, and after pretending to upbraid Lucy for the imprudence and treachery of her flight, he carried her to this house of one of those profligate dependants, whom his vices had made necessary on his estate.

When she came to the close of this recital, the idea of tha

relation in which she stood to him from whom those outrages were suffered, stopped her tongue; she blushed and faltered. "This story," said she, "I will now forget for ever, except to remember that gratitude which I owe to you." During the vicissitudes of her narration, he had clasped her hand with a fearful earnestness, as if he had shared the dangers she related; he pressed it to his lips. "Amidst my Lucy's present momentous concerns, I would not intrude my own; but I am selfish in the little services she acknowledges; I look for a return." She blushed again—"I have but little art," said she, "and cannot disguise my sentiments; my Henry will trust them on a subject which at present I know his delicacy will forbear."

Annesly now entered the room, and Bolton communicated the trust he was possessed of in his behalf, offering to put him in immediate possession of the sum which Mr. Rawlinson had bequeathed to his management, and which that gentleman had more than doubled since the time it had been left by Annesly's unfortunate father. "I know not," said Annesly, "how to talk of those matters, unacquainted as I have been with the manners of polished and commercial nations; when I have any particular destination for money, I will demand your assistance; in the meantime, consider me as a minor, and use the trust already reposed in you to my advantage, and the advantage of those whom misfortune has allied to me."

CHAPTER XXIV.

Sir Thomas's situation.—The expression of his penitence.

NEXT morning, Sindall, by the advice of his surgeon, was removed in a litter to his own house, where he was soon after attended by an eminent physician in aid of that gentleman's abilities. Pursuant to his earnest entreaties, he was accompanied thither by Annesly and Bolton. Lucy, having obtained leave of his medical attendants, watched her father in the character of nurse.

They found, on their arrival, that Mrs. Boothby, having learned the revolutions of the preceding night, had left the place, and taken the road towards London. "I think not of her," said Sir Thomas; "but there is another person, whom my former conduct banished from my house, whom I now wish to see in this assemblage of her friends, the worthy Mrs. Wistanly." Lucy

undertook to write her an account of her situation, and to solicit her compliance with the request of her father. The old lady, who had still strength and activity enough for doing good, accepted the invitation; and the day following she was with them at Bilswood.

Sir Thomas seemed to feel a sort of melancholy satisfaction in having the company of those he had injured assembled under his roof. When he was told of Mrs. Wistanly's arrival, he desired to see her, and taking her hand, "I have sent for you, Madam," said he, "that you may help me to unload my soul of the remembrance of the past." He then confessed to her that plan of seduction by which he had overcome the virtue of Annesly, and the honor of his sister. "You were a witness," he concluded, "of the fall of that worth and innocence which it was in the power of my former crimes to destroy; you are now come to behold the retribution of Heaven on the guilty. By that hand whom it commissioned to avenge a parent and a sister, I am cut off in the midst of my days." "I hope not, Sir," answered she; "your life, I trust, will make a better expiation. In the punishments of the Divinity there is no idea of vengeance; and the infliction of what we term evil, serves equally the purpose of universal benignity, with the dispensation of good." "I feel," replied Sir Thomas, "the force of that observation; the pain of this wound; the presentiment of death which it instils; the horror with which the recollection of my incestuous passion strikes me; all these are in the catalogue of my blessings; they indeed take from me the world, but they give me myself."

A visit from his physician interrupted their discourse; that gentleman did not prognosticate so fatally for his patient; he found the frequency of his pulse considerably abated, and expressed his hopes that the succeeding night his rest would be better than it had been. In this he was not mistaken; and next morning the doctor continued to think Sir Thomas mending; but himself persisted in the belief that he should not recover.

For several days, however, he appeared rather to gain ground than to lose it; but afterwards he was seized with hectic fits at stated intervals; and when they left him, he complained of a universal weakness and depression. During all this time Lucy was seldom away from his bedside; from her presence he derived peculiar pleasure; and sometimes, when he was so low as to be scarce able to speak, would mutter out blessings on her head, calling her his saint, his guardian angel!

After he had exhausted all the powers of medicine, under the direction of some of the ablest of the faculty, they acknowledged all further assistance to be vain, and one of them warned him, in a friendly manner, of his approaching end. He received this

intelligence with the utmost composure, as an event which he had expected from the beginning, thanked the physician for his candor, and desired that his friends might be summoned around him, while he had yet strength enough left to bid them adieu.

When he saw them assembled, he delivered into Bolton's hands a paper, which he told him was his will. "To this," said he, "I would not have any of those privy, who are interested in its bequests; and therefore I had it executed at the beginning of my illness, without their participation. You will find yourself, my dear Harry, master of my fortune, under a condition, which, I believe, you will not esteem a hardship. Give me your hand; let me join it to my Lucy's: there! if Heaven receives the prayer of a penitent, it will pour its richest blessings upon you.

"There are a few provisions in that paper, which Mr. Bolton, I know, will find a pleasure in fulfilling. Of what I have bequeathed to you, Mrs. Wistanly, the contentment you enjoy in your present situation makes you independent; but I intend it as an evidence of my consciousness of your deserving.—My much injured friend, for he was once my friend," addressing himself to Annesly, "will accept of the memorial I have left him.—Give me your hand, Sir; receive my forgiveness for that wound which the arm of Providence made me provoke from your's; and when you look on a parent's and a sister's tomb, spare the memory of him whose death shall then have expiated the wrongs he did you!"—Tears were the only answer he received.—He paused for a moment; then looking round with something in his eye more elevated and solemn, "I have now," said he, "discharged the world; mine has been called a life of pleasure; had I breath I could tell you how false the title is; alas! I knew not how to live. Merciful God! I thank thee—thou hast taught me how to die."

At the close of this discourse, his strength, which he had exerted to the utmost, seemed altogether spent; and he sunk down in the bed, in a state so like death, that for some time his attendants imagined him to have actually expired. When he did revive, his speech appeared to be lost: he could just make a feeble sign for a cordial that stood on the table near his bed; he put it to his lips, then laid his head on the pillow, as if resigning himself to his fate.

Lucy was too tender to bear the scene; her friend, Mrs. Wistanly, led her almost fainting out of the room: "That grief, my dear Miss Sindall," said she, "is too amiable to be blamed; but your father suggested a consolation which your piety will allow; of those who have led his life, how few have closed it like him!"

THE CONCLUSION.

EARLY next morning Sir Thomas Sindall expired. The commendable zeal of the coroner prompted him to hold an inquest on his body; the jury brought in the verdict—Self-defence. But there was a judge in the bosom of Annesly, whom it was more difficult to satisfy: nor could he for a long time be brought to pardon himself that blow for which the justice of his country had acquitted him.

After paying their last duty to Sir Thomas's remains the family removed to Sindall park. Mrs. Wistanly was prevailed on to leave her own house for a while, and preside in that of which Bolton was now master. His delicacy needed not the ceremonial of fashion to restrain him from pressing Miss Sindall's consent to their marriage, till a decent time had been yielded to the memory of her father. When that was elapsed, he received from her uncle that hand, which Sir Thomas had bequeathed him, and which mutual attachment entitled him to receive.

Their happiness is equal to their merit: I am often a witness of it; for they honor me with a friendship which I know not how I have deserved, unless by having few other friends. Mrs. Wistanly and I are considered as members of the family.

But their benevolence is universal; the country smiles around them with the effects of their goodness. This is indeed the only real superiority which wealth has to bestow; I never envied riches so much, as since I have known Mr. Bolton.

I have lived too long to be caught with the pomp of declamation, or the glare of an apothegm; but I sincerely believe, that you could not take from them a *virtue* without depriving them of a *pleasure*.

END OF THE MAN OF THE WORLD.

JULIA DE ROUBIGNÉ;

A TALE.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS.

INTRODUCTION.

I HAVE formerly taken the liberty of holding some prefatory discourse with my readers, on the subject of those little histories which accident enables me to lay before them. This is probably the last time I shall make use of their indulgence; and even, if this introduction should be found superfluous, it may claim their pardon, as the parting address of one who has endeavored to contribute to their entertainment.

I was favored last summer with a visit from a gentleman, a native of France, with whose father I had been intimately acquainted when I was last in that country. I confess myself particularly delighted with an intercourse which removes the barrier of national distinction, and gives to the inhabitants of the world the appearance of one common family. I received, therefore, this young Frenchman into that humble shed, which Providence has allowed my age to rest in, with peculiar satisfaction; and was rewarded, for any little attention I had in my power to show him, by acquiring the friendship of one, whom I found to inherit all that paternal worth which had fixed my esteem, about a dozen of years ago, at Paris. In truth, such attention always rewards itself; and, I believe, my own feelings, which I expressed to this amiable and accomplished Frenchmen, on his leaving England, are such as every one will own, whose mind is susceptible of feeling at all. He was profuse of thanks, to which my good offices had no title, but from the inclination that accompanied them.—"*Ici, Monsieur*," said I, for he had used a language more accommodated than ours to the lesser order of sentiments, and I answered him, as well as long want of practice would allow me, in the same tongue.—"*Ici, Monsieur, obscur et inconnu, avec beaucoup de beinveillance, mais peu de pouvoir je ne goûte pas d'un plaisir plus sincere, que de penser, qu' il y a, dans aucun coin du monde, un cœur honnête qui se souvient de moi avec reconnoissance.*"

But I am talking of myself, when I should be giving an account of the following papers This gentleman, discoursing with me on the subject of those letters, the substance of which I had formerly published under the title of "The Man of the World," observed, that if the desire of searching into the records of private life were common, the discovery of such collection would cease to be wondered at. "We look," said he, "for the histories of men among those of high rank; but memoirs of sentiment and suffering may be found in every condition.

"My father," continued my young friend, "made, since you saw him, an acquisition of that nature, by a whimsical accident. Standing one day at the door of a grocery shop making inquiry as to the lodgings of some person of his acquaintance, a little boy passed him, with a bundle of papers in his hand, which he offered for sale to the master of the shop, for the ordinary uses of the trade; but they differed about the price, and the boy was ready to depart, when my father desired a sight of the papers, saying to the lad, with a smile, that perhaps he might deal with him for his book. Upon reading a sentence or two, he found a style much above that of the ordinary manuscripts of a grocery shop, and gave the boy his price, at a venture, for the whole. When he got home, and examined the parcel, he found it to consist of letters put up, for the most part, according to their dates, which he committed to me, as having, he said, better eyes, and a keener curiosity than his. I found them to contain a story in detail, which, I believe, would interest one of your turn of thinking a good deal. If you choose to undergo the trouble of the perusal, I shall take care to have them sent over to you by the first opportunity I can find, and if you will do the public the favor to digest them, as you did those of Annesly and his children"—My young Frenchman speaks the language of compliment; but I do not choose to translate any further. It is enough to say, that I received his papers some time ago, and that they are those which I have translated, and now give to the world. I had, perhaps, treated them as I did the letters he mentioned: but I found it a difficult task to reduce them into narrative, because they are made up of sentiment, which narrative would destroy. The only power I have exercised over them, is that of omitting letters, and passages of letters, which seem to bear no relation to the story I mean to communicate. In doing this, however, I confess I have been cautious. I love myself (and am apt, therefore, from a common sort of weakness, to imagine that other people love) to read nature in her smallest character, and am often more apprised of the state of the mind from very trifling, than from very important circumstances.

As, from age and situation, it is likely I shall address the

public no more, I cannot avoid taking this opportunity of thanking it for the reception it has given to those humble pages which I formerly introduced to its notice. Unknown, and unpatronised, I had little pretensions to its favor, and little expectation of it. Writing, or arranging the writings of others, was to me only a favorite amusement, for which a man easily finds both time and apology. One advantage I drew from it, which the humane may hear with satisfaction; I often wandered from my own wo in tracing the tale of another's affliction; and, at this moment, every sentence I write, I am but escaping a little further from the pressure of sorrow.

Of the merit or faults of the composition in the volumes of which I have directed the publication, a small share only was mine; for their tendency I hold myself entirely accountable, because, had it been a bad one, I had the power of suppressing them; and from their tendency, I believe, more than any other quality belonging to them, has the indulgence of their readers arisen. For that indulgence I desire to return them grateful acknowledgments as an editor; I shall be proud, with better reason, if there is nothing to be found in my publications that may forfeit their esteem as a man.

JULIA DE ROUBIGNÉ;

A TALE.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS.

LETTER I.

Julia de Roubigné to Maria de Roncilles.

"THE friendship of your Maria, misfortune can never deprive you of." These were the words with which you sealed that attachment we had formed in the blissful period of infancy. The remembrance of those peaceful days we passed together in the convent, is often recalled to my mind, amidst the cares of the present. Yet do not think me foolish enough to complain of the want of those pleasures which affluence gave us; the situation of my father's affairs is such as to exclude luxury, but it allows happiness; and were it not for the recollection of what he once possessed, which now and then intrudes itself upon him, he could scarce form a wish that were not gratified in the retreat he has found.

You were wont to call me the little philosopher; if it be philosophy to feel no violent distress from that change which the ill fortune of our family has made in its circumstances, I do not claim much merit from being that way a philosopher. From my earliest days, I found myself unambitious of wealth or grandeur, contented with the enjoyment of sequestered life, and fearful of the dangers which attend an exalted station. It is therefore more properly a weakness than a virtue in me, to be satisfied with my present situation.

But, after all, my friend, what is it we have lost? We have exchanged the life of gayety, of tumults, of pleasure they call it, which we led in Paris, when my father was a rich man, for the pure, the peaceful, the truly happy scenes, which this place affords us, now he is a poor one. Dependance and poverty alone are suffered to complain; but they know not how often

greatness is dependant, and wealth is poor. Formerly, even during the very short space of the year we were at Belville, it was vain to think of that domestic enjoyment I used to hope for in the country; we were people of too much consequence to be allowed the privilege of retirement, and except those luxurious walks I sometimes found means to take—with you, my dear I mean—the day was as little my own, as in the midst of our winter hurry in town.

The loss of this momentous lawsuit has brought us down to the level of tranquillity. Our days are not now preoccupied by numberless engagements, nor our time anxiously divided for a rotation of amusements; I can walk, read, or think, without the officious interruption of polite visiters; and, instead of talking eternally of others, I find time to settle accounts with myself.

Could we but prevail on my father to think thus! Alas! his mind is not formed for contracting into that narrow sphere which his fortune has now marked out for him. He feels adversity a defeat, to which the vanquished submit, with pride in their looks, but anguish in their hearts. He is cut off from the enjoyment of his present state, while he puts himself under the cruel necessity of dissembling his regret for the loss of the former.

I can easily perceive how much my dearest mother is affected by this. I see her constantly on the watch for every word and look that may discover his feelings; and she has, too often, occasion to observe them unfavorable. She endeavors and commonly succeeds in her endeavor, to put on the appearance of cheerfulness; she even tries to persuade herself that she has reason to be contented; but, alas! an effort to be happy, is always but an increase of our uneasiness.

And what is left for your Julia to do? In truth, I fear I am of little service. My heart is too much interested in the scene to allow me that command over myself which would make me useful. My father often remarks that I look grave; I smile (foolishly I fear), and deny it; it is, I believe, no more than I used to do formerly; but we were then in a situation that did not lead him to observe it. He had no consciousness in himself to prompt the observation.

How often do I wish for you, Maria, to assist me! There is something in that smile of yours (I paint it to myself at this instant) which care and sorrow are unable to withstand; besides the general effect produced by the intervention of a third person in a society, the members of which are afraid to think of one another's thoughts. Yet you need not answer this wish of mine: I know how impossible it is for you to come hither at

present. Write to me as often as you can; you will not expect order in my letters, nor observe it in your answers; I will speak to you on paper when my heart is full, and you will answer me from the sympathy of yours.

LETTER II.

Julia to Maria.

I AM to vex my Maria with an account of trifles, and those too, unpleasant ones; but she has taught me to think that nothing is insignificant to her in which I am concerned, and insists on participation at least, if she cannot alleviate my distresses.

I am every day more and more uneasy about the chagrin which our situation seems to give my father. A little incident has just now plunged him into a fit of melancholy, which all the attention of my mother, all the attempts at gayety which your poor Julia is constrained to make, cannot dissipate or overcome.

Our old servant, Le Blanc, is your acquaintance; indeed he very soon becomes acquainted with every friend and visiter of the family, his age prompting him to talk, and giving him the privilege of talking.

Le Blanc had obtained permission, a few days since, to go on a visit to his daughter, who is married to a young fellow serving in the capacity of coachman at a gentleman's in the neighborhood of Belville. He returned last night, and, in his usual familiar manner, gave us an account of his expedition this morning.

My father inquired after his daughter; he gave some short answer as to her; but I saw by his face that he was full of some other intelligence. He was standing behind my father, resting one hand on the back of his chair, he began to rub it violently, as if he would have given the wood a polish by the friction. "I was at Belville, Sir," said he. My father made no reply; but Le Blanc had got over the difficulty of beginning, and was too much occupied by the idea of the scene, to forbear attempting the picture.

"When I struck off the high road," said he "to go down by the old avenue, I thought I had lost my way; there was not a tree to be seen. You may believe me as you please, Sir; but I declare, I saw the rooks, that used to build there, in a great

flock over my head, croaking for all the world as if they had been looking for the avenue too. Old Lasune's house, where you, Miss, (turning to me) would frequently stop in your walks, was pulled down, except a single beam at one end, which now serves for a rubbing post for some cattle that graze there; and your roan horse, Sir, which the marquis had of you in a present, when he purchased Belville, had been turned out to grass among the rest, it seems; for there he was, standing under the shade of the wall; and when I came up, the poor beast knew me, as any christian would, and came neighing up to my side as he was wont to do. I gave him a piece of bread I had put in my pocket in the morning, and he followed me for more, till I reached the very gate of the house; I mean what was the gate, when I knew it; for there is now a rail run across, with a small door which Le Sauvre told me they call Chinese. But, after all, the marquis is seldom there to enjoy these fine things; he lives in town, Le Sauvre says, eleven months in the year, and only comes down to Belville, for a few weeks, to get money to spend in Paris."

Here Le Blanc paused in his narration. I was afraid to look up to see its effect upon my father; indeed, the picture which the poor fellow had innocently drawn, had too much effected myself. Lasune's house! My Maria remembers it; but she knows not all the ties which its recollection has upon me.

I stole, however, a sidelong glance at my father. He seemed affected, but disdain was mixed with his tenderness; he gathered up his features, as it were, to hide the effect of the recital. "You saw Le Sauvre, then?" said he coolly.—"Yes," answered Le Blanc; "but he is wonderfully altered since he was in your service, Sir. When I first discovered him, he was in the garden, picking some greens for his dinner; he looked so rueful when he lifted up his head and saw me! indeed I was little better myself, when I cast my eyes around. It was a sad sight to see! for the marquis keeps no gardener, except Le Sauvre himself, who has fifty things to do besides, and only hires another hand or two, for the time he resides at Belville in the summer. The walks that used to be trimmed so nicely, are covered with molehills; the hedges are full of great holes, and Le Sauvre's chickens were basking in the flower-beds. He took me into the house, and his wife seemed glad to see her old acquaintance, and the children clambered up to kiss me, and Jeanot asked me about his godmother, meaning you, madam, and his little sister inquired after her handsome mistress, as she used to call you, Miss. "I have got," said Nannette, "two new mistresses, that are finer dressed than she, but they are much prouder, and not half so pretty?" meaning two of the

marquis's daughters, who were at Belville for a few days, when their father was last there. I smiled to hear the girl talk so, though Heaven knows my heart was sad. Only three of the rooms are furnished, in one of which Le Sauvre and his family were sitting; the rest had their windows darkened with cobwebs, and they echoed so, when Le Sauvre and I walked through them, that I shuddered as if I had been in a monument."

"It is enough, Le Blanc," said my mother in a sort of whisper. My father asked some indifferent question about the weather. I sat, I know not how, looking piteously, I suppose; for my mother tapped my cheek with the word child! emphatically pronounced. I started out of the reverie, and finding myself unable to feign a composure which I did not feel, walked out of the room to hide my emotion. When I got to my own chamber, I felt the full force of Le Blanc's description, but to me it was not painful; it is not on hearts that yield the soonest that sorrow has the most powerful effects; it was but giving way to a shower of tears, and I could think of Belville with pleasure, even in the possession of another. They may cut its trees, Maria, and alter its walks, but cannot so deface it as to leave no traces for the memory of your Julia:—Methinks I should hate to have been born in a town; when I say my native brook, or my native hill, I talk of friends of whom the remembrance warms my heart. To me, even to me, who have lost their acquaintance, there is something delightful in the melancholy recollection of their beauties; and here, I often wander out to the top of a little broom-covered knoll, merely to look towards the quarter where Belville is situated.

It is otherwise with my father. On Le Blanc's recital he has brooded these three days. The effect it had on him is still visible in his countenance; and but an hour ago, while my mother and I were talking of some other subject, in which he was joined by monosyllables, he said, all at once, that he had some thoughts of sending to the marquis for his roan horse again, since he did not choose to keep him properly.

They who have never known prosperity can hardly be said to be unhappy; it is from the remembrance of joys we have lost, that the arrows of affliction are pointed. Must we then tremble, my friend, in the possession of present pleasures, from the fear of their embittering futurity? or does heaven thus teach us that sort of enjoyment, of which the remembrance is immortal? Does it point out those as the happy, who can look back on their past life, not as the chronicle of pleasure, but as the record of virtue?

Forgive my preaching; I have leisure and cause to preach. You know how faithfully, in every situation, I am yours.

LETTER III.

Julia to Maria.

"I WILL speak to you on paper when my heart is full."—Misfortune thinks itself entitled to speak, and feels some consolation in the privilege of complaining, even where it has nothing to hope from the utterance of complaint.

Is it a want of duty in me to mention the weakness of a parent? Heaven knows the sincerity of the love I bear him! Were I indifferent about my father, the state of his mind would not much disquiet me; but my anxiety for his happiness carries me, perhaps, a blameable length in that censure which I cannot help feeling of his incapacity to enjoy it.

My mother, too! if he knew how much it preys upon her gentle soul to see the impatience with which he suffers adversity! Yet, alas! unthinking creature that I am, I judge of his mind by my own, and while I venture to blame his distress, I forget that it is entitled to my pity.

This morning he was obliged to go to the neighboring village, to meet a procureur from Paris on some business, which, he told us, would detain him all day. The night was cold and stormy, and my mother and I looked often earnestly out, thinking on the disagreeable ride he would have on his return. "My poor husband!" said my mother, as the wind howled in the lobby beneath. "But I have heard him say, mamma, that, in these little hardships, a man thinks himself unfortunate, but is never unhappy; and you may remember he would always prefer riding to being driven in a carriage, because of the enjoyment which he told us he should feel from a clean room and a cheerful fire when he got home." At the word carriage, I could observe my mother sigh; I was sorry it had escaped me; but, at the end of my speech, we looked both of us at the hearth, which I had swept but the moment before; the faggots were crackling in the fire, and my little Fidele lay asleep before it. He pricked up his ears and barked, and we heard the trampling of horses in the court. Your father is returned, cried my mother; and I ran to the door to receive him. "Julia, is it not?" said he, (for the servant had not time to fetch us a light,) but he said it coldly. I offered to help him off with his surtout. "Softly, child," said he, "you pull my arm awry." It was a trifle, but I felt my heart swell when he said this.

He entered the room; my mother took his hand in her's.

"You are terribly cold, my love," said she, and she drew his chair nearer to the fire; he threw aside his hat and whip, without speaking a word. In the centre of the table, which was covered for supper, I had placed a bowl of milk, dressed in a way I knew he liked, and had garnished it with some artificial flowers, in the manner we used to have our desserts done at Belville. He fixed his eyes on it, and I began to make ready my answer to a question I supposed he would ask, Who had trimmed it so nicely? but he started hastily from his chair, and snatching up this little piece of ornament, threw it into the fire, saying, "We have now no title to finery."—This was too much for me; it was foolish, very foolish, but I could help letting fall some tears. He looked sternly at me, and, muttering some words which I could not hear, walked out of the room, and slapped the door roughly behind him. I threw myself on my mother's neck, and wept outright.

Our supper was silent and sullen; to me the more painful, from the mortifying reverse which I felt from what I had expected. My father did not taste the milk; my mother asked him to eat of it with an affected ease in her manner; but I observed her voice falter as she asked him. As for me, I durst not look him in the face; I trembled every time the servant left the room; there was a protection, even in his presence, which I could not bear to lose. The table was scarcely uncovered, when my father said he was tired and sleepy; my mother laid hold of the opportunity, and offered to accompany him to their chamber. She bid me good night; my father was silent; but I answered as if addressing myself to both.

Maria! in my hours of visionary indulgence, I have sometimes painted to myself a husband—no matter whom—comforting me amidst the distresses which fortune had laid upon us. I have smiled upon him through my tears, tears, not of anguish, but of tenderness;—our children were playing around us, unconscious of misfortune; we had taught them to be humble, and to be happy;—our little shed was reserved to us, and their smiles to cheer it. I have imagined the luxury of such a scene, and affliction became a part of my dream of happiness

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Thus far I had written last night; I found at last my body tired and drowsy, though my mind was ill disposed to obey it. I laid aside my pen, and thought of going to bed; but I continued sitting in my chair, for an hour after, in that state of languid thinking, which, though it has not strength enough to fasten on any single object, can wander without weariness over a thousand.

The clock striking one, dissolved the enchantment; I was then with my Maria, and I went to bed but to continue my dream of her.

Why did I awake to anxiety and disquiet? Selfish! that I should not bear, without murmuring, my proportion of both! I met my mother in the parlor, with a smile of meekness and serenity on her countenance; she did not say a single word of last night's incident; and I saw she purposely avoided giving me any opportunity of mentioning it; such is the delicacy of her conduct with regard to my father. What an angel this woman is! Yet I fear, my friend, she is a very woman in her sufferings.

She was the only speaker of our company, while my father sat with us. He rode out soon after breakfast, and did not return till dinner time. I was almost afraid of his return, and was happy to see, from my window, somebody riding down the lane with him. This was a gentleman of considerable rank and fortune in our neighborhood, the Count Louis de Montauban. I do not know how it has happened, but I cannot recollect having ever mentioned him to you before. He is not one of those very interesting characters, which are long present with the mind; yet his worth is universally acknowledged, and his friendship to my father, though of late acquisition, deserves more than ordinary acknowledgment from us. His history we heard from others, soon after our arrival here; since our acquaintance began, we have had it, at different times, from himself; for though he has not much frankness about him to discover his secrets, he possesses a manly firmness, which does not shrink from the discovery.

His father was only brother to the late Francis Count de Montauban; his mother, the daughter of a noble family in Spain, died in childbed of him, and he was soon after deprived of his remaining parent, who was killed at a siege in Flanders. His uncle took, for some time, the charge of his education; but, before he attained the age of manhood, he discovered, in the count's behaviour, a want of that respect which should have distinguished the relation from the dependant; and after having, in vain, endeavored to assert it, he took the resolution of leaving France, and travelled a-foot into Spain, where he met with a very kind reception from the relations of his mother By their assistance, he was afterwards enabled to acquire a respectable rank in the Spanish army, and served, in a series of campaigns, with distinguished reputation. About a year ago, his uncle died unmarried; by this event he succeeded to the family estate, part of which is situated in this neighborhood; and since that time, he has been generally here, employed in superintending

it; for which, it seems, there was the greater necessity, as the late count, who commonly lived at the old hereditary seat of his ancestors, had, for some of the last years of his life, been entirely under the dominion of rapacious domestics, and suffered his affairs in this quarter to run, under their guidance, into the greatest confusion.

Though, in France, a man of fortune's residence at his country seat is so unusual, that it might be supposed to enhance the value of such a neighbor, yet the circumstance of Montauban's great fortune was a reason, I believe, for my father shunning any advances towards his acquaintance. The count, at last, contrived to introduce himself to us, (which, for what reason I know not, he seemed extremely anxious to do,) in a manner that flattered my father; not by offering favors, but by asking one. He had led a walk through a particular part of his ground, along the course of a brook, which runs also through a narrow neck of my father's property, by the intervention of which the count's territory was divided. This stripe of my father's ground would have been a purchase very convenient for Montauban; but, with that peculiar delicacy which our situation required, he never made the proposition of a purchase, but only requested that he might have leave to open a passage through an old wall, by which it was enclosed, that he might enjoy a continuation of that romantic path, which the banks of the rivulet afforded. His desire was expressed so politely, that it could not be refused. Montauban soon after paid a visit of thanks to my father on the occasion; this last was pleased with an incident, which gave him back the power of conferring an obligation, and therefore I presume, looked on his new acquaintance with a favorable eye; he praised his appearance to my mother and me; and since that day, they have improved their acquaintance into a very cordial intimacy.

In many respects, indeed, their sentiments are congenial. A high sense of honor is equally the portion of both. Montauban, from his long service in the army, and his long residence in Spain, carries it to a very romantic height. My father, from a sense of his situation, is now more jealous than ever of his. Montauban seems of a melancholy disposition. My father was far from being so once; but misfortune has now given his mind a tincture of sadness. Montauban thinks lightly of the world, from principle. My father, from ill-usage, holds it in disgust. This last similarity of sentiment is a favorite topic of their discourse, and their friendship seems to increase, from every mutual observation which they make. Perhaps it is from something amiss in our nature, but I have often observed the most strict of our attachments to proceed from an alliance of dislike.

There is something hard and unbending in the character of the count, which, though my father applauds it under the title of magnanimity, I own myself womanish enough not to like. There is a yielding weakness, which to me is more amiable than the inflexible right; it is an act of my reason to approve of the last; but my heart gives its suffrage to the first, without pausing to inquire for a cause.—I am awkward at defining; you know what I mean; the last is stern in Montauban, the first is smiling in Maria.

Meantime, I wish to feel the most perfect gratitude for his unwearied assiduity to oblige my father and his family. When I think on his uncommon friendship, I try to forget that severity, which holds me somehow at a distance from him.

Though I meant a description, I have scrawled through most of my paper without beginning one. I have made but some slight sketches of his mind; of his person I have said nothing, which, from a woman to a woman, should have been mentioned the soonest. It is such as becomes a soldier, rather manly than handsome, with an air of dignity in his mien that borders on haughtiness. In short, were I to study for a sentence I should say, that Montauban was made to command respect from all, to obtain praise from most, but to engage the affections of few.

His company to-day was of importance to us. By ourselves, every one's look seemed the spy on another's. We were conscious of remembering what all affected to forget. Montauban's conversation reconciled us, without our being sensible of it.

My father, who (as it commonly happens to the aggressor in those cases) had perhaps felt more from his own harshness, than either my mother or I, seemed happy to find an opportunity of being restored to his former familiarity. He was gayer, and more in spirits, than I have seen him for a long time past. He insisted on the count's spending the evening with us. Montauban at first excused himself. He had told us, in the course of conversation, of his having appropriated the evening to business at home; but my father would listen to no apology, and the other was at last overcome. He seems, indeed, to feel an uncommon attachment to my father, and to enjoy more pleasure in his company, than I should have expected him to find in the society of any one.

You are now, in the account of correspondence, I do not know how deep in my debt. I mean not to ask regular returns; but write to me, I entreat you, when you can; and write longer letters than your last. Put down every thing, so it be what you feel at the time; and tell every incident that can make me present with you, were it but the making up of a cap that pleases you. You see how much paper I contrive to blot with trifles.

LETTER IV.

Montauban to Segarva.

You saw, my friend, with what reluctance I left Spain, though it was to return to the country of my birth, to the inheritance of my fathers. I trembled when I thought what a scene of confusion and strange mismanagement of my uncle had left me to disentangle; but it required only a certain degree of fortitude to begin that business, and it was much sooner concluded than I looked for. I have now almost wrought myself out of work, and yet the situation is not so disgusting as I imagined. I have long learned to despise that flippancy which characterizes my countrymen; yet, I know not how it is, they gain upon me in spite of myself; and while I resolve to censure, I am forced to smile.

From Paris, however, I fled, as if it had been infested with a pestilence. Great towns certainly contain many excellent persons; but vice and folly predominate so much, that a search after their opposites is beyond the limits of ordinary endurance; and, besides the superiority of numbers, the first are ever perked up to view, while the latter are solicitous to avoid observation.

In the country I found a different style of character. Here are impertinents who talk nonsense, and rogues who cheat where they can; but they are somewhat nearer nature in both. I met with some female relations, who stunned me with receipts in cookery, and prescriptions in physic; but they did not dictate to my taste in letters, or my judgment in philosophy. Ignorance I can bear without emotion; but the affectation of learning gives me a fit of the spleen.

I make, indeed, but an awkward figure among them; for I am forced, by representing my uncle, to see a number of our family friends, whom I never heard of. These good people, however, bear with me wonderfully, and I am not laughed at, as you predicted.

But they sometimes pester me with their civilities. It is their principle, that a man cannot be happy alone; and they tire me with their company, out of pure good nature. I have endeavored to undeceive them; the greater part do not understand my hints; those who do, represent me a sour ungracious being, whom Spain has taught pride and sullenness. This is well, and I hope the opinion will propagate itself apace. One must be somewhat hated, to be independent of folly.

There is but one of my neighbors, whose temper I find at all congenial to my own. He has been taught by misfortune to be serious; for that I love him; but misfortune has not taught him to be numble; for this I love him the more. There is a pride which becomes every man; a poor man, of all others, should possess it.

His name is Pierre de Roubigné. His family of that rank, which is perhaps always necessary to give a fixed liberality of sentiment. From the consequences of an unfortunate lawsuit, his circumstances became so involved, that he was obliged to sell his paternal estate, and retire to a small purchase he had made in this province, which is situated in the midst of my territories here. My steward pointed it out to me, as a thing it was proper for me to be master of, and hinted, that its owner's circumstances were such as might induce him to part with it. Such is the language of those devourers of land, who wish to make a wilderness around them, provided they are lords of it. For my part, I find much less pleasure in being the master of acres, than the friend of men.

From the particulars of Mons. de Roubigné's story, which I learned soon after I came hither, I was extremely solicitous of his acquaintance; but I found it not easy to accomplish my desire, the distance which great minds preserve in adversity, keeping him secluded from the world. By humoring that delicacy, which ruled him in his acceptance of a new acquaintance I have at last succeeded. He admits me as his guest, without the ceremony which the little folks around us oblige me to endure from them. He does not think himself under the necessity of eternally talking to entertain me; and we sometimes spend a morning together, pleased with each other's society, though we do not utter a dozen sentences.

His youth has been enlightened by letters, and informed by travel; but what is still more valuable, his mind has been early impressed with the principles of manly virtue: he is liberal in sentiment, but rigid in the feelings of honor.

Were I to mark his failings, I might observe a degree of peevishness at mankind, which, though mankind may deserve, it is the truest independence not to allow them. He feels that chagrin at his situation, which constitutes the victory of misfortune over us—but I have not known misfortune, and am, therefore, not entitled to observe it.

His family consists of a wife and daughter, his only surviving child, who are equally estimable with himself. I have not, at present, time to describe them. I have given you this sketch of him, because I think he is such a man as might be the friend of my Segarva. There are so few in this trifling world, whose

mutual excellences deserves mutual esteem, that the intervention of an hundred leagues should not bar their acquaintance; and we increase the sense of virtue in ourselves, by the consciousness of virtue in others.

LETTER V.

Montauban to Segarva.

I DESCRIBED to you, in my last, the father of that family, whose acquaintance I have chiefly cultivated since I came hither. His wife and daughter I promised to describe—at least such a promise was implied—perhaps I find pleasure in describing them—I have time enough at least for the description—but no matter for the cause.

Madame de Roubigné has still the remains of a fine woman; and, if I may credit a picture in her husband's possession, was in her youth remarkably handsome. She has now a sort of stillness in her look, which seems the effect of resignation in adversity. Her countenance bears the marks of a sorrow, which we do not so much pity as revere; she has yielded to calamity, while her husband has struggled under its pressure, and hence has acquired a composure, which renders that uneasiness I remarked in him more observable by the contrast. I have been informed of one particular, which, besides the difference of sex, may, in a great measure account for this. She brought Roubigné a very considerable fortune, the greatest part of which was spent in that unfortunate lawsuit I mentioned. A consciousness of this makes the husband impatient under their present circumstances, from the very principle of generosity which leads the wife to appear contented.

In her conversation, she is guided by the same evenness of temper. She talks of the world as of a scene where she is a spectator merely, in which there is something for virtue to praise, for charity to pardon; and smooths the spleen of her husband's observations by some palliative remark which experience has taught her.

One consolation she has ever at hand: *Religion*, the friend of calamity, she had cultivated in her most prosperous days. Affliction, however, has not driven her to enthusiasm; her feelings of devotion are mild and secret, her expression gentle and charitable. I have always observed your outrageously religious,

amidst their severity to their neighbors, manifest a discontent with themselves: spirits like Madame de Roubigné's have that inward peace which is easily satisfied with others. The rapturous blaze of devotion is more allied to vanity than to happiness; like the torch of the great, it distresses its owner, while it flames in the eyes of the public; the other, like the rushlight of the cottager, cheers the little family within, while it seeks not to be seen of the world.

But her daughter, her lovely daughter!—with all the gentleness of her mother's disposition, she unites the warmth of her father's heart, and the strength of her father's understanding. Her eyes, in their silent state, (if I may use the term) give the beholder every idea of feminine softness; when sentiment or feeling animates them, how eloquent they are? When Roubigné talks, I hate vice, and despise folly; when his wife speaks, I pity both; but the music of Julia's tongue gives the throb of virtue to my heart, and lifts my soul to somewhat superhuman.

I mention not the graces of her form; yet they are such as would attract the admiration of those, by whom the beauties of her mind might not be understood. In one, as well as the other, there is a remarkable conjunction of tenderness with dignity: but her beauty is of that sort, on which we cannot probably decide independently of the soul, because the first is never uninformed by the latter.

To the flippancy which we are apt to ascribe to females of her age, she seems utterly a stranger. Her disposition indeed appears to lean, in an uncommon degree, towards the serious. Yet she breaks forth at times into filial attempts at gayety, to amuse that disquiet which she observes in her father; but even then it looks like a conquest over the natural pensiveness of her mind. This melancholy might be held a fault in Julia: but the fortune of her family has been such, that none but those who are totally exempted from thinking could have looked on it with indifference.

It is only, indeed, when she would confer happiness on others, that she seems perfectly to enjoy it. The rustics around us talk of her affability and good-humor with the liveliest gratitude; and I have been witness to several scenes, where she dispensed mirth and gayety to some poor families in our neighborhood, with a countenance as cheerful as the most unthinking of them all. At those seasons, I have been tempted from the gravity natural to me, and borrowed from trifles a temporary happiness. Had you seen me yesterday dancing in the midst of a band of grape-gatherers, you would have blushed for your friend; but I danced with Julia.

I am called from my description by the approach of her whom I would describe. Her father has sent his servant to inform me, that his wife and daughter have agreed to accompany him in a walk, as far as to a farm of mine, where I have set about trying some experiments in agriculture. Roubigné is skilful in those things; as for me, I know I shall lose money by them; but it will not be lost to the public; and if I can even show what will not succeed, I shall do something for the good of my neighbors. Methinks, too, if Julia de Roubigné would promise to come and look at them—But I see their family from my window.

Farewell.

LETTER VI.

Julia to Maria.

You rally me on the subject of the Count de Montauban, with that vivacity I have so often envied you the possession of. You say, you are sure you should like him vastly. "What a blessing, in a remote province, where one is in danger of dying of *ennui*, to have this stiff, crusty, honorable Spaniard, to tease and make a fool of!" I have no thoughts of such amusement, and therefore I do not like him vastly; but, I confess, I begin to like him better than I did. He has lost much of that sternness, (dignity my father calls it) which used to chill me when I approached him. He can talk of common things, in a common way; and but yesterday he danced with me on the green, amidst a troop of honest rustics, whom I wished to make happy at the small expense of sharing their happiness. All this, I allow, at first seemed foreign to the man; but he did not, as I have seen some of your wise people do, take great credit for letting himself down so low. He did it with a design of frankness, though some of his native loftiness remained in the execution.

We are much in his debt on the score of domestic happiness. He has become so far one of the family, as to be welcome at all times, a privilege he makes very frequent use of; and we find ourselves so much at ease with him, that we never think even of talking more than we choose, to entertain him. He will sit for an hour at the table where I am working, with no other amusement than that of twisting shreds of my catgut into whimsical figures.

I think that he also is not the worse for our society; I sup-

pose him the happier for it, from the change in his sentiments of others. He often disputes with my father, and will not allow the world to be altogether so bad as he used to do. My father, who can now be merry at times, jokes him on his apostacy. He appealed to me this morning for the truth of his argument. I told him, I was unable to judge, because I knew nothing of the world. "And yet," replied he gallantly, "it is from you one should learn to think better of it! I never knew till I came hither, that it contained any thing so valuable as Mademoiselle de Roubigné." I think he looked foolish when he paid me this compliment. I curtsied, with composure enough. It is not from men like Montauban that one blushes at a compliment.

Besides the general addition to our good-humor, his society is particularly useful to me. His discourse frequently turns on subjects, from the discussion of which, though I am somewhat afraid to engage in it, I always find myself the wiser. Amidst the toils of his military life, Montauban has contrived to find leisure for the pursuit of very extensive and useful knowledge. This, though little solicitous to display, he is always ready to communicate; and, as he finds me willing to be instructed, he seems to find a pleasure in instructing me.

My mother takes every opportunity of encouraging this sort of conversation. You have often heard her sentiments on the mutual advantage of such intercourse between the sexes. You will remember her frequent mention of a male friend, who died soon after her marriage, from whom, she has told us, she derived most of the little accomplishments her mind can boast of. "Men," she used to say, "though they talk much of their friends, are seldom blest with a friend. The nature of that companionship, which they mistake for friendship, is really destructive of its existence; because the delicacy of the last shrinks from the rude touch of the former; and that, however pure in their own sentiments, the society which they see each other hold with third persons, is too gross, not to break those tender links, which are absolutely essential to friendship. Girls," said she, "easily form a connexion of a more refined sort; but as it commonly begins with romance, it seldom outlasts the years of childhood, except when it degenerates into cabal and intrigue; but that the friendship of one of each sex. when so circumstanced as to be distant from love," which she affirmed might be the case, "has that combination of strength and delicacy which is equally formed to improve and delight."

There may be much reason in her arguments; but I cannot, notwithstanding my esteem for him, easily think of Montauban as my friend. He has not yet quite obliterated the fears I felt on our first acquaintance. He has, however, done much to con-

quer them; and, if he goes on as he has begun, I know not what in time he may arrive at. Meantime, I am contented with Maria; our friendship has at least endured beyond the period assigned by my mother. Shall it not always endure? I know the answer which your heart will make—mine throbs while I think of it.

LETTER VII.

Montauban to Segarva.

You complain of my silence. In truth I have nothing to say but to repeat, what is very unnecessary, my assurances of friendship to Segarva. My life is of a sort that produces nothing—I mean in recital. To myself it is not vacant: I can be employed in marking the growth of a shrub; but I cannot describe its progress, nor even tell why its progress pleases me.

If the word *society* is confined to our own species, I enjoy very little of it. I should except that of the family I gave you an account of some time ago. I fear I am too often with them; I frequently resolve to be busy at home; but I have scarce sat down to my table, when the picture of Roubigné's parlor presents itself, and I think that my business may wait till to-morrow.

I blush to tell you what a fool I am grown; or is it that I am nearer the truth than formerly? I begin to entertain doubts of my own dignity, and to think that man is not altogether formed for the sublime place I used to allot him. One can be very happy with much less trouble, than very wise; I have discovered this at Roubigné's. It is but conquering the name of trifles, which our pride would give things, and my hours at Roubigné's are as importantly filled up as any employment could make them.

After all, what is our boasted philosophy to ourselves or others? Its consequence is often borrowed, more from the language it speaks, than the object it pursues, and its attainments valued, more from their difficulty, than their usefulness. But life takes its complexion from inferior things; and Providence has wisely placed its real blessings within the reach of moderate abilities. We look for a station beyond them; it is fit that we too should have our reward; and it is found in our vanity. It is only from this cause, that I sometimes blush, as if I were unworthily employed, when I feel myself happy in doing nothing at Monsieur de Roubigné's fireside.

Yet do not suppose that we are always employed in trifles: She has a mind no less capable of important research, of exalted sentiment.—

I am hastily called away;—it saves you the continuation of a very dull letter. I send this, such as it is, more as a title to receive one from you, than that it should stand for any thing of itself. Farewell.

LETTER VIII.

Julia to Maria.

Pity me, Maria, pity me! even that quiet which my letters of late described, which I was contented to call happiness, is denied me. There is a fatality which everywhere attends the family of the unfortunate Roubigné; here, to the abodes of peace, perplexity pursues it; and it is destined to find new distresses, from those scanty sources to which it looked for comfort.

The Count de Montauban—why did he see me? why did he visit here? why did I listen to his discourse? though, Heaven knows, I meant not to deceive him! he has declared himself the lover of your Julia!—I own his virtues, I esteem his character, I know the gratitude too we owe him; from all those circumstances I am doubly distressed at my situation; but it is impossible, it is impossible that I should love him! How could he imagine that I should? or how does he still continue to imagine that I may be won to love him? I soften my refusal, because I would distress no man; Montauban, of all men, the least; but surely it was determined enough, to cut off all hopes of my ever altering my resolution.

Should not his pride teach him to cease such mortifying solicitations? How has it, in this instance alone, forsaken him? Methinks too he has acted ungenerously, in letting my mother know of his addresses. When I hinted this, he fell at my feet, and entreated me to forgive a passion so earnest as his, for calling in every possible assistance. Cruel! that, in this tenderest concern, that sex which is naturally feeble, should have other weaknesses to combat besides its own.

I know my mother's gentleness too well to have much to fear from her: but the idea of my father's displeasure is terrible. This morning, when I entreated my mother not to mention this matter to him, she informed me of her having already told him.

It was an affair, she said, of so much importance to his family, that she durst not venture to conceal it. There was something in the coolness of her words that hurt me; but I stifled the answer which I was about to make, and only observed, that of that family I was the nearest concerned. "You shall judge for yourself, my dear girl," said she, resuming the natural gentleness of her manner, "I will never pretend to control your affections. Your opinions I always hold it my duty to guide: experience, dearly bought perhaps, has given me some title to guide them. Believe me, there are dreams of romantic affection, which are apt to possess young minds, the reality of which is not to be found in nature. I do not blame you for doubting this at present; but the time will come when you shall be convinced of its truth."

Is it so, Maria? Shall that period ever arrive, when my present feelings shall be forgotten? But, if it should, are they not *now* my conscience, and should I not be unjust to Montauban and myself, were I *now* to act against them?

I have seen my father. He came into my room in his usual way, and asked me, if I chose to walk with him. His words were the same they were wont to be; but I could discover that his thoughts were different. He looked on me with a determined countenance, as if he prepared himself for contradiction. I concealed my uneasiness, however, and attended him with that appearance of cheerfulness, which I make it a point of duty to wear in his presence. He seemed to have expected something different; for I saw he was softened from that hostility (may I call it?) of aspect, which he had assumed at first, and, during our walk, he expressed himself to me with unusual tenderness. Alas! too much so, Maria! Why am I obliged to offend him? When he called me the support and solace of his age; when he blessed heaven for leaving him, in the worst of his misfortunes, his Julia to comfort him—why could I not then, amidst my filial tears, when my heart should have poured itself out in duty and gratitude, why could I not then assure him of its obedience?

Write to me, for pity's sake, write to me speedily.——Assist me, counsel me, guide me—but say not that I should listen to Montauban.

LETTER IX.

Montauban to Segarva.

I SIT down to write to Segarva, with the idea of his presence at the time, and the idea was wont to be a pleasant one; it is now mixed with a sort of uneasiness, like that which a man feels, who has offended, and would ask to be forgiven. The consciousness of what I meant by this letter to reveal, hangs like guilt upon my mind; therefore it is that I have so long delayed writing. If you shall think it weakness—Yet I know not how I can bear chiding on this point.

But why should I doubt of your approving it? Our conversations on the sex might be just, but they touch not Julia de Roubigné. Could my friend but see, but know her, I should need no other advocate to excuse the change of my sentiments.

Let me tell him, then, of my passion for that loveliest of women; that it has prompted me to offer her a hand, which, he has sometimes heard me declare, should never give away my freedom. This sounded like something manly, but it was, in truth, a littleness of soul. He who pauses in the exercise of every better affection of the heart, till he calculates the chances of danger or of ridicule, is the veriest of cowards; but the resolution, though frequently made, is seldom or never adhered to; the voice of nature, of wisdom, and of virtue, is against it.

To acquire such a friend as Julia de Roubigné—but friend is a word insignificant of the connexion—to have one soul, one fate with her! to participate her happiness, to share her griefs! to be that single being to whom, the next to the Divinity, she pours out the feelings of her heart, to whom she speaks the gentlest of her wishes; to whom she sighs the most delicate of her fears; to grant those wishes, to soothe those fears! to have such a woman (like our guardian angel, without his superiority) to whom we may unbosom our own!—the creation of pleasures is little; this is a creation of soul to enjoy them!

Call not mine the language of doating love; I am confident how much reason is on my side, and will now hear Segarva with patience.

He will tell me of that fascinating power which women possess when they would win us, which fades at once from the character of wife.—But I know Julia de Roubigné well; she has grown up under the eye of the best of parents, unschooled in the practices of her sex; she is ignorant of those arts of de-

lusion which are taught by the society of women of the world. I have had opportunities of seeing her at all seasons, and in every altitude of mind.—Her soul is too gentle for the touch of art; an effort at deceit would wring it even to torture.

He will remind me of the disparity of age, and tell me the danger of her affections wandering from one, whom, on comparison with herself, she will learn to think an old man.—But Julia is of an order of beings superior to those whom external form, and the trifling language of gallantry, can attract. Had she the flippancy of mind which those shallow qualities are able to allure, I think, Segarva, she were beneath the election of Montauban.

I remember our former conversations on the subject of marriage, when we were both of one side; and that, then, you observed in me a certain wakeful jealousy of honor, which, you said, the smile of a wife on another man would rouse into disquiet.—Perhaps I have been sometimes too hasty that way, in the sense of affronts from men; but the nicety of a soldier's character, which must ever be out of the reach of question, may excuse it. I think I never showed suspicion of my friends; and why to this lovely one, the delicacy of whose virtue I would vouch against the world, should I be more unjust than to others? —There is no fiend so malicious as to breathe detraction against my Julia.

In short, I have canvassed all your objections, and I think I have answered them all. Forgive me for supposing you to make them; and forgive me, when I tell you, that while I did so, methought I loved you less than I was wont to do.

But I am anticipating blessings which may never arrive; for the gentlest of her sex is yet cruel to Montauban; but I trust it is only the maiden coyness of a mind naturally fearful. She owned her esteem, her friendship—these are poor to the returns I ask; but they must be exchanged for sentiments more tender, they must yield to the ardor of mine. They must, they shall; I feel my heart expand with a glad foreboding that tells it of happiness to come. While I enjoy it, I wish for something more; let me hear, then, that my Segarva enjoys it too.

LETTER X.

Julia to Maria.

You know not the heart of your Julia; yet impute it not to a want of confidence in your friendship. Its perplexity is of a nature so delicate, that I am sometimes afraid even to think on it myself; and often when I meant to reveal it to you, my utterance failed in the attempt.

The character you have heard of the Count de Montauban is just; it is perhaps even less than he merits; for his virtues are of that unbending kind that does not easily stoop to the opinion of the world, to which the world, therefore, is not profuse of its eulogium. I revere his virtues, I esteem his good qualities; but I cannot love him.—This must be my answer to others. But Maria has a right to something more; she may be told my weakness, for her friendship can pity and support it.

Learn, then, that I have not a heart to bestow. I blush even while I write this confession. Yet to love merit like Savillon's cannot be criminal. Why, then, do I blush again, when I think of revealing it?

You have seen him at Belville. Alas! you know not his worth; it is not easy to know it. Gentle, modest, retired from notice,—it was the lot of your Julia to discover it. She prized it more that it was not common to all; and while she looked on it as the child of her own observation, it was vanity to know, it was virtue to cherish. Alas! she was unconscious of that period when it ceased to be virtue, and grew into passion!

But whither am I wandering? I meant only to relate; but our feelings speak for themselves before we can tell why we feel.

Savillon's father and mine were friends; his father was unfortunate, and mine was the friend of his misfortune; hence arose a sort of dependance on the one side, which, on the other, I fear, was never entirely forgotten. I have sometimes observed this weakness in my father; but the pride that leads to virtue may be pardoned. He thinks of a man as his inferior, only that he may do him a kindness more freely. Savillon's family, indeed, was not so noble as his mind; my father warmly acknowledged the excellence of the last; but he had been taught, from earliest infancy, to consider a misfortune the want of the former.

After the death of old Savillon, my father's friendship and protection was transferred to his son; the time he could spare from study was commonly spent at Belville. He appeared to

feel in his situation that dependance I mentioned; in mean souls this produces servility; in liberal minds it is the nurse of honorable pride. There was a silent melancholy about Savillon which disdained the notice of superficial observers, and was never satisfied with superficial acquirements. His endowments did not attract the eye of the world; but they fixed the esteem and admiration of his friends. His friends indeed were few; and he seemed not to wish them many.

To know such a man; to see his merit; to regret that yoke which fortune had laid upon him—I am bewildered in sentiment again. In truth, my story is the story of sentiment. I would tell you how I began to love Savillon; but the trifles by which I now mark the progress of this attachment are too little for description.

We are frequently together at that time of life, when a boy and a girl are not alarmed at being together. Savillon's superior attainments made him a sort of master for your Julia. He used to teach me ideas; sometimes he flattered me by saying that, in his turn, he learned from me. Our feelings were often equally disgusted with many of the common notions of mankind, and we early began to form a league against them. We began with an alliance of argument; but the heart was always appealed to in the last resort.

The time at last came when I began to fear something improper in our friendship; but the fears that should guard, betray us. They make pictures to our fancy, which the reason they call to their assistance cannot overcome.

In my rambles through the woods at Belville, I have often turned into a different walk from that I first designed to take, because I suspected Savillon was there! Alas! Maria, an ideal Savillon attended me, more dangerous than the real.

But it was only from his absence I acquired a certain knowledge of myself. I remember, on the eve of his departure, we were walking in the garden; my father was with us. He had been commending some carnation seeds, which he had just received from an eminent florist at Versailles. Savillon was examining some of them which my father had put into his hand; and, soon after, when we came to a small plot, which I used to call my garden, he sowed a few of them in a particular corner of it. I took little notice at the time; but not long after he was gone, the flowers began to appear. You cannot easily imagine the effect this trifling circumstance had upon me. I used to visit the spot by stealth, for a certain conscious feeling prevented my going openly thither, and watched the growth of those carnations with the care of a parent for a darling child; and when

they began to droop (I blush, Maria, to tell it) I have often watered them with my tears.

Such is the account of my own feelings; but who shall tell me those of Savillon? I have seen him look such things!—but, alas! Maria, our wishes are traitors, and give us false intelligence. His soul is too noble to pour itself out in those trivial speeches which the other sex often address to ours. Savillon knows not the language of compliment; yet methinks from Savillon it would please. May not a sense of his humble fortune prevent him from speaking what he feels? When we were first acquainted, Julia de Roubigné was a name of some consequence; fallen as she now is, it is now her time to be haughty, and Savillon is too generous to think otherwise. In our most exalted estate, my friend, we are not so difficult to win, as we are sometimes imagined to be; it unfortunately happens that the best men think us the most so.

I know I am partial to my own cause; yet I am sensible of all the impropriety with which my conduct is attended. My *conduct*, did I call it? It is not my *conduct;* I err but in *thought*. Yet, I fear, I suffered these thoughts at first without alarm. They have grown up, unchecked, in my bosom, and now I would control them in vain. Should I know myself indifferent to Savillon, would not my pride set me free? I sigh, and dare not say that it would.

But there is something tenderer and less tumultuous in that feeling with which I now remember him, than when his presence used to alarm me. Obliged to leave France, where fortune had denied him an inheritance, he is gone to Martinique, on the invitation of an uncle, who has been several years settled in that island. When I think of the track of the ocean that separates us, my head grows dizzy as I think!—that this little heart should have its interests extended so far! that, on the other side of the Atlantic, there should exist a being, for whom it swells with imaginary hope, and trembles, alas! much oftener trembles, with imaginary fear.

In such a situation, wonder not at my coldness to Montauban. I know not how it is; but methinks I esteem him less than I did, from the preposterous reason, that he loves me when I would not have him. I owe him gratitude in return, though I cannot give him love; but I involuntarily refuse him the first, because he asks the latter, which I have not to bestow!

Would that he had never seen your Julia! I expect not a life of happiness, but had looked for one of quiet. There is something in the idea even of peaceful sadness, which I could bear without repining; but I am not made for struggling with perplexity.

LETTER XI.

Julia to Maria.

From your letters, Maria, I always find comfort and satisfaction; and never did one arrive more seasonably than the last. When the soul is torn by contrary emotions, it is then we wish for a friend to reconcile us to ourselves; such a friend am I blessed with in you. Advice from my Maria is the language of wisdom without its severity; she can feel what is due to nature, while she speaks what is required of prudence.

I have ever thought as you do, "that it is not enough for a woman not to swerve from the duty of a wife; that to love another more than a husband, is an adultery of the heart; and not to love a husband with undivided affection, is a virtual breach of the vow that unites us."

But I dare not own to my father the attachment from which these arguments are drawn. There is a sternness in his idea of honor from which I shrink with affright. Images of vengeance and destruction paint themselves to my mind, when I think of his discovering that weakness which I cannot hide from myself Even before my mother, as his wife, I tremble, and dare not disclose it.

How hard is the fate of your Julia! Unhappy from feelings which she cherished as harmless, which still she cannot think criminal, yet denied even the comfort of revealing, except to her Maria, the cause of her distress! Amidst the wreck of our family's fortunes, I shared the common calamity; must I now be robbed of the little treasure I had saved, spoiled of my peace of mind, and forbid the native freedom of my affections.

I am called to dinner. One of our neighbors is below, a distant relation of Montauban, with his wife and daughter. Another stranger, Lisette says, is also there, a captain of a ship, she thinks, whom she remembers having seen formerly at Belville. Must I go, then, and look unmeaning cheerfulness, and talk indifferent things, while my heart is torn with secret agitation? To feel distress, is painful; but to dissemble it, is torture.

I have now time to think, and power to express my thoughts. It is midnight, and the world is hushed around me! After the agitation of this day, I feel something silently sad at my heart, that can pour itself out to my friend!

Savillon! cruel Savillon! but I complain as if it were falsehood to have forgotten her whom perhaps he had never loved.

She, too, must forget him—Maria! he is the husband of another! That sea captain, who dined with my father to-day, is just returned from Martinique. With a beating heart I heard him questioned of Savillon. With a beating heart I heard him tell of the riches he is said to have acquired by the death of that relation with whom he lived; but judge of its sensations, when he added, that Savillon was only prevented, by that event, from marrying the daughter of a rich planter, who had been destined for his wife on the very day his uncle died, and whom he was still to marry as soon as decency would permit. "And before this time," said the stranger, "he must be her husband."

Before this time!—while I was cherishing romantic hopes! or, at least, while, amidst my distress, I had preserved, inviolate, the idea of his faith and my own. But whither does this delusion carry me? Savillon has broken no faith; to me he never pledged it. Hide me, my friend, from the consciousness of my folly, or let it speak till its expiation be made, till I have banished Savillon from my mind.

Must I, then, banish him from my mind? Must I forget the scenes of our early days, the opinions we formed, the authors we read, the music we played together? There was a time when I was wont to retire from the profanity of vulgar souls to indulge the remembrance.

I heard somebody tap at my door. I was in that state of mind which every thing terrifies; I fancy I looked terrified, for my mother, when she entered, begged me, in a low voice, not to be alarmed.

"I come to see you, Julia," said she, "before I go to bed; methought you looked ill at supper."—"Did I, mamma?" said I; "I am well enough; indeed I am." She pressed my hand gently; I attempted to smile; it was with difficulty I forbore weeping.

"Your mind, child," continued my mother, "is too tender, I fear it is, for this bad world. You must learn to conquer some of its feelings, if you would be just to yourself; but I can pardon you, for I know how bewitching they are; but trust me, my love, they must not be indulged too far; they poison the

quiet of our lives. Alas! we have too little at best! I am aware how ungracious the doctrine is; but it is not the less true. If you ever have a child like yourself, you will tell her this in your turn, and she will not believe you."

I was now weeping outright; it was the only answer I could make. My mother embraced me tenderly, and begged me to be calm, and endeavor to rest. I gave her my promise to go soon to bed; I am about to perform it; but to rest, Maria!—farewell!

LETTER XII.

Julia to Maria.

While I write, my paper is blotted by my tears. They fall not now for myself, but for my father; you know not how he has wrung my heart.

He had another appointment this day with that procureur, who once visited our village before. Sure there is something terrible in that man's business. Alas! I formerly complained of my father's ill humor, when he returned to us from a meeting with him; I knew not, unjust that I was, what reason he then might have for his chagrin; I am still ignorant of their transactions, but have too good ground for making frightful conjectures.

On his return in the evening, he found my mother and me in separate apartments. She has complained of a slight disorder from cold, I believe, these two or three days past, and had lain down on a couch in her own room, till my father should return. I was left alone, and sat down to read my favorite Racine.

"Iphigenia!" said my father, taking up the book, "Iphigenia!" He looked on me piteously as he repeated the word. I cannot make you understand how much that single name expressed, nor how much that look. He pressed me to his bosom, and as he kissed me I felt a tear on his cheek.

"Your mother is in her own chamber, my love." I offered to go and fetch her; he held my hand fast, as if he would not have me leave him. We stood for some moments thus, till my mother, who had heard his voice, entered the room.

We sat down by the fire with my father between us. He looked on us alternately, with an affected cheerfulness, and spoke of indifferent things in a tone of gayety rather unusual

to him; but it was easy to see how foreign those appearances were to the real movements of his soul.

There was at last, a pause of silence, which gave them time to overcome him. We saw a tear, which he was unable to repress, begin to steal from his eye. "My dearest life!" said my mother, laying hold of his hand and kissing it; I pressed the other in mine. "Yes," said he, "I am still rich in blessings, while these are left me. You, my love, have ever shared my fortunes unrepining: I look up to you, as to a superior Being, who, for all his benefits, accepts of our gratitude as the only recompense we have to make. This—this last retreat, where I looked for peace at least, though it was joined to poverty, we may soon be forced to leave! Wilt thou still pardon, still comfort the man whose evil destiny has drawn thee along with it to ruin? And thou too, my child, my Julia! thou wilt not forsake thy father's gray hairs! Misfortune pursues him to the last; do thou but smile, my cherub, and he can bear it still. I threw my head on his knees, and bathed them with my tears. "Do not unman me," he cried; "I would support my situation as becomes a man. Methinks for my own part, I could endure any thing—but my wife! my child! can they bear want and wretchedness!" "They can bear any thing with you," said my mother.—I started up I know not how; I said something, I know not what; but at that moment I felt my heart roused as with the sound of a trumpet. My mother stood on one side, looking gently upwards, her hands, which were clasped together, leaning on my father's shoulder. He had one hand on his side, the other pressed on his bosom, his figure seeming to rise above itself, and his eye bent steadily forward. Methought, as I looked on them, I was above the fears of humanity!

Le Blanc entered. "'Tis enough," said my father, taking one or two strides through the room, his countenance still preserving an air of haughtiness. "Go to my chamber," said he to Le Blanc, "I have some business for you." When they left the room, I felt the weakness of my soul return. I looked on my mother; she turned from me to hide her tears. I fell on her neck and gave a loose to mine: "Do not weep, Julia!" was all she could utter, and she wept while she uttered it.

When Le Blanc returned, he was pale as ashes, and his hands shook so that he could scarcely carry in supper. My father came in a few minutes after him; he took his place at table in his usual way, and strove to look as he was wont to do. During the time of supper, I observed Le Blanc fix his eye upon him; and, when he answered some little questions put to him by my father, his voice trembled in his throat.

After being left by ourselves, we were for sometime silent.

My mother at last spoke through her tears: "Do not, my dearest Roubigné," said she, "add to our misfortunes by an unkind concealment of them. Has any new calamity befallen us?—When we retired hither, did we not know the worst!"—"I am afraid not," answered he calmly, "but my fears may not be altogether just. Do not be alarmed, my love, things may turn out better than they appear. I was affected too much before supper, and I could not conceal it. There are weak moments when we are not masters of ourselves. When I looked on my Julia and you, when I thought on those treasures, I was a very coward; but I have resumed my fortitude, and I think I can await the decision calmly. You shall know the whole, my love; but let me prevail on you to be comforted in the meantime; let not our distresses reach us before their time." He rung for Le Blanc, and gave him directions about some ordinary matters for next day.

As I went up stairs to my room, I saw that poor fellow standing at the window in the staircase. "What do you here," said I, "Le Blanc!"—"Ah! Miss Julia," said he, "I know not well what I do." He followed me into my room, without my bidding him. "My master has spoken so to me! When he called me before supper, as you saw, I went with him into his closet; he wrote something down, as if he were summing up money.—"Here are so much wages due to you, Le Blanc," said he, putting the paper into my hand, "you shall receive the money now; for I know not how long these louis may be mine to give you."—I could not read the figures, I am sure I could not; I was struck blind, as it were, when he spoke so. He held out the gold to me; I drew back: for I would not have touched it for the world: but he insisted on my taking it, till I fell on my knees, and entreated him not to kill me by offering such a thing. At length he threw it down on his table, and I saw him wipe his eyes with his handkerchief.—"My dear master!" said I, and I believe I took hold of his hand, for seeing him so made me forget myself. He waved his hand for me to leave the room; and as I went down into the kitchen, if I had not burst into tears, I think I should have fainted away."

What will our destiny do with us? But I have learned of late to look on misery with less emotion. My soul has sunk into a stupid indifference, and sometimes, when she is roused at all, I conceive a sort of pride in meeting distress with fortitude, since I cannot hope for the attainment of happiness. But my father, Maria!—thus to bear at once the weakness of age, the gripe of poverty, the buffets of a world with which his spirit is already at war!—there my heart bleeds again! The complaints I have made of those little harshnesses I have sometimes

felt from him, rise up to my memory in the form of remorse. Had he been more perfectly indulgent, methinks I should have pitied him less.

I was alarmed by hearing my mother's bell. She had been seized with a sudden fit of sickness, and had almost fainted. She is now a good deal better, and endeavors to make light of it; but at this time I am weaker than usual, and every appearance of danger frightens me. She chid me for not having been a-bed. I leave this open till the morning, when I can inform you how she does.

My mother has got up, though against the advice of my father and me. It may be fancy, but I think I see her eye languid and weighed down. I would stifle even the thoughts of danger, but cannot. Farewell.

LETTER XIII.

Lisette to Maria.

Madame,—I am commanded by my dear young lady to write to you, because she is not in a condition to write herself. I am sure I am little able either. I have a poor head for inditing at any time: and, at present, it is so full of the melancholy scenes I have seen, that it goes round, as it were, at the thoughts of telling them. When I think what a lady I have lost! To be sure, if ever there was a saint on earth, Madame de Roubigné was she—but Heaven's will be done!

I believe Miss Julia wrote you a letter the day she was taken ill. She did not say much, for it was not her way to be troublesome with her complaints; but we all saw by her looks how distressed she was. That night my master lay in a separate apartment, and I sat up by her bedside; I heard her tossing and restless all night long; and now and then, when she got a few moment's sleep, she would moan through it sadly, and presently wake again with a start, as if something had frightened her. In the morning a physician was sent for, who caused

her to be blooded, and we thought her the better for it; but that was only for a short time, and the next night she was worse than before, and complained of violent pains all over her body, and particularly her breast, and did not once shut her eyes to sleep. They took a greater quantity of blood from her now than at first; and in the evening she had a blister put on, and the doctor sat by her part of the night. All this time Miss Julia was scarce ever out of her mother's chamber, except sometimes for a quarter of an hour, when the doctor begged of her to go, and he and I were both attending my lady. My master, indeed, that last night took her away, and prevailed on her to put off her clothes and go to bed; and I heard him say to her in a whisper, when they had got upon the stairs, "My Julia, have pity on yourself for my sake; let me not lose both;"—and he wept, I saw, as he spoke; and she burst into tears.

The fourth day my lady continued much in the same way, but during the night she wandered a good deal, and spoke much of her husband and daughter, and frequently mentioned the Count de Montauban. The doctor ordered some things, I forget their proper name, to be laid to the soles of her feet, which seemed to relieve her head much; for she was more distinct towards morning, and knew me when I gave her drink, and called me by my name, which she had not done before, but had taken me for my young lady; but her voice was fainter than ever, and her physician looked more alarmed, when he visited her, than I had seen him do all the rest of her illness. My master was then in the room, and presently they went out together; my lady called me to her, and asked who had gone out; when I told her, she said, "I guess the reason; but, Heaven be praised, I can think of it without terror."

Her daughter entered the room just then; she went up to her mother, and asked how she found herself. "More at ease, my child," said she, "but I will not deceive you into hope; I believe this momentary relief is a fatal symptom; my own feelings tell me so, and the doctor's looks confirm them." "Do not speak so, my dearest mother! for Heaven's sake do not!" was all she could answer.

The doctor returned along with my master. He felt my lady's pulse; Miss Julia looked up wildly in his face; my master turned aside his head; but my lady, sweet angel, was calm and gentle as a lamb. "Do not flatter me;" said she, when the doctor let go her arm; "I know you think I cannot recover." "I am not without hopes, Madame," he replied, "though I confess my fears are stronger than my hopes." My lady looked upwards for a moment, as I have often seen her do in health. Her daughter flung herself on the bed; I thought she had fallen

into a swoon, and wanted to lift her up in my arms, though I was all of a tremble and could hardly support myself. She started up, and would have spoken to her mother; but she wept, and sobbed, and could not. My lady begged her to be composed; my master could not speak, but he laid hold of her hand, and, with a sort of gentle force, led her out of the room.

My lady complained of a dryness on her mouth and lips; the doctor gave her a glass of water, into which he poured a little somewhat out of a phial; she thanked him when she had drank it, and seemed to speak easier; he said he should leave her for a little. Monsieur de Roubigné came in. "Attend my daughter," said she to me; and I thought she wanted to be a one with my master.

I found Miss Julia in the parlor, leaning on the table, her cheek resting on her hand; when I spoke, she fell a crying again. Soon after her father came in, and told her that her mother wished to see her; she returned along with my master, and they were some time together.

When I was called, I found my lady very low, by reason, as I suppose, she had worn herself out in speaking to them. The doctor said so too when he returned; and in the afternoon, when I attended him down stairs, he said to me, "that excellent lady is going fast." He promised to see her again in two hours; but before that time we found she had grown much worse, and had lost her speech altogether; and when he came, he said nothing was to be done, but to make her as easy as possible, and offered to stay with her himself; which he did till about three next morning, when the dear good lady expired.

Her daughter fainted away, and it was a long time before the physician could recover her. It is wonderful how my master bears up, in order to comfort her; but one may see how heavy his grief is on him for all that. This morning Miss Julia desired me to attend her to the chamber where her mother's corpse is laid. I was surprised to hear her speak so calmly as she did; and, though I made so free as to dissuade her much at first, yet she persuaded me she could bear it well enough; and I went with her accordingly. But when we came near the door, she stopped, and pulled me back into her room, and leaned on my arm, and fell into a violent fit of weeping; yet, when I begged her to give over thoughts of going, she said she was easy again, and would go. And thus two or three times she went and returned, till, at last, she opened the door, in desperation, as one may say, and I went in close behind her. The first sight we saw was Monsieur de Roubigné at the bedside, bending over the corpse, and holding one of its hands in his. "Support me, Lisette," cried she, and leaned back on me again. My master

turned about as she spoke; his daughter took courage, as it were, then, and walked up to the body, and took the hand that her father had just let drop, and kissed it. "My child!" said he. "My father!" answered my dear young lady, and they clasped one another in their arms. I could not help bursting into tears when I saw them; yet it was not altogether for grief neither. I know not how it was, but I weep when I think of it yet. May Heaven bless them both, and preserve them to support one another!

My lady's bell rung, and she asked me if I had written to you. When I told her I had, she inquired if I had sent off the letter, and I was fain to say yes, lest she should ask me to read it, and I knew how bad it must be for her to hear all I have told your ladyship repeated. I am sure it is a sad scrawl, and little worth your reading, were it not that it concerns so dear a friend of yours as my lady is; and I have told things just as they happened, and as they came up to my mind, which is indeed but in a confused way still. But I ever am, Madame, with respect,

Your faithful and obedient servant,

LISETTE.

LETTER XIV.

Julia to Maria.

AT last, my Maria, I am able to write. In the sad society of my afflicted father, I have found no restraint on my sorrows. We have indulged them to the full; their first turbulence is subsided, and the still quiet grief that now presses on my bosom, is such as my friend may participate.

Your loss is common to thousands. Such is the hackneyed consolation of ordinary minds, availing even when it is true. But mine is not common; it is not merely to lose a mother, the best, the most indulgent of mothers! Think, Maria, think of your Julia's situation! how helpless, how forlorn she is! A father pursued by misfortune to the wane of life; but, alas! he looks to her for support! He has outlived the last of his friends, and those who should have been linked to him by the ties of blood, the same fatal disputes, which ruined his fortune, have

shaken from his side. Beyond him,—and he is old, and affliction blasts his age!—beyond him, Maria, and but for thee,—the world were desolate around me.

My mother!—you have seen, you have known her. Her gentle, but assured spirit, was the tutelary power to which we ever looked up for comfort and protection; to the last moment it enlightened herself, and guided us. The night before she died, she called me to her bedside: "I feel, my child," said she, "as the greatest bitterness of parting, the thought of leaving you to affliction and distress. I have but one consolation to receive or to bestow; a reliance on that merciful Being, who, in this hour, as in all the past, has not forsaken me! Next to that Being, you will shortly be the only remaining support of the unfortunate Roubigné. I had of late looked on one measure as the means of procuring his age an additional stay; but I will not prescribe your conduct, or warp your heart. I know the purity of your sentiments, the warmth of your filial affection; to those and the guidance of Heaven——." She had spoken thus far with difficulty; her voice now failed in the attempt. My father came into the room; he sat down by me; she stretched out her hand, and joining ours, which were both laid on the bed together, she clasped them with a feeble pressure, leaned backward, seemingly worn out with the exertion, and looked up to heaven, as if directing us thither for that assistance which her words had bequeathed us—her last words! for after that she could scarcely speak to be heard, and only uttered some broken syllables, till she lost the power of utterance altogether.

These words cannot be forgotten! they press upon my mind with the sacredness of a parent's dying instructions! But that measure they suggested—is it not against the dictates of a still superior power? I feel the thoughts of it as of a crime. Should it be so, Maria? or do I mistake the whispers of inclination for the suggestions of conscience? Yet I think I have searched my bosom impartially, and its answer is uniform. Were it otherwise, should it ever be otherwise, what would not your Julia do, to smooth the latter days of a father, on whose gray hairs distresses are multiplied!

Methinks, since this last blow, he is greatly changed. The haughtiness of spirit, which seemed to brave, but, in reality, was irritated by misfortune, has left him. He looks calmly upon things; they affect him more, but hurt him less; his tears fall oftener, but they are less terrible than the sullen gloom which used to darken his aspect. I can now mingle mine with his, free to affliction, without uneasiness or fear; and those offices of kindness, which once my piety exacted, are now the offering of my heart.

Montauban has behaved, on this occasion, as became his character. How perfect were it, but for that weakness which regards your Julia! He came to see my father the day after that on which my mother died. "I will not endeavor," said he, "to stop the current of your grief; that comfort which the world offers at times like these, flows not from feeling, and cannot be addressed to it. Your sorrow is just; I come to give you leisure to indulge it; employ me in those irksome offices which distress us more than the tears they oblige us to dry; think nothing too mean to impose on me, that can any how relieve my friend."

And this friend his daughter is forced to deprive him of. Such at least is the common pride of the sex, that will not brook any other connexion where one is rejected. I am assailed by motives on every hand; but my own feelings are still unconquered. Support them, my ever faithful Maria, if they are just; if not—but they cannot be unjust.

The only friend of my own sex, whom I possessed besides thee, is now no more! We needed no additional tie; yet, methinks, in the grief of my heart, I lean upon yours with increasing affection. Thou too—I will not say pity—thou shalt love me more.

LETTER XV.

Julia to Maria.

I HAVE, this moment, received your answer to my last. Ah! my friend, it answers not as I wished. Is this frowardness in me, to hear with pleasure only the arguments on one side, when my conduct should be guided by those on both.

"You say, it is from the absence of Savillon, that the impression he had made on my heart has gained its present strength; that the contemplation of distant objects is always stronger than the sense of present ones; and that, were I to see him now, were I daily to behold him the husband of another, I should soon grow tranquil at the sight. That it is injustice to myself, and a want of that proper pride which should be the constant attendant of our sex, to suffer this unhappy attachment to overcome my mind; and that, after looking calmly on the world, you cannot allow so much force to those impressions, as our youth was apt to suppose in them. That they are commonly

vanquished by an effort to vanquish them; and that the sinking under their pressure is one of those diseases of the mind which, like certain diseases of the body, the exercise of its better faculties will very soon remove."

There is reason in all this; but while you argue from reason, I must decide from my feelings. In every one's own case, there is a rule of judging, which is not the less powerful that one cannot express it. I insist not on the memory of Savillon; I can forget him, I think I can—time will be kind that way—it is fit I should forget him—he is happy, as the husband of another.—But should I wed any man, be his worth what it may, if I feel not that lively preference for him, which waits not for reasoning to persuade its consent? The suggestions I have heard of Montauban's unwearied love, his uncommon virtues, winning my affections in a state of wedlock, I have always held a very dangerous experiment; there is equivocation in those vows which unite us to a husband, our affection for whom we leave to contingency. "But I already esteem and admire him." It is most true!—why is he not contented with my esteem and admiration? If those feelings are to be ripened into love, let him wait that period when my hand may be his without a blush. This I have already told him; he almost owned the injustice of his request, but pleaded the ardor of passion in excuse. Is this fair dealing, Maria? that his feelings are to be an apology for his suit, while mine are not allowed to be a reason for refusal?

I am called away by my father; I heard the count's voice below some time before. There was a solemnity in my father's manner of asking me down, which indicates something important in his visit. You shall hear what that is before this letter is closed. Again! he is come to fetch me.

Maria! let me recover my surprise! Yet why should I be surprised at the generosity of Montauban? I know the native nobleness of his soul. Was it in such a girl as me to enfeeble it so long?

My father led me into the parlor. Montauban was standing in a pensive posture; he made me a silent bow. I was placed in a chair, standing near another, which the count had occupied before; he sat down. My father walked to the window; his back was to us. Montauban put himself once or twice into the attitude of speaking; but we were still silent.

My father turned and approached us. "The count has something to communicate, Julia. Would you choose, Sir, that it should be addressed to her alone?" "No," answered he, "it is an expiation to both, and both should hear it made. I fear, I have unwittingly been the cause of disquiet to a family, whose society, for some time past, has been one of the chief sweeteners of my life. They know my gratitude for the blessing of that intimacy they were kind enough to allow me. When I wished for a more tender connexion, they could not blame my wish; but when I pressed it so far as to wound their peace, I was unworthy of the esteem they had formerly given, an esteem I cannot now bear to lose. When I cease my suit, Miss Julia, let it speak, not a diminution, but an increase of my affection. If that regard, which you often had the generosity to confess for me, was impaired by my addresses, let me recover it by this sacrifice of my hopes; and, while I devote to your quiet the solicitations of my love, let it confirm to me every privilege of the most sacred friendship."

Such were the words of Montauban. I know not what answer I made; I remember a movement of admiration, and no more. At that instant he seemed nobler than ever; and when, in spite of his firmness a tear broke forth, my pity almost carried me beyond esteem. How happy might this man make another! Julia de Roubigné is fated to be miserable!

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LETTER XVI.

The Count de Montauban to Monsieur Duvergne, at Paris.

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I HAVE sent only three of the bills I proposed in my last to remit; that for five thousand, and the other for twelve thousand livres, at short dates, I have retained, as, I believe, I shall have use for them here. You may discount some of the others, if you want money for immediate use, which, however, I imagine, will not be the case.

I beg you may, immediately upon the receipt of this, send the inclosed letter as directed. The name in the superscription I have made Vervette, though my steward, from whom I take it, is not sure if it be exactly that: but as he tells me the man is a procureur of some practice, and is certain as to the place of his

residence, I imagine you will have no difficulty in finding him. I wish my letter to reach him in Paris; but if you hear that he has gone into the country, send me notice by the messenger, who is to fetch down my uncle's papers, by whom I shall receive your answer sooner than by post.

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LETTER XVII.

Lisette to Maria.

MADAME,—I make bold to write this, in great haste, because I am sensible of your friendship for my lady, and that you will thank me for giving you an opportunity of trying to serve her father and her in their present distress. She, poor lady, is in such a situation as not to be able to write; and besides, she is so noble minded, that I dare be sworn she would not tell you the worst, lest it should look like asking your assistance.

How shall I tell you, Madame? My poor master is in danger of being forced away from us, and thrown into prison. A debt, it seems, owing to some people in Paris, on account of expenses about that unfortunate lawsuit, has been put into the hands of a procureur, who will not hear of any delay in the payment of it; and he was here this morning, and told my master, as Le Blanc overheard, that, if he could not procure the money in three hour's time, he must attend him to a jail. My master wished to conceal this from his daughter, and desired the procureur to do his duty, without any noise or disturbance; but Le Blanc had scarcely gone up stairs, when she called him, and inquired about that man's business; and he could not hide it, his heart was so full, and so he told her all that had passed below. Then she flew down to her father's room, and hung about him in such a manner, weeping and sobbing, that it would have melted the heart of a savage, and so, to be sure, I said to the procureur; but he did not mind me a bit, nor my lady neither, though she looked so, as I never beheld in all my life, and I was terrified to see her so, and said all I could to comfort her, but to no purpose. At last, a servant of the procureur brought him a letter, and presently he went out of the house, but left two of his attendants to watch that my master should not escape; and they are now here, and they say that he cannot grant any respite; but that, as sure as can be, when

ne returns, he will take away Monsieur de Roubigné to prison. I send this by a boy, a nephew of Le Blanc's, who serves a gentleman in this province, who is just now going post to Paris, and the boy called on his way, by good fortune, to see his uncle. I am, in haste, your very faithful and obedient servant,

LISETTE.

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P. S. My lady is much more composed now, and so is my master. The procureur has not returned yet, and I have a sort of hope; yet God knows whence it should be, except from your ladyship.

LETTER XVIII.

Lisette to Maria.

To be sure, Madame, you must have been much affected with the distress in our family, of which I informed you in my last, considering what a friendship there is between my dear lady and you. And now I am much vexed, that I should have given you so much uneasiness in vain, and send this to let you know of the happy deliverance my master has met with, from that most generous of men, the Count de Montauban; I say, the most generous of men, as to be sure he is, to advance so large a sum without any near prospect of being repaid, and without ever being asked to do such a favor; for I verily believe my master would die before he would ask such a favor of any one, so high-minded he is, notwithstanding all his misfortunes. He is just now gone to see the count, for that noble hearted gentleman would not come to our house, lest, as Monsieur de Roubigné said, he should seem to triumph in the effects of his own generosity. Indeed, the thing was done as if it had been by witchcraft, without one of this family suspecting such a matter; and the procureur never came back at all, only he sent a paper, discharging the debt, to one of the men he had left behind, who, upon that, behaved very civilly, and went away with much better manners, forsooth, than they came; but Le Blanc followed them to the village, where they met the procureur, and thus it was that we discovered the debt to have been paid by the count, who, it seems, had sent that letter, but without a name, which the procureur received, when he left us at the time I wrote your ladyship last.

Monsieur de Roubigné is returned from his visit to the Count de Montauban, and has been a long time closeted with my lady, and, to be sure, something particular must have passed, but what it is I cannot guess; only I am certain it is something more than common, because I was in the way when they parted, and my lady passed me, and I saw by her looks that there had been something. When she went into her chamber, I followed her, and there she sat down, leaning her arm on her dressing table, and gave such a sigh, as I thought her heart would have burst with it. Then I thought I might speak, and asked if she was not well. "Very well, Lisette," said she; but she said it as if she was not well for all that, breathing strongly as she spoke the words, as one does when one has run one's self out of breath. "Leave me child," said she, "I will call you again by and bye." And so I left her as she bid me, and as I went out of the room, shutting the door softly behind me, I heard her start up from her chair, and say to herself, "The lot is cast!" I think that was it.

My master has been all this while in his study, writing, and just now he called Le Blanc, and gave him a letter for the Count de Montauban; and Le Blanc told me, as he passed, that Monsieur de Roubigné looked gayer, and more in spirits, than usual, when he gave it him. My lady is still in her chamber alone, and has never called me, as she promised. Poor dear soul! I am sure I would do any thing to serve her, that I would; and well I may, for she is the kindest, sweetest lady to me, and so indeed she is to every body.

And now, Madame, I am sure I should ask a thousand pardons for using the freedom to write to you in such a manner, just by starts, as things happen. But I am sensible your ladyship will not impute my doing so to any want of respect, but only to my desire of giving your ladyship an account of the situation of my lady, and of this family, which you were so condescending as to say, after my first letter, you were much obliged to me for giving you, and begged that it might be in my own style, which, to be sure, is none of the best; but which your ladyship will be so good as pardon, especially as I am, when I write to you about these things, in a flutter, as one may say, as well as having little time to order my expressions for the best—I am, honored Madame, with due respect, your faithful and obedient servant,

LISETTE

LETTER XIX.

Julia to Maria.

In the intricacies of my fate, or of my conduct, I have long been accustomed to consider you my support and my judge. For some days past these have come thick upon me; but I could not find composure enough to state them coolly even to myself. At this hour of midnight, I have summoned up a still recollection of the past; and with you, as my other conscience, I will unfold and examine it.

The ready zeal of my faithful Lisette has, I understand, saved me a recital of the distress in which my father found himself involved, from the consequences of that lawsuit we have so often lamented. I could only share it with him; but a more effectual friend stepped forth in the Count de Montauban. His generosity relieved my father, and gave him back to freedom and your Julia.

The manner of his doing this, was such as the delicacy of a mind, jealous of its own honor, would prompt in the cause of another's. I thought I saw a circumstance, previous to the count's performing it, which added to that delicacy. My father did not then perceive this; it was not till he waited on Montauban, that the force of it struck his mind.

When he returned home, I saw some remains of that pride, which formerly rankled under the receipt of favors it was unable to return. "My Julia," said he, "your father is unhappy, every way unhappy; but it is fit I should be humble—Pierre de Roubigné must learn humility!" He uttered these words in a tone that frightened me; I could not speak. He saw me confused, I believe, and putting on a milder aspect, took my hand and kissed it.—"Heaven knows, that for myself, I rate not life or liberty at much;—but, when I thought what my child must suffer—I alone am left to protect her—and I am old and weak, and must ask for that assistance which I am unable to repay."—"The generous, Sir," said I, "know from their own hearts what yours can feel: all beyond is accident alone."—"The generous, indeed, my child! but you know not all the generosity of Montauban. When he tore himself from those hopes which his love had taught him; when he renounced his pretensions to that hand, which I know can alone confer happiness on his life; it was but for a more delicate opportunity of relieving thy father.—'I could not,' said he, 'while I sought your

daughter's love, bear the appearance of purchasing it by a favor; now I have renounced it for ever, I am free to the offices of friendship.' Had you seen him, Julia, when he pronounced this *for ever!* great as his soul is, he wept! by Heaven, he wept, at pronouncing it! These tears, Julia, these tears of my friend! Would I had met my dungeon in silence!—they had not torn my heart thus!"

Maria, mine was swelled to a sort of enthusiastic madness—I fell at his feet.—

"No, my father, they shall not. Amidst the fall of her family, your daughter shall not stand aloof in safety. She should have shared the prison of her father in the pride of adversity; behold her now the partner of his humiliation! Tell the Count de Montauban, that Julia de Roubigné offers that hand to his generosity, which she refused to his solicitation;—tell him, also, she is above deceit: she will not conceal the small value of the gift. 'Tis but the offering of a wretch, who would somehow requite the sufferings of her father, and the services of his friend. If he shall now reject it, that ugly debt, which his unhappiness lays us under, will be repaid in the debasement she endures; if he accepts of it as it is, tell him, its mistress is not ignorant of the duty that should attend it."

My father seemed to recover at my words: yet surprise was mixed with the satisfaction his countenance expressed. "Are these your sentiments, my love?" pressing my hand closer in his. The heroism of duty was wasted—I answered him with my tears. "Speak," said he, "my Julia, coolly; and let not the distresses of your father warp your resolution. He can endure any thing; even his gratitude shall be silenced."—— My fortitude revived again.——"There is some weakness, Sir, attends even our best resolves: mine are not without it; but they are fixed, and I have spoken them." He asked if he might acquaint Monsieur de Montauban. "Immediately, Sir," I answered, "if you please; the sooner he knows my resolution, the more will he see it flowing from my heart." My father went into his study, and wrote a letter which he read to me. It was not all that I could have wished, yet I could not mend it by correction. Who shall give words to the soul at such a time? My very thoughts are not accurate expressions of what I feel: there is something busy about my heart, which I cannot reduce into thinking. Oh! Maria!

Montauban came immediately on receipt of this letter; we did not expect him that night; we were at supper. In what a situation was your Julia while it lasted? In this terrible interval, I was obliged to meet his eye sometimes, in addressing

ordinary civilities to him. To see him, to speak to him thus, while the fate of my life was within the power of a few little words, was such torture, as it required the utmost of my resolution to bear. My father saw it, and put as speedy an end to our meal as possible. We were left alone.

My father spoke first, not without hesitation. Montauban was still more confused, but it was the confusion of a happy man. He spoke some half sentences about the delicacy of my sentiments and his own; but was entangled there, and, I think, not able to extricate himself. At last, turning fuller towards me, who sat the silent *victim* of the scene, (why should I score through that word when writing to you? yet it is a bad one, and I pray you to forgive it), he said he knew his own unworthiness of that hand, which my generosity now allowed him to hope for: but that every endeavor of his future life—the rest was commonplace; for his sex have but one sort of expression for the exulting modesty of success. My father put my hand in his—I was obliged to raise my eyes from the ground, and look on him; his were bent earnestly on me; there was too, too much joy in them, Maria; mine could not bear them long. "That hand," said my father, "is the last treasure of Roubigné. Fallen as his fortunes are, not the wealth of worlds had purchased it: to your friendship, to your virtue, he is blessed in bequeathing it." "I know its value," said the count, "and receive it as the dearest gift of Heaven and you." He kissed my hand with rapture.——

It is done, and I am Montauban's for ever!

LETTER XX.

Montauban to Segarva.

Give me joy, Segarva, give me joy—the lovely Julia is mine. Let not the torpid considerations of prudence, which your last letter contained, rise up to check the happiness of your friend, or that which his good fortune will bestow on you. Trust me, thy fears are groundless—didst thou but know her as I do!—Perhaps I am more tender that way than usual; but there were some of your fears I felt a blush in reading. Talk not of the looseness of marriage vows in France, nor compare her with those women of it, whose heads are giddy with the follies of fashion, and whose hearts are debauched by the manners of its

votaries. Her virtue was ever above the breath of suspicion, and I dare pledge my life, it will ever continue so. But that is not enough; I can feel as you do, that it is not enough. I know the nobleness of her soul, the delicacy of her sentiments. She would not give me her hand except from motives of regard and affection, were I master of millions. I rejoice that her situation is such, as infers no suspicion of interestedness in me; were she not Julia de Roubigné, I would not have wedded her with the world for her dower.

You talk of her former reluctance; but I am not young enough to imagine that it is impossible for a marriage to be happy without that glow of rapture, which lovers have felt, and poets described. Those starts of passion are not the basis for wedded felicity, which wisdom would choose, because they are only the delirium of a month, which possession destroys, and disappointment follows. I have perfect confidence in the affection of Julia, though it is not of that intemperate kind which some brides have shown. Had you seen her eyes, how they spoke, when her father gave me her hand! There was still reluctance in them, a reluctance more winning than all the flush of consent could have made her. Modesty and fear, esteem and gratitude, darkened and enlightened them by turns; and those tears, those silent tears, which they shed, gave me a more sacred bond of her attachment, than it was in the power of words to have formed.

I have sometimes allowed myself to think, or rather I have supposed you thinking, it might be held an imputation on the purity of her affection, that from an act of generosity towards her father, (with the circumstances of which I was under the necessity of acquainting you in my last,) her hand became rather a debt of gratitude than a gift of love. But there is a deception in those romantic sounds, which tell us, that pure affection should be unbiased in its disposal of a lover or a mistress. If they say that affection is a mere involuntary impulse, neither waiting the decisions of reason, or the dissuasives of prudence, do they not in reality degrade us to machines, which are blindly actuated by some uncontrollable power? If they allow a woman reasonable motives for her attachment, what can be stronger than those sentiments which excite her esteem, and those proofs of them which produce her gratitude?

But why do I thus reason on my happiness? I feel no fears, no suspicion of alloy to it; and I will not search for them in abstract opinion, or in distant conjecture.

Tuesday next is fixed for the day that is to unite us; the show and ceremony that mingle so ill with the feelings of a time like this, our situation here renders unnecessary. A few

of those simple ornaments, in which my Julia meets the gaze of the admiring rustics around us, are more congenial to her beauty, than all the trappings of vanity or magnificence. We propose passing a week or two here, before removing to Montauban, where I must then carry my wife, to show my people their mistress, and receive that sort of homage, which I hope I have taught them to pay from the heart. Those relations of my family, who live in that neighborhood, must come and learn to love me better than they did. Methinks I shall now be more easily pleased with them than I formerly was. I know not if it is nobler to despise insignificant people, than to bear with them coolly; but I believe it is much less agreeable. The asperities of our own mind recoil on itself. Julia has shown me the bliss of losing them.

Could I hope for my Segarva at Montauban?—Much as I doat on my lovely bride, there wants the last approval of my soul, till he smiles on this marriage, and blesses it. I know, there needs only his coming thither to grant this. I anticipate your answer, that now it is impossible; but let it be a debt on the future, which *the first* of your leisure is to pay. Meantime believe me happy, and add to my happiness by telling me of your own.

LETTER XXI.

Julia to Maria.

Why should I tease you by writing of those little things which tease me in the doing? They tease, yet perhaps they are useful. At this time, I am afraid of a moment's leisure to be idle, and am even pleased with the happy impertinence of Lisette, whose joy, on my account gives her tongue much freedom. I call her often, when I have little occasion for her service, merely that I may have her protection from solitude.

For the same reason I am somehow afraid of writing to you, which is only another sort of thinking. Do not, therefore, expect to hear from me again till after Tuesday at soonest.—Maria! you remember our fancy at school of showing our friendship by setting down remarkable days of one another's little joys and disappointments. Set down *Tuesday* next for your Julia—but leave its property blank.—Fate will fill it up one day!

LETTER XXII.

Lisette to Maria.

MADAME,—I hope my lady and you will both excuse my writing this, to give you notice of the happy event which has happened in our family. I made so bold as to ask her if she intended writing to you. "Lisette," said she, "I cannot write, I cannot indeed." So I have taken up the pen, who am a poor unworthy correspondent; but your ladyship's goodness has made allowances for me in that way before, and, I hope, will do so still.

The ceremony was performed yesterday. I think I never saw a more lovely figure than my lady's; she is a sweet angel at all times, but I wish your ladyship had seen how she looked then. She was dressed in a white muslin nightgown, with striped lilac and white ribbands: her hair was kept in the loose way you used to make me dress it for her at Belville, with two waving curls down one side of her neck, and a braid of little pearls —you made her a present of them. And to be sure, with her dark brown locks resting upon it, her bosom looked as pure white as the driven snow. And then her eyes, when she gave her hand to the count! they were cast half down, and you might see her eyelashes, like strokes of a pencil, over the white of her skin—the modest gentleness, with a sort of a sadness too, as it were, and a gentle heave of her bosom at the same time.—O! Madame, you know I have not language, as my lady and you have, to describe such things; but it made me cry, in truth it did, for very joy and admiration. There was a tear in my master's eye too, though I believe two happier hearts were not in France, than his and the Count de Montauban's. I am sure, I pray for blessings on all three, with more earnestness, that I do, than for myself.

It seems, it is settled that the new married couple will not remain long here, but set out, in a week or two hence, for the count's principal seat, about six leagues distant from his house in our neighborhood, which is not large enough for entertaining the friends, whose visits they must receive on this joyful occasion. I fancy Monsieur de Roubigné will be much with them, though, I understand, he did not choose to accept of the count's pressing invitation to live with his daughter and him: but an elderly lady, a relation of my dear mistress that is gone, is to keep house for him.

I must break off now, for I hear my lady's bell ring, and your ladyship may believe we are all in a sort of buzz here. I dare to say she will not fail to write to you soon; but meantime, hoping you will accept of this poor scrawling letter of mine, I remain, with due respect, your most faithful and obedient servant, LISETTE.

P. S. My lady is to have me with her at the Chateau de Montauban; and, to be sure, I am happy to attend her, as I could willingly spend all the days of my life with so kind a lady, and so good conditioned. The count likewise has been so good to me, as I can't tell how, and said, that he hoped my mistress and I would never part, "if she does not grow jealous," said he merrily, "of so handsome a maid." And at that we all laughed, as to be sure we might. My lady will be a happy lady, I am sure.

LETTER XXIII.

Julia to Maria.

MY friend will, by this time, be chiding me for want of attention to her; yet, in truth, she has seldom been absent from my thoughts. Were we together but for a single hour, I should have much to tell you; but there is an intricacy in my feelings on this change of situation, which, freely as I write to you, I cannot manage on paper. I can easily imagine what you would first desire to know, though perhaps it is the last question you would put. The *happiness* of your Julia, I know, is ever the warmest object of your wishes. Ask me not why I cannot answer even this directly. Be satisfied when I tell you, that I ought to be happy. Montauban has every desire to make me so.

One thing I wish to accomplish towards his peace and mine. The history of this poor heart I have entrusted only to your memory and my own: I will endeavor, though I know with how much difficulty, henceforth to forget it for ever. You must assist me, by holding it a blank, which recollection is no more to fill up. I know the weakness of my sex; myself of that sex the weakest: I will not run the risk of calling up ideas, which were once familiar, and may not now be the less dangerous, nor the less readily listened to for the pain they have caused. My husband has now a right to every better thought; it were unjust

to embitter those hours, which are but half the property of Julia de Montauban, with the remembrance of former ones, which belonged to sadness and Julia de Roubigné.

We are on the eve of our departure for the family castle of Monsieur de Montauban. My father, whose happiness at present is a flattering testimony, as well as a support to my piety, accompanies us thither, but is soon to return home, where our cousin, La Pelliere, whom you may remember having seen with my mother in Paris, is to keep house for him. This separation I cannot help looking to as a calamity; yet I believe his reasons for it are just. What a change in a woman's situation does this momentous connexion make!—I will think no more of it.—Farewell.

Yet a few words, to own my folly at least, if I cannot amend it. I went to assort some little articles of dress for carrying home with me; while I was rummaging out a drawer to find one of them, a little picture of Savillon, drawn for him when a boy, by a painter who was accidentally in our neighborhood, crossed me in the way. You cannot easily imagine how this circumstance disconcerted me. I shut the drawer as if it had contained a viper; then opened it again; and again the countenance of Savillon, mild and thoughtful, (for even then it was thoughtful,) met my view!—Was it a consciousness of *guilt* that turned my eye involuntarily to the door of the apartment?—Can there be any in accidentally thinking of Savillon?—Yet I fear I looked too long, and too impassionedly on this miniature. It was drawn with something sorrowful in the countenance, and methought it looked then more sorrowful than ever.

The question comes strong upon me, how I should like that my husband had seen this?—In truth, Maria, I fear my keeping this picture is improper; yet at the time it was painted, there was one drawn for me by the same hand, and we exchanged resemblances without any idea of impropriety. Ye unfeeling decorums of the world!—Yet it is dangerous, is it not, my best monitor, to think thus?—Yet, were I to return the picture, would it not look like a suspicion of myself?—I will keep it till you convince me I should not.

Montauban and virtue! I am yours. Suffer but one sigh to that weakness, which I have not yet been able to overcome. My heart, I trust, is innocent—blame it not for being unhappy.

LETTER XXIV.

Julia to Maria.

My father was with me this morning, in my chamber, for more than an hour. We sat sometimes silent, sometimes speaking; interrupted sentences, and tears, were frequently all the intercourse we held. Lisette coming in to acquaint us that Montauban was in the parlor waiting us, at length put an end to our interview. "Julia," said my father, "I imagined I had much to say to you; but the importance of my thoughts, on your behalf, stifles my expression of them. There are moments when I cannot help looking to that separation which your marriage will make between us, as if it were the loss of my child; yet I have fortitude enough to resist the impression, and to reflect that she is going to be happy with the worthiest of men. My instructions for your conduct, in that state you have just entered into, your own sentiments, I trust, would render unnecessary, were they in no other way supplied; but I discovered lately, in your mother's bureau, a paper which still further supersedes their necessity. It contains some advices which experience and observation had enabled her to give, and her regard for you had prompted her to write down. 'Tis, however, only a fragment, which accident or diffidence of herself has prevented her completing; but it is worthy of your serious perusal, and you will read it with more warmth than if it came from a general instructer." He left the paper with me; I have read it with the care, with the affection, it deserves; I send a copy of it now, as I would every good thing, for the participation of my friend. She cannot read it with the interest of a daughter; but she will find it no cold, no common lecture. It speaks, if I am not too partial to the best of mothers, the language of prudence, but not of artifice; it would mend the heart by sentiment, not cover it with dissimulation. She for whose use it was written, has need of such a monitor, and would listen to no other; if she has paid any debt to prudence, it was not from the obligation of wisdom, but the impulse of feeling.

"*For my daughter Julia.*

"Before this can reach you, the hand that writes it, and the heart that dictates, will be mouldering in the grave. I mean it to supply the place of some cautions, which I should think it my

duty to deliver to you, should I live to see you a wife. The precepts it contains you have often heard me inculcate; but I know that general observations on a possible event, have much less force than those which apply to our immediate condition. In the fate of a woman, marriage is the most important crisis: it fixes her in a state, beyond all others the most happy, or the most wretched; and though mere precept can perhaps do little in any case, yet there is a natural propensity to try its efficacy in all. She who writes this paper, has been long a wife and a mother; the experience of the one, and the anxiety of the other prompt her instructions; and she has been too happy in both characters to have much doubt of their truth, or fear of their reception.

"Sweetness of temper, affection to a husband, and attention to his interests, constitute the duties of a wife, and form the basis of matrimonial felicity. These are indeed the texts, from which every rule of attaining this felicity is drawn. The charms of beauty, and the brilliancy of wit, though they may captivate in the mistress, will not long delight in the wife; they will shorten even their own transitory reign, if, as I have seen in many wives, they shine more for the attraction of every body else than of their husbands. Let the pleasing of that one person be a thought never absent from your conduct. If he loves you as you would wish he should, he will bleed at heart should he suppose it for a moment withdrawn; if he does not, his pride will supply the place of love, and his resentment that of suffering.

"Never consider a trifle what may tend to please him. The great articles of duty he will set down as his own; but the lesser attentions he will mark as favors; and trust me, for I have experienced it, there is no feeling more delightful to one's self, than that of turning those little things to so precious a use.

"If you marry a man of a certain sort, such as the romance of young minds generally paints for a husband, you will deride the supposition of any possible decrease in the ardor of your affections. But wedlock, even in its happiest lot, is not exempted from the common fate of all sublunary blessing; there is ever a delusion in hope, which cannot abide with possession. The rapture of extravagant love will evaporate and waste; the conduct of the wife must substitute in its room other regards, as delicate, and more lasting. I say, the conduct of the wife; for marriage, be a husband what he may, reverses the prerogative of sex; his will expect to be pleased, and ours must be sedulous to please.

"This privilege a good-natured man may waive; he will feel it, however, due; and third persons will have penetration enough to see, and may have malice enough to remark, the want of it in

his wife. He must be a husband unworthy of you, who would bear the degradation of suffering this in silence. The idea of power on either side, should be totally banished from the system: it is not sufficient, that the husband should never have occasion to regret the want of it; the wife must so behave, that he may never be conscious of possessing it.

"But my Julia, if a mother's fondness deceives me not, stands not in much need of cautions like these. I cannot allow myself the idea of her wedding a man, on whom she would not wish to be dependant, or whose inclinations a temper like her's would desire to control. She will be more in danger from that softness, that sensibility of soul which will yield perhaps too much for the happiness of both. The office of a wife includes the exertion of a friend: a good one must frequently strengthen and support that weakness, which a bad one would endeavor to overcome. There are situations, where it will not be enough to love, to cherish, to obey; she must teach her husband to be at peace with himself, to be reconciled to the world, to resist misfortune, to conquer adversity. Alas! my child, I am here an instructress but too well skilled! These tears, with which this paper is soiled, fell not in the presence of your father, though now they but trace the remembrance of what then it was my lot to feel. Think it not impossible to restrain your feelings, because they are wrong. The enthusiasm of feeling will sometimes overcome distresses, which the cold heart of prudence had been unable to endure.

"But *misfortune* is not always *misery*. I have known this truth; I am proud to believe, that I have sometimes taught it to Roubigné. Thanks be to that Power, whose decrees I reverence! He often tempered the anguish of our sufferings, till there was a sort of luxury in feeling them. Then is the triumph of wedded love? The tie that binds the happy may be dear; but that which links the unfortunate is tenderness unutterable.

"There are afflictions less easy to be endured, which your mother has not experienced; those which a husband inflicts, and the best wives feel the most severely. These, like all our sharpest calamities, the fortitude that can resist, can only cure. Complainings debase her who suffers, and harden him who aggrieves. Let not a woman always look for their cause in the injustice of her lord: they may proceed from many trifling errors in her own conduct, which virtue cannot blame, though wisdom must regret. If she makes this discovery, let them be amended without a thought, if possible—at any rate, without an expression of merit in amending them. In this, as in every other instance, it must never be forgotten, that 'he only government allowed

on our side, is that of gentleness and attraction; and that its power, like the fabled influence of imaginary beings, must be invisible to be complete.

"Above all, let a wife beware of communicating to others any want of duty or tenderness she may think she has perceived in her husband. This untwists, at once, those delicate cords, which preserve the unity of the marriage engagement. Its sacredness is broken for ever, if third parties are made witnesses of its failings, or umpires of its disputes. It may seem almost profane in me to confess, that once, when, through the malice of an enemy, I was made, for a short time, to believe, that my Roubigné had wronged me, I durst not, even in my prayers to Heaven, petition for a restoration of his love; I prayed to be made a better wife: when I would have said, a more beloved one, my utterance failed me for the word."

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LETTER XXV.

Julia to Maria.

We have got to the end of our journey; and I am now mistress of this mansion. Our journey was too short, and too slow; I wished for some mechanical relief from my feelings in the rapidity of a postchaise; our progress was too stately to be expeditious, and we reached not this place, though but six leagues distant, till evening.

Methinks I have suffered a good deal; but my heart is not callous yet; else wherefore was it wrung so, at leaving my father's peaceful retreat? I did not trust myself with looking back; but I was too well acquainted with the objects, not to recollect every tree from the side window as we passed. A little ragged boy, who keeps some sheep of my father's, opened the gate for us at the end of the furthermost enclosure; he pulled off his hat, which he had adorned with some gay-colored ribands, in honor of the occasion; Montauban threw money into it, and the boy followed us, for some time, with a number of blessings. When he turned back, methought I envied him his return. The full picture of the place we had left, rose before me; it needed all my resolution, and all my fears of offending, to prevent my weeping outright. At our dinner on the road, I was very busy, and affected to be very much pleased;

La Pelliere was a lucky companion for me; you know how full she is of observation on trifles. When we approached the house, she spoke of every thing, and praised every thing; I had nothing to do but to assent.

We entered between two rows of lime trees, at the end of which is the gate of the house, wide and rudely magnificent; its large leaves were opened to receive us, by an old but fresh-looking servant, who seemed too honest to be polite, and did not show me quite so much courtesy as some mistresses would have expected. All these circumstances, however, were in a style which my friend has heard me commend; yet was I weak enough, not perfectly to relish them when they happened to myself. There was a presaging gloom about this mansion which filled my approach with terror; and when Montauban's old domestic opened the coach door, I looked upon him as a criminal might do on the messenger of death. My dreams ever since have been full of horror; and while I write these lines, the creaking of the pendulum of the great clock in the hall sounds like the knell of your devoted Julia.

I expect you to rally me on my ideal terrors. You may remember, when we used to steal a midnight hour's conversation together, you would laugh at my foreboding of a short period to my life, and often jeeringly tell me I was born to be a great-grandmother in my time. I know the foolishness of this impression, though I have not yet been able to conquer it. But to me it is not the source of disquiet; I never feel more possessed of myself, than at those moments when I indulge it the most. Why should I wish for long life? why should so many wish for it? Did we sit down to number the calamities of this world; did we think how many wretches there are of disease, of poverty, of oppression, of vice, (alas! I fear there are some even of virtue), we should change one idea of evil, and learn to look on death as a friend.

This might a philosopher accomplish; but a Christian, Maria, can do more. Religion has taught me to look beyond dissolution. Religion has removed the darkness that covered the sepulchres of our fathers, and filled that gloomy void, which was only the retreat of hopeless affliction, with prospects, in contemplation of which, even the felicity of the world dwindles into nothing!

[My readers will easily perceive something particular in the place where the following letters of SAVILLON are found, as they are manifestly of a date considerably prior to many of the preceding. They came to my hands, assorted in the manner I have now published them, probably from a view in my young

friend, who had the charge of their arrangement, of keeping the correspondence of Julia, which communicated the great train of her feelings on the subjects contained in it, as much undivided as possible. While I conjectured this reason for their present order, I was aware of some advantage, which these papers, as relating a story, might derive from an alteration in that particular; but, after balancing those different considerations, without coming to any decision, my indolence, perhaps, (a stronger motive with most men than they are disposed to allow,) at length prevailed, and I resolved to give them to the public in the order they were transmitted to me from France. Many of the particulars they recount, are anticipated by a perusal of the foregoing letters; but it is not so much on story, as sentiment, that their interest with the reader must depend.]

LETTER XXVI.

Savillon to Beauvaris.

After a very unfavorable passage, we are at last arrived at our destined port. A ship is lying alongside of us, ready to sail for France, and every one on board, who can write, is now writing to some relation or friend, the hardships of his voyage, and the period of his arrival. How few has Savillon to greet with tidings! to Roubigné I have already written; to Beauvaris I am now writing; and, when I have excepted these, there is not in France a single man, to whom I am entitled to write. Yet I mean not to class them together; to Roubigné I owe the tribute of esteem, the debt of gratitude; for you I feel something tenderer than either. Roubigné has been the guide, the father of my youth, and him I reverence as a parent; you have been the friend, the brother of my soul, and with yours it mingles as with a part of itself.

You remember the circumstances of our parting. You would not bid me adieu till the ship was getting under way. I believe you judged rightly, if you meant to spare us both. The bustle of the scene, the rattling of the sails, the noise of the sailors, had a mechanical effect on the mind, and stifled those tender feelings which we indulge in solitude and silence. When I went to bed, I had time to indulge them. I found it vain to attempt sleeping, and scarcely wished to succeed in attempting it. About midnight I arose, and went upon deck. The wind

had been fair all day, and we were then, I suppose, more than thirty leagues from the shore. I looked on the arch of heaven, where the moon pursued her course unclouded; and my ear caught no sound, except the stilly noise of the sea around me. I thought of my distance from France as of some illusive dream, and could not believe, without an effort, that it was not four-and-twenty hours since we parted. I recollected a thousand things which I should have said to you, and spoke them involuntarily in the ear of night.

There was, my friend, there was one thing which I meant to have told you at parting. Had you staid a few moments longer in the room after the seaman called us, I should have spoken it then; but you shunned being alone with me, and I could not command even words enough to tell you that I wished to speak with you in private. Hear it now, and pity your Savillon.

Julia de Roubigné!—Did you feel that name as I do!—Even traced with my own pen, what throbbing remembrances has it raised:—You are acquainted with my obligations to her father; you have heard me sometimes talk of her; but you know not, for I trembled to tell you, the power she has acquired over the heart of your friend.

The fate of my father, as well as mutual inclination, made Roubigné his friend; for this last is of a temper formed rather to delight in the pride of assisting unfortunate worth than in the joy of knowing it in a better situation. After the death of my father, I became the ward of his friend's generosity; a state I should have brooked but ill, had not Julia been his daughter. From those early days, when first I knew her, I remember her friendship as making part of my existence; without her pleasure was vapid, and sorrow, in her society, was changed into enjoyment. At that time of life, the mind has little reserve. We meant but friendship, and called it so without alarm. The love, to which at length I discovered my heart to be subject, had conquered without tumult, and become despotic under the semblance of freedom.

The misfortunes of her family first showed me how I loved. When her father told them the ruined state of his fortune, when he prepared them for leaving the now alienated seat of his ancestors, I was a spectator of the scene. When I saw the old man, with indignant pride, stifling the anguish of his heart, and pointing to the chaise that was to carry them from Belville, his wife, with one hand clasping her husband's, the other laid on her bosom, turning up to heaven a look of resignation; his daughter striving to check her tears, kneeling before him, and vowing her duty to his misfortunes; then did I first curse my poverty, which prevented me from throwing myself at her feet,

and bidding her parents be happy with their Julia! The luxury of the idea still rushes on my mind!—to heal the fortunes of my father's friend; to justify the ways of Heaven to his saint-like wife; to wipe the tears from the eyes of his angel daughter!—Beauvaris, our philosophy is false; power and wealth are the choicest gifts of Heaven; to possess them, indeed, is nothing, but thus to use them, is rapture!

I had them not thus to use; but what I could I did. I attended his family to that ancient mansion, which was now the sole property of the once opulent Roubigné. With unwearied attention I soothed his sorrows, and humbled myself before his misfortunes, as much as I had formerly resisted dependance on his prosperity

He felt the assiduity of my friendship, and I saw him grateful for its exertion; yet would the idea of being obliged, often rankle in his mind; and I have seen him frequently look at me with an appearance of anger, when he thought I was conscious of obliging him.

Far different was the gentle nature of his daughter. She thanked me with unfeigned gratitude for my services to her father, and seemed solicitous to compensate with her smiles for that want of acknowledgment she observed in him.

Had my heart been free before, it was impossible to preserve its freedom now. A spectator of all those excellences which, though she ever possessed, her present situation alone could give full room to exert; all that sublimity of mind which bore adversity unmoved; all that gentleness, which contrived to lighten it to her father, and smooth the rankling of his haughty soul! I applauded the election I had made, and looked on my love as a virtue.

Yet there were moments of anxiety in which I feared the consequences of indulging this attachment. My own situation, the situation of Julia, the pride of her father, the pride which it was proper for herself to feel; all these were present to my view, and showed me how little I could build on hope; yet it cheated me, I know not how, and I dreamed, from day to day, of blessings, which every day's reflection told me were not to be looked for.

There was, indeed, something in the scene around us, formed to create those romantic illusions. The retreat of Roubigné is a venerable pile, the remains of ancient Gothic magnificence, and the grounds adjoining to it, are in that style of melancholy grandeur, which marks the dwellings of our forefathers. One part of that small estate, which is still the appendage of this once respectable mansion, is a wild and rocky dell, were tasteless wealth has never warred on nature, nor even elegance

refined or embellished her beauties. The walks are only worn by the tread of the shepherds, and the banks only smoothed by the feeding of their flocks. There, too dangerous society! have I passed whole days with Julia; there more dangerous still! have I passed whole days in thinking of her.

A circumstance, trifling in itself, added not a little to the fascination of the rest. The same good woman who nursed me, was also the nurse of Julia. She was too fond of her foster-daughter and too well treated by her, ever to leave the fortunes of her family. To this residence she attended them when they left Belville, and here too, as at that place, had a small house and garden allotted her. It was situated at the extreme verge of that dell I have described, and was often the end of those walks we took through it together. The good Lasune, for that is our nurse's name, considered us her children, and treated us, in those visits to her little dwelling, with that simplicity of affection, which has the most powerful effect on the hearts of sensibility. Oh! Beauvaris! methinks I see the figure of Lasune, at this moment pointing out to your friend, with rapture in her countenance, the beauties of her lovely daughter! She places our seats together; she produces her shining platters, with fruit and milk, for our repast; she presses the smiling Julia, and will not be denied by Savillon!—Am I then a thousand leagues distant?

Does Julia remember Savillon?—Should I hope that she does? My friend, I will confess my weakness; perhaps it is worse than weakness; I have wished—I have hoped that I am not indifferent to her. Often have I been on the point of unloading my throbbing heart, of telling her how passionately I loved, of asking her forgiveness for my presumption. I have thought, perhaps it was vanity, that at some seasons she might have answered, and blessed me; but I saw the consequences which would follow to both, and had fortitude enough to resist the impulse. A time may come, when better fortune shall entitle me to speak; when the pride of Roubigné may not blush to look on Savillon as his son.

But this is the language of visionary hope! In the meantime, I am torn from her, from France, from every connexion my heart had formed; cast, like a shipwrecked being, on the other side of the Atlantic, amidst a desert, of all others the most dreadful, the desert of society, with which no social tie unites me! Where now are Roubigné's little copses, where his winding walks, his nameless rivulets? Where the ivied gate of his venerable dwelling, the Gothic windows of his echoing hall? That morning on which I set out for Paris, is still fresh on my memory. I could not bear the formality of parting, and stole from

his house by daybreak. As I passed the hall, the door was open; I entered to take one last look, and bid it adieu! I had sat in it with Julia the night before; the chairs we had occupied were still in their places; you know not, my friend, what I felt at the sight: there was something in the silent attitude of those very chairs, that wrung my heart beyond the power of language; and I believe the servant had told me that my horses waited, five or six times over, before I could listen to what he said.

A gentleman has sent to ask if my name is Savillon; if it is, he desires his compliments, and will do himself the pleasure of waiting on me. I started to hear my name thus asked for in Martinique.

This gentleman is a sea captain, a particular acquaintance of my uncle; he is more, Beauvaris, he is an acquaintance of Roubigné, has been often at Belville, has sometimes seen my Julia. We are intimate already, and he has offered to conduct me to my uncle's house; his horses, he says, are in waiting.

Adieu, my dearest friend! think of me often; write to me often. Though you should seldom have an opportunity of conveying letters, yet write as if you had; make a journal of intelligence, and let it come when it may. Tell me every thing, though I should ask nothing. Your letters must give me back my country, and nothing is a trifle that belongs to her.

LETTER XXVII.

Savillon to Beauvaris.

It is now a week since I reached my uncle's, during all which time I have been so much occupied in answering questions to the curiosity of others, or asking questions for the satisfaction of my own, that I have scarce had a moment left for any other employment.

I have now seized the opportunity of the rest of the family being still abed, to write to you an account of this uncle,—of him under whose protection I am to rise into life, under whose

guidance I am to thrid the mazes of the world. I fear I am unfit for the task; I must unlearn feelings in which I have long been accustomed to delight; I must accommodate sentiments to conveniency, pride to interest, and sometimes even virtue itself to fashion.

But is all this absolutely necessary?—I hate to believe it. I have been frequently told so indeed; but my authorities are drawn either from men who have never entered the scene at all, or, entered it, resolved to be overcome, without the trouble of resistance. To think too meanly of mankind, is dangerous to our reverence of virtue.

It is supposed, that in these wealthy islands, profit is the only medium of opinion, and that morality has nothing to do in the system; but I cannot easily imagine that, in any latitude, the bosom is shut to those pleasures which result from the exercise of goodness, or that honesty should be always so unsuccessful as to have the sneer of the million against it. Men will not be depraved beyond the persuasion of some motive, and self-interest will often be the parent of social obligation.

My uncle is better fitted for judging of this question; he is cool enough to judge of it from experience, without being misled by feeling.—He believes there are many more honest dealings than honest men, but that there are more honest men than knaves everywhere; that common sense will keep them so, even exclusive of principle; but that all may be vanquished by adequate temptation.

With a competent share of plain useful parts, and a certain steady application of mind, he entered into commerce at an early period of life. Not apt to be seduced by the glare of great apparent advantage, nor easily intimidated from his purposes by accidental disappointment, he has led on, with some vicissitude of fortune, but with uniform equality of temper, till, in virtue of his abilities, his diligence, and his observation, he has acquired very considerable wealth. He still, however, continues the labor of the race, though he has already reached the goal; not because he is covetous of greater riches, but because the industry by which greater riches are acquired, is grown necessary to his enjoyment of life. "I have been long," said he, yesterday, "a very happy man; having had a little less time, and a little more money, than I know what to make of."

The opinion of the world he trusts but little, in his judgment of others; of men's actions he speaks with caution, either in praise or blame, and is commonly most skeptical, when those around him are most convinced; for it is a maxim with him, in questions of character, to doubt of strong evidence, from the very circumstance of its strength.

With regard to himself, however, he accepts of the common opinion as a sort of coin which passes current, though it is not always real, and often seems to yield up the conviction of his own mind in compliance with the general voice. Ever averse to splendid project in action, or splendid conjecture in argument, he contents himself with walking in the beaten track of things, and does not even venture to leave it, though he may, now and then, observe it making small deviations from reason and justice. He has sometimes, since our acquaintance began, tapped me on the shoulder, in the midst of some sentiment I was uttering, and told me, with a smile, that these were fine words, and did very well in the mouth of a young man. Yet he seems not displeased with my feeling what himself does not feel; and looks on me with a more favorable eye, that I have something about me for experience and observation to prune.

His plan of domestic economy is regular, but nobody is disturbed by its regularity; for he is perfectly free from that rigid attention to method, which one frequently sees in the houses of old bachelors. He has sense or *sang froid* enough not to be troubled with little disarrangements, and bears with wonderful complacency, and consequently with great ease to his guests, those accidents which disturb the peace of other entertainments. Since my arrival, we have had every day something like a feast, probably from a sort of compliment which his friends meant to pay to him and to me; but at his table, in its most elevated style, the government is nearly republican; he assumes very little either of the trouble or the dignity of a landlord, satisfied with giving a general assurance of welcome and good-humor in his aspect.

At one of those dinners was a neighbor, an intimate acquaintance of my uncle, a Mr. Dorville, with his wife and daughter. The young lady was seated next me, and my uncle seemed to incline that I should be particularly pleased with her. He addressed such discourse to her as might draw her forth to the greatest advantage; and, as he had heard me profess myself a lover of music, he made her sing after dinner, till, I believe, some of the company began to be tired of their entertainment. After they were gone, he asked my opinion of Mademoiselle Dorville, in that particular style by which a man gives you to understand that his own is a very favorable one. To say truth, the lady's appearance is in her favor; but there is a jealous sort of feeling which arises in my mind, when I hear the praises of any woman but one; and from that cause, perhaps, I answered my uncle rather coldly. I saw he thought so from the reply he made; I made some awkward apology; he smiled, and said I was a philosopher. Alas! he knows not how little claim I have

to philosophy in that way; if, indeed, we are so often to profane that word, by affixing to it the idea of insensibility.

To-day I begin business. My uncle and I are to view his different plantations, and he is to show me, in general, the province he means to allot me. I wish for an opportunity to be assiduous in his service; till I can do something on my part, his favors are debts upon me. It is only to a friend like my Beauvaris, that one feels a pleasure in being obliged.

LETTER XXVIII.

Savillon to Beauvaris.

A THOUSAND thanks for your last letter. When you know how much I enjoyed the unwieldy appearance of the packet, with my friend's hand on the back of it, you will not grudge the time it cost you. It is just such as I wished; your scene-painting is delightful. No man is more susceptible of local attachments than I; and, with the Atlantic between, there is not a stone in France that I can remember with indifference.

Yet I am happier here than I could venture to expect. Had I been left to my own choice, I should probably have sat down in solitude, to think of the past, and enjoy my reflections; but I have been forced to do better. There is an active duty which rewards every man in the performance; and my uncle has so contrived matters that I have had very little time unemployed. He has been liberal of instruction, and I hope has found me willing to be instructed. Our business, indeed, is not very intricate; but, in the simplest occupations, there are a thousand little circumstances which experience alone can teach us. In certain departments, however, I have tried projects of my own; some of them have failed in the end, but all gave me pleasure in the pursuit. In one I have been successful beyond expectation; and in that one I was the most deeply interested, because it touched the cause of humanity.

To a man not callous from habit, the treatment of the negroes, in the plantations here, is shocking. I felt it strongly, and could not forbear expressing my sentiments to my uncle. He allowed them to be natural, but pleaded necessity, in justification of those severities which his overseers sometimes used towards his slaves. I ventured to doubt this proposition, and begged he would suffer me to try a different mode of government in one

plantation, the produce of which he had already alloted to my management. He consented, though with the belief that I should succeed very ill in the experiment.

I began by endeavoring to ingratiate myself with such of the slaves as could best speak the language of my country; but I found this was a manner they did not understand; and that, from a white, the appearance of indulgence carried the suspicion of treachery. Most of them, to whom rigor had become habitual, took the advantage of its remitting to neglect their work altogether; but this only served to convince me that my plan was a good one, and that I should undoubtedly profit, if I could establish some other motive, whose impulse was more steady than those of punishment and terror.

By continuing the mildness of my conduct, I at last obtained a degree of willingness in the service of some; and I was still induced to believe, that the most savage and sullen among them had principles of gratitude, which a good master might improve to his advantage.

One slave, in particular, had for some time attracted my notice, from that gloomy fortitude with which he bore the hardships of his situation. Upon inquiring of the overseer, he told me, that this slave, whom he called Yambu, though from his outh and appearance of strength, he had been accounted valuable, yet, from the untractable stubbornness of his disposition, was worth less money than almost any other in my uncle's possession. This was a language natural to the overseer. I answered him, in his own style, that I hoped to improve his price some hundreds of livres. On being further informed, that several of his fellow-slaves had come from the same part of the Guinea coast with him, I sent for one of them who could speak tolerable French, and questioned him about Yambu. He told me, that, in their own country, Yambu was master of them all; that they had been taken prisoners, when fighting in his cause, by another prince, who, in one battle, was more fortunate than theirs; that he had sold them to some white men who came, in a great ship, to their coast; that they were afterwards brought hither, where other white men purchased them from the first, and set them to work where I saw them; but that, when they died, and went beyond the great mountains, Yambu should be their master again.

I dismissed the negro, and called this Yambu before me.

When he came, he seemed to regard me with an eye of perfect indifference. One who had inquired no further, would have concluded him possessed of that stupid insensibility, which Europeans often mention as an apology for their cruelties. I took his hand; he considered this a prologue to chastisement, and

turned his back to receive the lashes he supposed me ready to inflict. "I wish to be the friend of Yambu," said I. He made me no answer. I let go his hand, and he suffered it to drop to its former posture. "Can this man have been a prince in Africa?" said I to myself. I reflected for a moment. "Yet what should he now do, if he has?—Just what I see him do. I have seen a deposed sovereign at Paris; but in Europe, kings are artificial beings like their subjects. Silence is the only throne which adversity has left to princes."

"I fear," said I to him, "you have been sometimes treated harshly by the overseer; but you shall be treated so no more; I wish all my people to be happy." He looked on me now for the first time.—"Can you speak my language, or shall I call for some of your friends who can explain what you would say to me?"—"I speak no say to you," he replied in his broken French. —"And you will not be my friend?"—"No."—"Even if I should deserve it?"—"You a white man."—I felt the rebuke as I ought.—"But all white men are not overseers. What shall I do to make you think me a good man?"—"Use men goodly." —"I mean to do so, and you among the first, Yambu."—"Be good for Yambu's people; do your please with Yambu."

Just then the bell rung as a summons for the negroes to go to work; he made a few steps towards the door. "Would you now go to work," said I, "if you were at liberty to avoid it?"— "You make go for whip, and no man love go." "I will go along with you, though I am not obliged; for I choose to work sometimes rather than be idle."—"Choose work, no work at all," said Yambu.—'Twas the very principle on which my system was founded.

I took him with me into the house when our task was over. "I wrought choose work," said I, "Yambu, yet I did less than you!"—"Yambu do choose work then too."—"You shall do so always," answered I; "from this moment you are mine no more!"—"You sell me other white men, then?"—"No, you are free, and may do whatever you please!"—"Yambu's please no here, no this country?" he replied, waving his hand, and looking wistfully towards the sea. "I cannot give you back your country, Yambu; but I can make this one better for you. You can make it better for me too, and for your people!"—— "Speak Yambu that," said he eagerly, "and be good man!"— "You would not," said I, "make your people work by the whip, as you see the overseers do?"—"Oh! no, no whip!"—"Yet they must work, else we shall have no sugars to buy them meat and clothing with."—(He put his hand to his brow, as if I had started a difficulty he was unable to overcome.)—"Then you shall have the command of them, and they shall work choose

work for Yambu."—He looked askance, as if he doubted the truth of what I said; I called the negro with whom I had the first conversation about him; and, pointing to Yambu, "Your master," said I, 'is now free, and may leave you when he pleases!"—"Yambu no leave you," said he to the negro warmly.—"But he may accompany Yambu if he chooses."——Yambu shook his head. "Master," said his former subject, "where we go? leave good white men, and go to bad; for much bad white men in this country." "Then, if you think it better, you shall both stay; Yambu shall be my friend, and help me to raise sugars for the good of us all; you shall have no overseer but Yambu, and shall work no more than he bids you." The negro fell at my feet, and kissed them. Yambu stood silent, and I saw a tear on his cheek. "This man has been a prince in Africa," said I to myself.

I did not mean to deceive them. Next morning I called those negroes who had formerly been in his service together, and told them that, while they continued in the plantation, Yambu was to superintend their work: that if they chose to leave him and me, they were at liberty to go; and that, if found idle or unworthy they should not be allowed to stay. He has, accordingly, ever since had the command of his former subjects, and superintended their work in a particular quarter of the plantation; and having been declared free, according to the mode prescribed by the laws of the island, has a certain portion of ground allotted him, the produce of which is his property. I have had the satisfaction of observing those men, under the feeling of good treatment, and the idea of liberty, do more than almost double their number subject to the whip of an overseer. I am under no apprehension of desertion or mutiny; they work with the willingness of freedom, yet are mine with more than the obligation of slavery.

I have been often tempted to doubt, whether there is not an error in the whole plan of negro servitude, and whether whites, or creoles born in the West Indies, or perhaps cattle, after the manner of European husbandry, would not do the business better and cheaper than the slaves do. The money which the latter cost at first, the sickness (often owing to despondency of mind) to which they are liable after their arrival, and the proportion that die in consequence of it, make the machine, if it may be so called, of a plantation, extremely expensive in its operations. In the list of slaves belonging to a wealthy planter, it would astonish you to see the number unfit for service, pining under disease, a burden on their master. I am talking only as a merchant;—but as a man—good heavens! when I think of the many thousands of my fellow creatures groaning under ser-

vitude and misery!—Great God! hast thou peopled those regions of thy world for the purpose of casting out their inhabitants to chains and torture?—No; thou gavest them a land teeming with good things, and lightedst up thy sun to bring forth spontaneous plenty; but the refinements of man, ever at war with thy works, have changed this scene of profusion and luxuriance, into a theatre of rapine, of slavery, and of murder!

Forgive the warmth of this apostrophe: here it would not be understood; even my uncle, whose heart is far from a hard one, would smile at my romance, and tell me that things must be so. Habit, the tyrant of nature and of reason, is deaf to the voice of either; here she stifles humanity and debases the species—for the master of slaves has seldom the soul of a man.

This is not difficult to be accounted for: from his infancy he is made callous to those feelings, which soften at once and ennoble our nature. Children must, of necessity, first exert those towards domestics, because the society of domestics is the first they enjoy; here they are taught to command for the sake of commanding, to beat and torture for pure amusement; —their reason and good nature improve as may be expected.

Among the legends of an European nursery, are stories of captives delivered, of slaves released, who had pined for years in the durance of unmerciful enemies. Could we suppose its infant audience transported to the seashore, where a ship laden with slaves is just landing: the question would be universal, "Who shall set these poor people free?"—The young West Indian asks his father to buy a boy for him, that he may have something to vent his spite on when he is peevish.

Methinks too, these people lose a sort of connexion which is of more importance in life than most of the relationships we enjoy. The ancient, the tried domestic of a family, is one of its most useful members, one of its most assured supports. My friend, the ill-fated Roubigné, has not one relation who has stood by him in the shipwreck of his fortunes; but the storm could not sever from their master his faithful Le Blanc, or the venerable Lasune.

Oh, Beauvaris! I sometimes sit down alone, and transporting myself into the little circle at Roubigné's, grow sick of the world, and hate the part which I am obliged to perform in it.

LETTER XXIX.*

Savillon to Beauvaris.

SINCE the date of my last, is a longer period than you allow between my letters; but my time has been more than commonly occupied of late. Among other employments was that of acquiring a friend. Be not, however, jealous; my heart cannot own a second in the same degree with Beauvaris; yet is this one above the level of ordinary men. He enjoys also that privilege which misfortune bestows on the virtuous.

Among those, with whom my uncle's extensive dealings have connected him, he had mentioned, with particular commendation, one Herbert, an Englishman, a merchant in one of the British West India islands. Chance brought him lately to Martinique, and I was solicitous to show every possible civility to one, who, to the claim of a stranger, added the character of a worthy and amiable man. Prepossessed as I was in his favor, my expectations fell short of the reality. I discovered in him a delicacy and fineness of sentiment, which something beyond the education of a trader must have inspired; and I looked on him perhaps with the greater reverence, from the circumstance of having found him in a station where I did not expect he would be found. On a closer investigation, I perceived a tincture of melancholy enthusiasm in his mind, which I was persuaded, was not altogether owing to the national character, but must have arisen from some particular cause. This increased my regard for him; and I could not help expressing it in the very style which was suited to its object, a quiet and still attention, sympathetic, but not intrusive. He seemed to take notice of my behaviour, and looked as if he had found a person who guessed him to be unhappy, and to whom he could talk of his unhappiness. I encouraged the idea with that diffidence, which I believe, is of all manners the most intimate with a mind of the sort I have described; and, soon after, he took an opportunity of telling me the story of his misfortunes.

It was simple, but not the less pathetic. Inheriting a considerable fortune from his father, he set out in trade with every advantage. Soon after he was settled in business, he married

* It is proper to apologize for introducing a letter so purely episodical. I might perhaps say, that it is not altogether unnecessary, as it introduces a person, whose correspondent Savillon becomes at a future period; but I must once more resort to an egotism for the true reason: the picture it exhibited pleased myself, and I coul l not resist the desire of laying it before my readers.

a beautiful and excellent woman, for whom from his infancy, he had conceived the tenderest attachment; and, about a year after their marriage, she blessed him with a son. But love and fortune did not long continue to smile upon him. Losses in trade, to which, though benevolence like his be more exposed, the most prudent and unfeeling are liable, reduced him, from his affluence, to very embarrassed circumstances; and his distress was aggravated from the consideration, that he did not suffer alone, but communicated misfortune to a woman he passionately loved. Some very considerable debts remained due to him in the West Indies, and he found it absolutely necessary, for their recovery, to repair thither himself, however terrible might be a separation from his wife, now in a situation of all others the most susceptible. They parted, and she was soon after delivered of a girl, whose promising appearance, as well as that of her brother, was some consolation for the absence of their father.

His absence, though cruel, was necessary, and he found his affairs in such a situation, that it promised not to be long. Day after day, however, elapsed, without their final settlement. The impatience both of his wife and him was increased, by the appearance of a conclusion, which so repeatedly disappointed them; till, at last, he ventured to suggest, and she warmly approved, the expedient of coming out to a husband, whose circumstances prevented him from meeting her at home. She set sail with her children; but wife or children never reached the unfortunate Herbert! they perished in a storm soon after their departure from England.

You can judge of the feelings of a man who upbraided himself as their murderer. An interval of madness, he informed me, succeeded the account he received of their death. When his reason returned, it settled into a melancholy, which time has soothed, not extinguished, which indeed seems to have become the habitual tone of his mind. Yet it is gentle, though deep, in its effects; it disturbs not the circle of society around him, and few, except such as are formed to discover and to pity it, observe any thing peculiar in his behaviour. But he holds it not the less sacred to himself; and often retires from the company of those whom he has entertained with the good-humor of a well bred man, to arrange the memorials of his much-loved Emily, and call up the sad remembrance of his former joys.

Having acquired a sort of privilege with his distress, from my acquaintance with its cause, I entered his room yesterday, when he had thus shut out the world, and found him with some letters on the table before him, on which he looked with a tear, not of anguish, but of tenderness. I stopped short on perceiving him thus employed; he seemed unable to speak, but making

a movement, as if he desired that I should come forward, put two of those letters successively into my hand. They were written by his wife; the first, soon after their marriage, when some business had called him away from her into the country; and the second addressed to him in the West Indies, where, by that time, their ill fortune had driven him. They pleased me so much, that I asked his leave to keep them for a day or two. He would not absolutely refuse me; but said, they had never been out of his possession. I pressed him no further: I could only read them over repeatedly, and some parts that struck more forcibly on my memory, which you know is pretty tenacious, I can recollect almost *verbatim*. To another, it might seem odd to write such things as these; but my Beauvaris is never inattentive to the language of nature, or the voice of misfortune.

In the first letter were the following expressions:

"You knew not what feelings are here, at thus, for the first time, writing to my Henry under the name of husband—A mixture of tenderness, of love, of esteem, and confidence. A something, never experienced before, is so warm in my heart, that sure it is, at this moment, more worthy of his love than ever. Shall not this last, my Henry, notwithstanding what I have heard from the scoffers among you men? I think it will. It is not a tumultuous transport, that must suddenly disappear: but the soft, still pleasure of a happy mind, that can feel its happiness, and delight in its cause.

"I have had little company since you left me, and I wish not for much. The idea of my Henry is my best companion. I have figured out your journey, your company, and your business, and filled up my hours with the picture of what they are to you."

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"John has just taken away my chicken; you know he takes liberties—'Dear heart, a leg and wing only!—Betty says, Madam, the cheesecakes are excellent.' I smiled at John's manner of pressing, and helped myself to a cheesecake. The poor fellow looked so happy—'My master will soon return,' said he, by way of accounting for my puny dinner. He set the wine upon the table: I filled out half a glass, and began to think of you; but, in carrying it to my lips, I reproached myself that it was not a bumper: and was remedied as it should be. John, I believe, guessed at the correction. 'God bless him!' I heard him say, muttering as he put up the things in his basket. I sent him down with the rest of the bottle, and they are now drinking your health in the kitchen."

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"My cousin Harriet has come in to see me, and is going on with the cap I was making up, while I write this by her. She is a better milliner than I, and would have altered it somewhat; but I stuck to my own way, for I heard you say you liked it in that shape. 'It is not half so fashionable, indeed, my dear,' said Harriet; but she does not know the luxury of making up a cap to please the husband one loves. This is all very foolish; is it not? but I love to tell you those trifles: it is like having you here. If you can, write to me just such a letter about you."

Of the other letter, I recollect some passages such as these:

"Captain Lewson has just now been with me, but has brought no letter; and gives for reason, your having written by a ship that left the island but a few days before him, meaning the Triton, by which I got your last; but I beg to hear from you by every opportunity, especially by so friendly a hand as Lewson: it would endear a man, to whom I have reason to be grateful, much more to me, that he brought a few lines from you. Think, my dearest Henry, that hearing from you is all that your Emily has now to expect, at least for a long, long time.

"Perhaps (as you sometimes told me, in former days, when, alas! we only talked of misfortunes) we always think our present calamity the bitterest; yet, methinks, our separation is the only evil for which I could not have found a comfort. In truth, we were not unhappy: health and strength were left us: we could have done much for one another, and for our dear little ones. I fear, my love, you thought of me less nobly, than I hope I deserved: I was not to be shocked by any retrenchment from our former way of living, I could have borne even the hardships of poverty, had it left me my Henry."

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"Your sweetmeats arrived very safe under the care of Captain Lewson; the children have profited by them, particularly Billy, who has still some remains of the hooping cough. He asked me, if they did not come from papa? 'and when,' said he, 'will papa come himself?' 'Papa,' cried my little Emmy, who has just learned to lisp the word. 'She never saw papa,' replied her brother, 'did she, mamma?' I could not stand this prattle; my boy wept with me for company's sake!"

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"Emmy, they tell me will be a beauty. She has, to say truth, lovely dark blue eyes, and a charming complexion. I think there is something of melancholy in her looks: but this

may be only my fancy. Billy is quite different, a bold, spirited child; yet he is remarkably attentive to every thing I endeavor to teach him, and can read a little already, with no other tutor than myself. I chose this task to amuse my lonely hours; for I make it a point of duty, to keep up my spirits as well as I can. Sometimes, indeed, I droop in spite of me, especially when you seem to waver about the time of your return. Think, my love, what risks your health runs, for the sake of those riches, which are of no use without it; and after all, it is chiefly in opinion, that their power of bestowing happiness consists. I am sure, the little parlor, in which I now write, is more snug and comfortable, than the large room we used to receive company in formerly; and the plain meal, to which I sit down with my children, has more relish than the formal dinners we were obliged to invite them to. Return, then, my dearest Henry, from those fatigues and dangers, to which, by your own account, you are obliged to be exposed. Return to your Emily's love, and the smiles of those little cherubs that wait your arrival."

Such was the wife whom Herbert lost; you will not wonder at his grief; yet, sometimes, when the whole scene is before me, I know not how, I almost envy him his tears.

It is something to endeavor to comfort him. 'Tis perhaps a selfish movement in our nature, to conceive an attachment to such a character; one that throws itself on our pity by feeling its distresses, is ever more beloved than that which rises above them. I know, however, without further inquiry, that I feel myself pleased with being the friend of Herbert; would we were in France, that I might make him the friend of Beauvaris!

Your last mentions nothing of Roubigné or his family. I know he dislikes writing, and therefore am not surprised at his silence to myself. You say, in a former letter, you find it difficult to hear of them; there is a young lady in Paris, for whom the lovely Julia has long entertained a very uncommon friendship; her name is Roncilles, daughter of the President Roncilles. Yet, on second thoughts, I would not have you visit her on purpose to make inquiry as for me; but you may fall on some method of getting intelligence of them in this line.

Do not let slip the opportunity of this ship's return to write me fully; she is consigned to a correspondent of ours, and particular care will be taken of my letters. I think, if that had been the case with the last that arrived here, I should have found one from you on board of her. Think of me frequently, and write to me as often as our situation will allow.

LETTER XXX.

Savillon to Beauvaris.

I BEGIN to suspect, that the sensibility of which young minds are proud, from which they look down with contempt on the unfeeling multitude of ordinary men, is less a blessing than an inconvenience. Why cannot I be as happy as my uncle, as Dorville, as all the other good people around me? I eat, and drink, and sing, nay, I can be merry, like them; but they close the account, and set down this mirth for happiness; I retire to the family of my own thoughts, and find them in weeds of sorrow.

Herbert left this place yesterday! the only man besides thee whom my soul can acknowledge as a friend. And him, perhaps, I shall see no more: And thee! my heart droops at this moment, and I could weep without knowing why. Tell me, as soon as possible, that you are well and happy; there is, methinks, a languor in your last letter—or is it but the livery of my own imagination, which the objects around me are constrained to wear?

Herbert was a sort of proxy for my Beauvaris; he spoke from the feelings of a heart like his. To him I could unbosom mine, and be understood; for the speaking of a common language, is but one requisite towards the dearest intercourse of society. His sorrows gave him a sacredness in my regard, that made every endeavor to serve or oblige him, like the performance of a religious duty; there was a quiet satisfaction in it, which calmed the rufflings of a sometimes troubled spirit, and restored me to peace with myself.

He has sailed for England, whither some business, material to a friend of his much-loved Emily, obliges him to return. He yields to this, I perceive, as a duty he thinks himself bound to discharge, though the sight of his native country, spoiled as it is of those blessings which it once possessed for him, must be no easy trial of his fortitude. He talks of leaving it as soon as this affair will allow him, not to return to the West Indies, (for of his business there he is now independent,) but to travel through some parts of Europe, which the employments of his younger years prevented him from visiting at an early period of life. If he goes to Paris, he has promised me to call on you. Could I be with you!—What a thought is there!—but I shall not be forgotten at the interview.

I have just received yours of the third of last month. I must still complain of its shortness, though I dare not quarrel with it, as it assures me of your welfare. But get rid, I pray you, of that very bad practice, of supposing things unimportant at Martinique, because you think them so at Paris. Give me your intelligence, and allow me to be the judge of its consequence.

You are partial to your friend, when you write in such high terms of his treatment of Yambu. We think but seldom of those things which habit has made common, otherwise we should correct many of them; there needed only to give one's feelings room on this theme, and they could prompt no other conduct than mine. Your approbation, however, is not lost upon me; the best of our resolutions are bettered, by a consciousness of the suffrage of good men in their favor; and the reward is still nigher, when that suffrage is from those we love.

My uncle has sent to me, to help him to entertain some company who have just arrived here. He knows not what a train of thinking he calls me from—I have a little remembrancer, Beauvaris,—a picture which has hung at my bosom for some years past, that speaks such things!—

The servant again!—Mademoiselle Dorville is below, and I must come immediately. Well then—it will be difficult for me to be civil to her; yet the girl deserves politeness. But that picture!—

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LETTER XXXI.

Savillon to Beauvaris.

You say, the letter, to which your last was an answer, was written in low spirits: I confess I am not always in high ones; not even now, though I am just returned from a little feast, where there was much mirth, and excellent wine. It was a dinner given by Dorville, on occasion of his daughter's birthday, to which my uncle and I, among other of his friends, had been long invited. The old gentleman displayed all his wealth, and all his wit, in entertaining us; some of us thanked him for neither, though every one's complaisance obliged him to eat of his dainties, and laugh at his jests.

It is after such a scene, that one is often in a state the most stupid of any. The assumption of a character, in itself humiliating, distresses and wastes us, while the loss of so much time, like the bad fortune of a gamester, is doubly felt, when we reflect that fools have won from us. Yet it must be so in life, and I wish to overcome the spleen of repining at it.

I was again set next Mademoiselle Dorville, and had the honor of accompanying some of the songs she sung to us. A vain fellow, in my circumstances, might imagine that the girl liked him. I believe there is nothing so serious in her mind, and I should be sorry there were. The theft of a woman's affections is not so atrocious, as that of her honor; but I have often seen it more terrible than that of her life; at least, if living wretchedness be worse than death: yet is it reckoned a very venial breach of confidence, to endeavor to become more than agreeable where a man feels it impossible to repay what he may receive. Her father, I am apt to believe, has something of what is commonly called a plot upon me; but as to him my conscience is easy, because the coffers of my uncle being his quarry, it matters not much if he is disappointed.

Were it not from a point of delicacy, not to run the smallest risk of being thought particular, I could sometimes be very well entertained with the society of Mademoiselle Dorville. There is a sprightliness about her which amuses, though it is not winning, and I never found it so easy to talk nonsense to any other woman. I fancy this is always the case, where there is no chance of the heart being interested: it is perfectly so in the present instance with me. Oh! Beauvaris! I have laid out more soul in sitting five minutes with Julia de Roubigné in silence, than I should in a year's conversation with this little Dorville.

The conversation of women has perhaps a charm from its weakness; but this must be, like all their other weaknesses that please us, what claims an interest in our affections, without offending our reason. I know not if there is really a sex in the soul: custom and education have established one, in our ideas; but we wish to feel the inferiority of the other sex, as one that does not debase, but endear it.

To their knowledge, in many things, we have set limits, because it seems to encroach on the softness of their feelings, which we suppose of that retiring kind, that shuns the keenness of argument or inquiry. Knowledge or learning has often this effect among men: it is even sometimes fatal to taste, if by taste, is meant the effect which beauties have on ourselves, rather than the power of criticising on that which they ought to have on others.

There is a little world of sentiment made for women to move in, where they certainly excel our sex, and where our sex ought, perhaps, to be excelled by them. This is irresistibly engaging, where it is natural; but, of all affectations, that of sentiment is the most disgusting. It is, I believe, more common in France than any where else; and I am not sure, if it does not proceed from our women possessing the reality less. The daughter of Monsieur Dorville, when she would be great, is always sentimental. I was forced to tell her to-day, that I hated sentiments, and that they spoiled the complexion. She looked in the glass, and began to ask some questions about the Italian comedy.

My uncle, who had staid sometime behind me with Dorville, came in. He was very copious on the subject of Mademoiselle. I was perfectly of his opinion in every thing, and praised her in echo to what he said; but he had discernment enough to see an indifference in this, which I was sorry to find he did not like. I know not how far he meant to go, if we had been long together; but he found himself somewhat indisposed, and was obliged to go to bed.

I sat down alone, and thought of Julia de Roubigné.

My uncle is, this morning, really ill. I owe him too much, not to be distressed at this. He is uneasy about his own situation, though, I believe, without reason; but men who, like him, have enjoyed uninterrupted health, are apt to be apprehensive. I have sent for a physician without letting him know; for it was another effect of his good constitution, to hold the faculty in contempt. At present, I am sure he will thank me, in his heart, for my precaution.

The doctor has been with him, and talks doubtfully; that perhaps, is unavoidable in a science, from its nature, so uncertain; for this man has really too much knowledge to wish to seem wiser.

I find I must conclude this letter, as the ship, by which I am to send it, is within a quarter of an hour of sailing. Would it had been a few days later! a few days might do much in a fate like mine.——I cannot express that sort of doubt and fear, which the look of futurity, at this moment, gives me.

Do not, for Heaven's sake, do not fail to write to me about the situation of Roubigné and his family. I know his unwillingness to write, and decorum prevents (is it vanity to think so?) his daughter; therefore I addressed my last letter to Madame de Roubigné; but even when I shall receive her answer, it will not say enough. You know what my heart requires; do not disappoint it.*

LETTER XXXII.

Julia de Roubigné to Maria de Roncilles.

You must not expect to hear from me as often as formerly; we have, here, an even tenor of days, that admits not of much description. Comedies and romances, you know, always end in a marriage, because, after that, there is nothing to be said.

But I have reason to be angry with you for finding so little to say at Paris; though, I believe the fault is in myself, or rather in your idea of me. You think I am not formed to relish those articles of intelligence, which are called news in your great town; the truth is, I have often heard them with very little relish; but I know you have wit enough to make them pleasant if you would; and even if you had not, do but write any thing, and I shall read it with interest.

You flatter me by your praises of the *naiveté*, in the picture I drew of our party of pleasure. God knows I have no talent that way; yet the group was fantastic enough, and, though I felt quite otherwise than merry next morning, when I wrote to you, yet I found a sort of pleasure in describing it. There is a certain kind of trifling, in which a mind not much at ease, can sometimes indulge itself. One feels an escape, as it were, from the heart, and is fain to take up with lighter company. It is like the theft of a truant boy, who goes to play for a few minutes while his master is asleep, and throws the chiding for his task upon futurity.

We have very different company at present. Madame de Sancerre has been here these three days. Her husband was an

* There are no letters, in this collection, of a later date, Savillon to Beauvaris. The person who at first arranged them, seems to intend to account for this by the following note on the outside of the preceding one, written in a hand of which I see little jottings on several of the letters, "Beauvaris died 5th April, a few days after the receipt of this."

acquaintance of Monsieur de Montauban in Spain, and, you will remember, we used to be of her parties in town; so she is a guest of both sides of the house, though I believe no great favorite of either. She is a wit, you know, and says abundance of good things: and will say any thing, provided it be witty. Here, indeed, we give her so little opportunity, that her genius is almost famished for want of subject. At Paris, I remember her surrounded by men of letters; they praised her learning, and to us she seemed wonderful, both as a scholar and a critic; but here, when I turn the discourse on books, she chooses to talk of nothing but the *beau monde*. Her descriptions, however, are diverting enough, and I believe she is not the worse pleased with me, that I can only hear them without being able to answer; for I think, if there is a member of our society she dislikes, it is that relation of the count, whom I mentioned to you in my last, Monsieur de Rouillé, who is come to spend some weeks here. From the account of his vivacity, which I received from his kinsman, I thought Madame de Sancerre would have thought it a piece of high good fortune to have met him here; but, I see I mistook the thing; and that she would relish his company better, if he were as stupid as the rest of us. I am of a different opinion, and begin to like him much; the better, that I was prepared to be somewhat afraid of him; but I find in him nothing to be feared; on the contrary, he is my very safest barrier against the sometimes too powerful brilliancy of the lady.

Rouillé is constitutionally happy; but his vivacity, though it seems to be constant, does not appear to be unfeeling. It is not the cheerfulness of an unthinking man, who is ready to laugh on all occasions, without leave of his reason; or, what is worse, of his humanity; some such people I have seen, whose mirth was like the pranks of a madman, and, if not of consequence enough to excite anger or fear, was entitled to our compassion. Rouillé has the happy talent of hitting that point where sentiment mingles with good-humor. His wit, except when forced into opposition by the petulance of others, is ever of that gentle kind from which we have nothing to dread; that sports itself in the level of ordinary understandings, and pleases, because it makes no one displeased with himself. Even the natural gravity of Montauban yields to the winning liveliness of Rouillé; and though the first seems to feel a little awkwardness in the attempt, yet he often comes down from the loftiness of his own character, to meet the pleasantry of the others.

Do not rally me on the savor of matrimony in the observation, if I venture to say, that Montauban seems to have resumed somewhat of his former dignity. Think not that I suspect the

smallest diminution of his affection; but now, when the ease of the husband has restored him to his native character—I know not what I would say—believe me, I mean nothing at all—I have the greatest reason to be satisfied and happy.

At present, I believe, he is now and then out of humor with this visitant of ours, Madame de Sancerre; and it may be thrown into somewhat of a severity in his manner, from the observation of an opposite one in her. When she utters, as she does pretty often, any joke, at which she laughs heartily herself, I laugh, sometimes with good-will, but oftener (out of complaisance) without; Rouillé laughs, and is ready with his jest in return; but Montauban looks graver than ever. Indeed, there is no resource for one who cannot laugh at a jest, but look grave at it.

I wish my Maria could have accepted of the invitation he communicated by me some time ago. I think I should have shown him, in my friend, a liveliness that would not have displeased him. Could you still contrive to come, while Rouillé is here, you must be charmed with another. It would give me an opportunity of making up to you, for the many dull letters I have obliged you to read; but you taxed yourself early with my correspondence; it was then, perhaps, tolerable; it has, of late, been a mere collection of egotisms, the egotisms too of a mind ill at ease—but I have given up making apologies or acknowledgments to you; they are only for common obligations; mine is a debt beyond their quittance.

LETTER XXXIII.

Montauban to Segarva.

I AM now three letters in your debt; yet the account of correspondence used formerly to be in my favor. The truth is, that of facts I have nothing to write, and of sentiments almost as little. Of the first, my situation here in the country deprives me; and of the last, that quiet sort of state I have got into is little productive. When I was unhappy as the lover of Julia, or first happy as her husband, I had theme enough, and to spare. I can tell you, that I am happy still: but it is a sort of happiness that would not figure in narration. I believe my Julia is every thing that a good wife should be; I hope I am a good husband. I am neither young nor old enough for a doating one.

You will smile and look back to certain letters and notes of mine, written some four or five months ago. I do not know why I should be ashamed of them. Were Segarva to marry he would write such letters for a while, and there never was a man who could write such letters long. If there were, I am not sure if I should wish to be that man. When we cannot be quite so happy as others, our pride naturally balances the account: it shows us that we are wiser.

Rouillé, who has been here for a week or two, is of a different opinion: he holds the happiest man to be ever the wisest. You know Rouillé's disposition, which was always too much in the sun for us: but the goodness of his heart, and the purity of his honor, are above the rest of his character. With this prepossession in his favor, I hear him laugh at me without resentment; and by and bye he steals upon me, till I forget myself and laugh with him. I am sometimes gay; but I feel a sort of trouble in gayety. It is exactly the reverse with Rouillé: he can be serious when he means to be so; but, if we mean nothing, he is gay, and I am serious.

My wife is neither the one nor t'other; there is something about her too gentle for either; but, I think, her pensive softness deserts more readily to Rouillé's side than to mine, though one should imagine his manner the most distant from her's of the two. Rouillé jokes me on this; he calls her the middle stage between us; but says, it is up-hill towards my side. "A solitary castle, and a still evening," said he, "would make a Julia of me; but to be Montauban, I must have a fog and a prison."

Perhaps, if we consider matters impartially, these men have the advantage of us, the little cordialities of life are more frequently in use than its greater or more important duties. Somebody, I think, has compared them to small pieces of coin, which, though of less value than the large, are more current amongst them; but the parallel fails in one respect; a thousand of those *livres* do not constitute a *louis;* and I have known many characters possessed of all that the first could give, whose minds were incapable of the last. In this number, however, I mean not to include Rouillé.

We have another guest, who illustrates my meaning better, the widow of Sancerre, whom you introduced to my acquaintance a long time ago, in Spain. She was then nothing; for Sancerre considered all women nothing, and took care that, during his life, she should be no exception to the rule. He died; she regained, her freedom; and she uses it as one to whom it had been long denied. She is just fool enough to be a wit, and carries on a perpetual crusade against sense and

seriousness. I bear with her very impatiently; she plagues me, I believe, the more. My wife smiles, Rouillé laughs at me, I am unable to laugh, and ashamed to be angry; so I remain silent and stupid.

Sometimes I cease to think of her, and blame myself. Why should I allow this spleen of sense to disqualify me for society? —Once or twice I almost uttered things against my present situation—Julia loves me; I know she does: she has that tenderness and gratitude, which will secure her affection to a husband who loves her as I do; but she must often feel the difference of disposition between us. Had such a man as Rouillé been her husband—not Rouillé neither, though she seems often delighted with his good-humor, when I cannot be pleased with it.—We are neither of us such a man as the writer of a romance would have made a husband for Julia.—There is, indeed, a pliability in the minds of women in this article, which frequently gains over opinion to the side of duty. Duty is a cold word. No matter, we will canvass it no further. I know the purity of her bosom, and, I think, I am not unworthy of its affection.

Her father I see much seldomer than I could wish; but he is greatly altered of late. Since the time of his wife's death, I have observed him droop apace; but Julia says, that the distress of their circumstances kept up in him a sort of false spirit, which, when they were disembarrassed, left him to sink under reflection. His faculties, I can easily perceive, are not in that vigor they were wont to be; yet his bodily strength does not much decline, and he seems more contented with himself, than when he was in full possession of his abilities. We wish him to live with us; but he has constantly refused our request, and it is a matter of delicacy to press him on that point. We go to see him sometimes: he receives us with satisfaction, not ardor: violent emotions of every kind appear to be quenched in him. It creates, methinks, a feeling of mingled complacency and sadness, to look on the evening of a life, and of a character, like Roubigné's.

Shall I not see you here some time this autumn? You gave a sort of promise, and I need you more than ever. I want the society of some one, in whose company I can be pleased without the tax of thinking that I am silly for being so.

LETTER XXXIV.

Julia to Maria.

I HAVE just now received a piece of intelligence, which I must beg my Maria instantly to satisfy me about. Le Blanc, my father's servant, was here a few hours ago, and, among other news, informed Lisette, that a nephew of his, who had just come with his master from Paris, met Savillon there, whom he perfectly remembered, from having seen him in his visits to his uncle at Belville. The lad had no time for inquiry, as his master's carriage was just setting off, when he observed a chaise drive up to the door of the hotel, with a gentleman in it, whom he knew to be Savillon, accompanied by a valet de chambre, and two black servants on horseback.

Think, Maria, what I feel at this intelligence!——Yet why should it alarm me?—Alas! you know this poor, weak, throbbing heart of mine! I cannot, if I would, hide it from you.—Find him out, for Heaven's sake, Maria; tell me—yet what now is Savillon to your Julia?—No matter—do any thing your prudence may suggest; only satisfy me about the fate of this once dear—Again! I dare not trust myself on the subject—Monsieur de Montauban!—Farewell!

Delay not a moment to answer this.—

Yet do not write, till you have learned something satisfactory.

At any rate, write me speedily.

I have forgotten the name of the hotel where the lad met him; it was situated in the Rué St Anne.

LETTER XXXV.

Montauban to Segarva.

MY wife (that word must often come across the narration of a married man) has been a good deal indisposed of late. You will not joke me on this intelligence, as such of my neighbors whom I have seen have done. It is not, however, what they say, or you may think; her spirits droop more than her body; she is thoughtful and melancholy when she thinks she is not observed; and, what pleases me worse, affects to appear other-

wise when she is. I like not this sadness, which is conscious of itself. Yet, perhaps, I have seen her thus before our marriage, and have rather admired this turn of mind than disapproved of it; but now I would not have her pensive—nor very gay neither—I would have nothing about her, methinks, to stir a question in me whence it arose. She should be contented with the affection she knows I bear for her. I do not expect her to be romantically happy, and she has no cause for uneasiness—I am not uneasy neither—yet I wish her to conquer this melancholy.

I was last night abroad at supper. Julia was abed before my return. I found her lute lying on the table, and a music book open by it. I could perceive the marks of tears shed on the paper, and the air was such as might encourage their falling. Sleep, however, had overcome her sadness, and she did not awake when I opened the curtains to look on her. When I had stood some moments, I heard her sigh strongly through her sleep, and presently she muttered some words, I know not of what import. I had sometimes heard her do so before, without regarding it much; but there was something that roused my attention now. I listened; she sighed again, and again spoke a few broken words; at last, I heard her plainly pronounce the name *Savillon*, two or three times over, and each time it was accompanied with sighs so deep, that her heart seemed bursting as it heaved them. I confess the thing struck me; and after musing on it some time, I resolved to try a little experiment this day at dinner, to discover whether chance had made her pronounce this name, or if some previous cause had impressed it on her imagination. I knew a man of that name at Paris, when I first went thither, who had an office under the intendant of the marine. I introduced some conversation on the subject of the fleet, and said, in an indifferent manner, that I had heard so and so from my old acquaintance Savillon. She spilt some soup she was helping me to at the instant: and stealing a glance at her, I saw her cheeks flushed into crimson.

I have been ever since going the round of conjecture on this incident. I think I can recollect once, and but once, her father speak of a person called Savillon, residing abroad, from whom he had received a letter; but I never heard Julia mention him at all. I know not why I should have forborne asking her the reason of her being so affected at the sound; yet at the moment I perceived it, the question stuck in my throat. I felt something like guilt hang over this incident altogether—it is none of mine then—nor of Julia's neither, I trust—and yet, Segarva it has touched me nearer—much nearer than I should owa to any one but you.

Nine at night.

Upon looking over what I had written in the afternoon, I had almost resolved to burn this letter, and write another; but it strikes me as insincerity to a friend like Segarva, not to trust him with the very thought of the moment, weak as it may be.

I begin now to be ashamed of the effect that trifle I mentioned above had upon me. Julia is better, and has been singing to me the old Spanish ballad, which you sent us lately. I am delighted with those ancient national songs, because there is a simplicity and an expression in them which I can understand. Adepts in music are pleased with more intricate compositions; and they talk more of the pleasure than they feel; and others talk after them, without feeling at all.

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LETTER XXXVI.

Savillon to Herbert.

I AM here in Paris, and fulfil the promise which your friendship required of me, to write to you immediately on my arrival.

Alas! my reception is not such as I looked for. He, whom alone my arrival should have interested, my ever faithful Beauvaris!—he meets me not—we shall never meet—he died, while I was imagining fond things of our meeting!

Gracious God! what have I done, that I should be always thus an outcast from society? When France was dear to me as life itself, my destiny tore me from her coast; now, when I anticipated the pleasures of my return, is this the welcome she affords me?

Forlorn and friendless as my early days were, I complained not while Beauvaris was mine; he was wholly mine, for his heart was not made for the world. Naturally reserved, he shrunk early from its notice; and, when he had lived to judge of its sentiments, he wished not to be in the list of its friends.

His extreme modesty, indeed, was an evil in his fate, because it deprived him of that protection and assistance which his situation required. Those who might have been patrons of his merit, had not time to search for talents which his bashfulness observed. His virtues even suffered imputation from it. Shy, not only of intimacy, but even of opinion and sentiment, persons, whose situation seemed to entitle them to his confidence, com-

plained of his coldness and indifference, and he was accused of want of feeling from what, in truth, was an excess of sensibility. This jewel, undiscovered by others, was mine. From infancy, each was accustomed to consider his friend but a better part of himself; and when the heart of either was full, talking to the other was but unloading it in soliloquy.

Forgive me, my dear Herbert, for thus dwelling on the subject. The only sad comfort I have now left me, is to think of his worth. It is a privilege I would not waste on common minds, to hear me on this theme; yours can understand it.

Why was I absent from Paris? Too much did the latter days of Beauvaris require me! They saw him struggling with poverty as well as sickness; yet the last letter he wrote to me confessed neither; and some little presents, the produce of Martinique, which I sent him, he would not convert into money, because they came from me.

I am now sitting in the room in which he died!—On that paltry bed lay the head of Beauvaris—On this desk whereon I write, he wrote!—Pardon me a while—I am unable to go on.

It is from the indulgence of sorrow that we first know a respite from affliction. I have given a loose to my grief, and I feel the relief which my tears have afforded me. I am now returned to my hotel, and am able to recollect myself.

I have not yet seen any acquaintance of Monsieur de Roubigné; this blow, indeed, did not allow me leisure or spirits for inquiry; I feel as if I were in a foreign land, and am almost afraid of the noise and bustle I hear in the streets. I have sent, however, offering a visit to a young lady, of whom I shall be able to get intelligence of Roubigné's family; but my messenger is not yet returned.

He has found her, and she has appointed me to come to her to-morrow morning. You cannot imagine what a flutter the expectation of this visit has thrown me into; I am not apt to stand in awe of presages, but I could be very weak that way at this moment. My man, who possesses a happy vivacity, brought me in, after dinner, a bottle of Burgundy, which, he said, the maitre d'hotel assured him was excellent. I have drank three-fourths of it by way of medicine; it has made my head somewhat dizzy, but my heart is as heavy as before.

What a letter of egotism have I written! but you have taught

me to give vent to my feelings, by the acquaintance you have allowed me with yours. To speak one's distresses to the unfeeling is terrible; even to ask the alms of pity is humiliating; but to pour our griefs into the bosom of a friend, is but committing to him a pledge above the trust of ordinary men.

Do not, I beseech you, forget your design of travelling into France this season!—yet why should I ask this? I know not where fortune may lead me! it cannot, however, place me in a situation where the friendship of Herbert shall be forgotten.

P. S. I direct this for you at London, as I think you must be there by this time. Your answer will find me here; let it be speedy.

LETTER XXXVII.

Savillon to Herbert.

Bear with me, Herbert, bear with me! The first use I make of that correspondence which you desired, is to pour out my miseries before you! but you can hear them. You have known what it is to love, and to despair as I do.

When I told you my Beauvaris was no more, I thought I had exhausted the sum of distress which this visit to Paris was to give me. I knew not then what fate had prepared for me—— that Julia, on whom my doating heart had rested all its hopes of happiness—that Julia is the wife of another.

All but this I could have borne; the loss of fortune, the decay of health, the coldness of friends, might have admitted of hope; here only was despair to be found, and here I have found it!

Oh! Herbert! she was so interwoven with my thoughts of futurity, that life now fades into a blank, and is not worth the keeping; but I have a use for it; I will see her yet at least—Wherefore should I wish to see her?—Yet, methinks, it is now the only object that can prompt a wish in me.

When I visited that lady, that Maria de Roncilles, whom I knew to be the dearest of her friends, she seemed to receive me with confusion; her tongue could scarce articulate the words that told me of Julia's marriage. She mentioned something too of having heard of mine. I am tortured every way

with conjecture—my brain scarce holds its recollection—Julia de Roubigné is married to another!

I know not what I said to this friend of her's at first; I remember only that, when I had recovered a little, I begged her to convey a letter from me to Julia; she seemed to hesitate in her consent; but she did at last consent. Twice have I written, and twice have I burnt what I had written—I have no friend to guide, to direct—not even to weep to!

At last I have finished that letter; it contains the last request which the miserable Savillon has to make. This one interview past, and my days have nothing to mark them with anxiety or hope.

I am now more calmly wretched; the writing of that letter has relieved, for a while, my swelling heart. I went with it myself to Mademoiselle de Roncilles's; she was abroad, so I left it without seeing her. You can judge of my feelings; I wondered at the indifference of the faces I met with in my way; they had no cares to cloud them, none at least like Savillon's.—Why of all those thousands am I the most wretched?

I am returned to my hotel. I hear the voices of my servants below; they are telling, I suppose, the adventures of their voyage. I can distinguish the voice of my man, and his audience are merry around him. Why should he not jest? he knows not what his master suffers.

Something like a stupid sleepiness oppresses me; last night I could not sleep. Where are now those luxurious slumbers, those wandering dreams of future happiness? Never shall I know them again? Good night, my Herbert!—It is something still to sleep, and to forget them.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Julia to Maria.

WHAT do you tell me? Savillon in Paris! unmarried, unengaged, raving of Julia? Hide me from myself, Maria, hide me from myself—Am I not the wife of Montauban?—

Yes, and I know that character which, as the wife of Montauban, I have to support; her husband's honor and her own are in the breast of Julia. My heart swells while I think on the station in which I am placed. Relentless honor! thou triest me to the uttermost; thou enjoinest me to think no more of such a being as Savillon.

But can I think of him no more?—Cruel remembrances!—Thou, too, my friend, betrayest me; you dare not trust me with the whole scene; but you tell me enough. I see him, I see him now! He came, unconscious of what fortune had made of me; he came, elate with the hopes of sharing with his Julia that wealth which propitious Heaven had bestowed on him.—She is married to another!—I see him start back in amazement and despair; his eyes wild and haggard, his voice lost in the throb of astonishment! He thinks on the shadows which his fond hopes had reared—the dreams of happiness?—Say not that he wept at the thought. Had those tears fallen upon Julia's grave, Memory! thou couldst not thus have stung me. But, perhaps, gentle as his nature is, he was not weak enough to be overcome by the thought. Could he but think of me with indifference—Tell him, Maria, what a wretch I am; a wife, without a wife's affection, to whom life has lost its relish, and virtue its reward. Let him hate me, I deserve his scorn—yet, methinks, I may claim his pity.

The daughter of Roubigné, the wife of Montauban! I will not bear to be pitied. No; I will stifle the grief that would betray me, and be miserable without a witness. This heart shall break, this proud heart, without suffering a sigh to relieve it.

Alas! my friend, it will not be.—That picture, Maria, that picture!—Why did I not banish it from my sight! too amiable Savillon! Look there, look there! in that eye there is no scorn, no reproach to the unhappy Julia: mildness and melancholy!—We were born to be miserable!—Think'st thou,

Maria, that at this moment—it is possible—he is gazing thus on the resemblance of one, whose ill-fated rashness has undone herself and him!—Will he thus weep over it as I do? Will he pardon my offences, and thus press it?—I dare not; this bosom is the property of Montauban. Tears are all I have to bestow. Is there guilt in those tears? Heaven knows I cannot help weeping.

I was interrupted by the voice of my husband giving some orders to his servant at the door of my apartment. He entered with a look of gayety; but I fear, by the change of his countenance, that he observed my tears I clapped on my hat to hide them, and told him as well as I could, that I was going to walk. He suffered me to leave him without any further question. I strolled I knew not whither, till I found myself by the side of a little brook, about a quarter of a mile's distance from the house. The stillness of noon, broken only by the gentle murmurings of the water, and the quiet hum of the bees, that hung on the wild flowers around it; these gave me back myself, and allowed me the languor of thought; my tears fell without control, and almost without distress. I would have looked again on the picture of Savillon, for I could then have trusted myself with the sight of it; but I had left it behind in my chamber. The thoughts of its being seen by my husband, gave wings to my return. I hope he missed it; for I found it lying, as I had left it, on my dressing table, in the midst of some letters of compliment, which had been thrown carelessly there the day before! and when I went down stairs, I discovered nothing in his behaviour that should have followed such a discovery. On the contrary, I think he seemed more pleased than usual, and was particularly attentive to me. I felt his kindness a reproach, and my endeavors to return it sat awkwardly upon me. There was a treachery, methought in my attempts to please him; and, I fear, the greater ease I meant to assume in making those attempts, gave them only more the appearance of constraint.

What a situation is mine! to wear the appearance of serenity, while my heart is wretched; and the dissimulation of guilt, though my soul is unconscious of a crime!—There is something predictive in my mind, that tells me I shall not long be thus; but I am sick of conjecture, as I am bereft of hope, and only satisfy myself with concluding, that, in the most fateful lives, there is still a certain point where the maze of destiny can bewilder no more!

LETTER XXXIX.

Montauban to Segarva.

SEGARVA!—but it must be told—I blush even telling it to thee—have I lived to this? that thou shouldst hear the name of Montauban coupled with dishonor!

I came into my wife's room yesterday morning, somewhat unexpectedly. I observed she had been weeping, though she put on her hat to conceal it, and spoke in a tone of voice affectedly indifferent. Presently she went out on pretence of walking; I staid behind, not without surprise at her tears, though, I think, without suspicion; when turning over (in the careless way one does in musing) some loose papers on her dressing-table, I found the picture of a young man in miniature, the glass of which was still wet with the tears she had shed on it. I have but a confused remembrance of my feelings at the time; there was a bewildered pause of thought, as if I had waked in another world. My faithful Lonquillez happened to enter the room at that moment: Look there, said I, holding out the picture, without knowing what I did; he held it in his hand, and turning it, read on the back, SAVILLON. I started at that sound, and snatched the picture from him; I believe he spoke somewhat, expressing his surprise at my emotion; I know not what it was, nor what my answer. He was retiring from the chamber—I called him back.—"I think," said I, "thou lovest thy master, and would serve him if thou couldst?"—"With my life!" answered Lonquillez. The warmth of his manner touched me; I think I laid my hand on my sword.—"Savillon!" I repeated the name.—"I have heard of him," said Lonquillez.—"Heard of him!"—"I heard Le Blanc talk of him a few days ago."—"And what did he say of him?"—"He said he had heard of this gentleman's arrival from the West Indies, from his own nephew, who had just come from Paris; that he remembered him formerly, when he lived with his master at Belville, the sweetest young gentleman, and the handsomest in the province. My situation struck me at that instant. I was unable to inquire further. After some little time, Lonquillez left the room; I knew not that he was gone, till I heard him going down stairs. I called him back a second time; he came; I could not speak.—"My dear master!" said Lonquillez;—it was the accent of a friend, and it overcame me.

"Lonquillez," said I, "your master is most unhappy!—Canst

hou think my wife is false to me!"—"Heaven forbid!" said he, and started back in amazement.—"It may be I wrong her; but to dream of Savillon, to keep his picture, to weep over it."—"What shall I do, Sir?" said Lonquillez.—"You see I am calm," I returned, "and will do nothing rashly;—try to learn from Le Blanc every thing he knows about this Savillon. Lisette too is silly, and talks much. I know your faith, and will trust your capacity; get me what intelligence you can, but beware of showing the most distant suspicion."—We heard my wife below:—I threw down the picture where I had found it and hastened to meet her. As I approached her, my heart throbbed so violently that I durst not venture the meeting. My dressing-room door stood ajar; I slunk in there, I believe, unperceived, and heard her pass on to her chamber. I would have called Lonquillez to have spoken to him again; but I durst not then, and have not found an opportunity since.

I saw my wife soon after; I counterfeited as well as I could, and, I think, she was the most embarrassed of the two; she attempted once or twice to bring in some apology for her former appearance; complained of having been ill in the morning, that her head had ached, and her eyes been hot and uneasy.

She came herself to call me to dinner. We dined alone, and I marked her closely; I saw (by Heaven I did!) a fawning solicitude to please me, an attempt at the good-humor of innocence, to cover the embarrassment of guilt. I should have observed it, I am sure I should, even without a key; as it was, I could read her soul to the bottom—Julia de Roubigné! the wife of Montauban!—Is it not so?

I have had time to think. You will recollect the circumstances of our marriage—her long unwillingness, her almost unconquerable reluctance—Why did I marry her?

Let me remember—I durst not trust the honest decision of my friend, but stole into this engagement without his knowledge; I purchased her consent—I bribed, I bought her; bought her, the leavings of another!—I will trace this line of infamy no further; there is madness in it.

Segarva, I am afraid to hear from you; yet write to me, write to me freely. If you hold me justly punished—yet spare me, when you think on the severity of my punishment.

LETTER XL.

Montauban to Segarva.

Lonquillez has not slept on his post, and chance has assisted his vigilance. Le Blanc came hither the morning after our conversation. Lonquillez managed his inquiry with equal acuteness and caution; the other told every thing as the story of an old man—he smiled and told it. He knew not that he was delivering the testimony of a witness—that the fate of his former mistress hung on it!

This Savillon lived at Belville from his earliest youth, the companion of Julia, though a dependant on her father. When they were forced to remove thence, he accompanied their retreat, the only companion of Roubigné whom adversity had left him to comfort it—but he had his reward; the company of the daughter often supplied the place of her father's. He was her master in literature, her fellow-scholar in music and painting, and they frequently planned walks in concert, which they afterwards trod together. Le Blanc has seen them there listening to the song of the nightingale.——

I am to draw the conclusion.—All this might be innocent, the effects of early intimacy and friendship; and on this supposition might rest the quiet of an indifferent husband. But why was this intimacy, this friendship, so industriously concealed from me? The name of Savillon never mentioned except in guilty dreams? while his picture was kept in her chamber for the adultery of the imagination!—Do I triumph while I push this evidence?—Segarva! whither will it lead me?

The truth rises upon me, and every succeeding circumstance points to one conclusion. Lisette was to-day at a junketing party, which Lonquillez contrived for the entertainment of his friend Le Blanc. Mention was again made of old stories and Savillon was a person of the drama. The wench is naturally talkative, and she was then in spirits from company and good cheer. Le Blanc and she recollected interviews of their young mistress and this handsome *elevé* of her father. They were, it seems, nursed by the same woman, that old Lasune, for whom Julia procured a little dwelling, and a pension of four hundred livres, from her unsuspecting husband. "She loved them."

said Le Blanc, "like her own children, and they were like brother and sister to each other."—"Brother and sister, indeed!" said Lisette. She was more sagacious, and had observed things better.—"I know what I know," said she; "but to be sure those things are all over now; and I am persuaded my mistress loves no man so well as her own husband. What signifies what happened so long ago, especially while Monsieur de Montauban knows nothing about the matter."

These were her words: Lonquillez repeated them thrice to me. Were I a fool, a driveller, I might be satisfied to doubt and be uneasy? It is Montauban's to see his disgrace, and seeing, to revenge it.

Lonquillez has been with me: his diligence is indefatigable; but he feels for the honor of his master, and, being a Spaniard, is entitled to share it.

He went with Le Blanc to see Lasune, whom that old man, it seems, never fails to visit when he is here. Lonquillez told her, that Le Blanc had news for her about her foster-son. "Of my dear Savillon!" cried she, "Yes," said Le Blanc; "You will have heard, that he arrived from abroad some weeks ago; and I am told, that he is worth a power of money, which his uncle left him in the West Indies." "Bless him! Heaven bless him!" cried Lasune. "Then I may see him once more before I die. You never saw him," turning to Lonquillez, "but Le Blanc remembers him well: the handsomest, sweetest, best-conditioned—your mistress and he have often sat on that bench there—Lord pity my forgetfulness—it was far from this place; but it was just such a bench—and they would prefer poor Lasune's little treat to all the fine things at my master's—and how he would look on my sweet child! Well, well, destiny rules every thing; but there was a time, when I thought I should have called her by another name than Montauban." Lonquillez was too much struck with her words to appear unaffected by them; she observed his surprise. "You think no harm, I hope," said she. He assured her he did not. "Nay, I need not care, for that part, who hears me, yet some folks might think it odd; but we are all friends here, as we may say, and neither of you, I know, are talebearers, otherwise I should not prattle as I do; especially, as the last time I saw my lady, when I asked after her foster-brother, she told me I must not speak of him now, nor talk of the meetings they used to have at my house."

Such were her words; the memory of Lonquillez is faithful,

and he was interested to remember. I drew my breath short, and muttered vengeance; the good fellow saw my warmth, and tried to moderate it. "It is a matter, Sir," said he, "of such importance, that if I may presume to advise, nothing should be believed rashly. If my mistress loves Savillon, if he still answers her fondness, they will surely write to each other. I commonly take charge of the letters for the post; if you can find any proof that way, it cannot lie nor deceive you."

I have agreed to his proposal. How am I fallen, Segarva, when such artifices are easy to me! But I will not pause on trivial objections—the fate of Montauban is set upon this cast and the lesser moralities must speak unheeded.

LETTER XLI.

Montauban to Segarva.

It is something to be satisfied of the worst. I have now such proof, Segarva!—Inquiry is at an end, and vengeance is the only business I have left. Before you answer this—the infamy of your friend cannot be erased, but it shall be washed in blood.

Lonquillez had just brought me a letter from my wife to a Mademoiselle de Roncilles, a bosom friend of her's, at Paris. He opened it, by a very simple operation, without hurting its appearance. It consisted only of a few hurried lines, desiring her to deliver an enclosed letter to Savillon, and to take charge of his answer. That letter now lies before me. Read it, Segarva—thou wilt wish to stab her while thou read'st it—but Montauban has a dagger too.

"I know not, Sir, how to answer the letter my friend Mademoiselle de Roncilles has just sent me from you. *The intimacy of our former days I still recall, as one of the happiest periods of my life.* The friendship of Julia you are certainly still entitled to, and might claim, without the suspicion of impropriety, though fate has now thrown her into *the arms of another.* There would then be no occasion for this secret interview, which, I confess, I cannot help dreading; but, as you urge the impossibility of your visiting Monsieur de Montauban, without betraying *emotions, which, you say, would be dangerous to the peace of us all,* conjured as I am by those motives of compassion, which my heart is, perhaps, but too susceptible of for my own peace, I have at last, *not without a feeling like remorse,* resolved to meet you on

Monday next, at the house of our old nurse Lasune, *whom I shall prepare for the purpose, and on whose fidelity I can perfectly rely.* I hope you will give me credit for that remembrance of Savillon, which your letter, rather unjustly, denies me, when you find me agreeing to this measure of imprudence, of danger, *it may be of guilt,* to mitigate the distress which I have been unfortunate enough to give him."

I feel at this moment a sort of determined coolness, which the bending up of my mind to the revenge her crimes deserve, has conferred upon me; I have therefore underlined* some passages in this damned scroll, that my friend may see the weight of that proof on which I proceed. Mark the air of prudery that runs through it, the trick of voluptuous vice to give pleasure to the zest of nicety and reluctance; "It may be of guilt." Mark with what coolness she invites him to participate it! Is this the handwriting of Julia? I am awake, and see it. Julia! my wife!—damnation!

I have been visiting this Lasune, whose house is destined for the scene of my wife's interview with her gallant. I feel the meanness of an inquisition, that degrades me into the wretched spy on an abandoned woman. I blushed and hesitated while I talked to this old doating minister of their pleasures. But the moment comes when I shall resume myself, when I shall burst upon them in the terrors of punishment.

Whether they have really imposed on the simplicity of this creature, I know not; but her answers to some distant questions of mine, looked not like those of an accomplice of their guilt. Or, rather, it is I who am deceived; the cunning of intrigue is the property of the meanest among the sex. It matters not: I have proof without her.

She conducted me into an inner room fitted up with a degree of nicety. On one side stood a bed, with curtains and a bed-cover of clean cotton. That bed, Segarva!—but this heart shall down; I will be calm—at the time, while I looked on it, I could not; the old woman observed my emotion, and asked if I was ill; I recovered myself, however, and she suspected nothing; I think she did not—It looked as if the beldame had trimmed it for their use—damn her! damn her! killing is poor—Canst thou not invent me some luxurious vengeance?

* The passages here alluded to are printed in Italics.

Lonquillez has re-sealed, and sent off her letter to Savillon; he will take care to bring me the answer; but I know the answer—"On Monday next"—why should I start as I think on it?——Their fate is fixed! mine perhaps—but I will think no more.—Farewell.

Rouillé is just arrived here; I could have wished him absent now. He cannot participate my wrongs; they are sacred to more determined souls. Methinks, at this time, I hate his smiles; they suit not the purposes of Montauban.

LETTER XLII.

Julia to Maria.

I HOPE, from the conveyance which Lisette has procured for this letter, it may reach you nearly as soon as that in which I inclosed one for Savillon. If it comes in time, let it prevent your delivering that letter. I have been considering of this interview again, and I feel a sort of crime in it towards my husband, which I dare not venture on. I have trespassed too much against sincerity already, in concealing from him my former attachment to that unfortunate young man. So strongly indeed did this idea strike me, that I was preparing to tell it him this very day, when he returned from riding, and found me scarce recovered from the emotion which a re-perusal of Savillon's letter had caused; but his look had a sternness in it, so opposite to those feelings which should have opened the bosom of your distracted Julia, that I shrunk back into secrecy, terrified at the reflection on my own purpose. Why am I the wife of this man? but if confidence and tenderness are not mine to give, there is a duty which is not mine to refuse. Tell Savillon, I cannot see him.

Not in the way he asks—let him come as the friend of Julia de Roubigné. Oh! Maria! what a picture do these words recall; the friend of Julia de Roubigné!—in those happy days when it was not guilt to see, to hear, to think of him—when this poor heart was unconscious of its little wanderings, or felt them but as harmless dreams, which sweetened the real ills of a life too early visited by misfortune!

When I look back on that life, how fateful has it been! Is it unjust in Providence, to make this so often the lot of hearts, little able to struggle with misfortune? or is it indeed the possession of such hearts, that creates their misfortunes? Had I not felt as I have done, half the ills I complain of had been nothing, and at this moment I were happy. Yet to have wanted such a heart, ill suited as it is to the rude touch of sublunary things—I think I cannot wish so much. There will come a time, Maria, (might I forebode without your censure, I should say it may not be distant,) when they shall wound it no longer!

In truth, I am every way weak at present. My poor father adds much to my distresses; he has appeared for some time past, to be verging towards a state, which alone I should think worse than his death. His affection for me is the only sense now quite alive about him, nay, it too partakes of imbecility. He used to embrace me with ardor; he now embraces me with tears.

Judge, then, if I am able to meet Savillon at this time, if I could allow myself to meet him at all. Think what I am, and what he is. The coolness I ought to maintain had been difficult at best; at present, it is impossible. I can scarce think without weeping; and to see that form——

Maria! when this picture was drawn! I remember the time well; my father was at Paris, and Savillon left with my mother and me at Belville. The painter (who was accidentally in our province) came thither to give me a few lessons of drawing. Savillon was already a tolerable designer; but he joined with me in becoming a scholar to this man. When our master was with us, he used sometimes to guide my hand; when he was gone, at our practice of his instructions, Savillon commonly supplied his place. But Savillon's hand was not like the other's; I felt something from its touch, not the less delightful from carrying a sort of fear along with that delight; it was like a pulse in the soul!

Whither am I wandering? What now are those scenes to me, and why should I wish to remember them? Am I not another's, irrevocably another's? Savillon knows I am. Let him not wish to see me; we cannot recall the past, and wherefore, wherefore should we add to the evils of the present?

LETTER XLIII.

Montauban to Segarva.

I HAVE missed some link of my intelligence; for the day is past, and no answer from Savillon is arrived. I thank him, whatever be the reason, for he has given me time to receive the instructions of my friend.

You caution me well as to the certainty of her guilt. You know the proof I have already acquired; but I will have assurance beyond the possibility of doubt: I will wait their very meeting, before I strike this blow, and my vengeance, like that of Heaven, shall be justified by a repetition of her crimes.

I am less easily convinced, or rather I am less willing to be guided by your opinion, as to the secrecy of her punishment. You tell me, that there is but one expiation of a wife's infidelity. I am resolved, she dies—but that the sacrifice should be secret. Were I even to upbraid her with her crime, you say, her tears her protestations, would outplead the conviction of sense itself, and I should become the dupe of that infamy I am bound to punish. Is there not something like guilt in this secrecy? Should Montauban shrink, like a coward, from the vindication of his honor? Should he not burst upon this strumpet and her lover?—the picture is beastly—the sword of Montauban!—thou art in the right, it would disgrace it. Let me read your letter again.

I am a fool to be so moved—but your letter has given me back myself. "The disgrace is only published by an open revenge; it can be buried with the guilty by a secret one." I am yours, Segarva, and you shall guide me.

Chance has been kind to me for the means. Once, in Andalusia, I met with a Venetian empiric, of whom, among other chemical curiosities, I bought a poisonous drug, the efficacy of which he showed me on some animals to whom he administered it. The death it gave was easy, and altered not the appearance of the thing it killed.

I have fetched it from my cabinet, and it stands before me. It is contained in a little square phial, marked with some hieroglyphic scrawls, which I do not understand. Methinks, while I look on it, I could be weak, very weak, Segarva. But an hour

ago, I saw her walk, and speak, and smile—yet these few drops! —I will look on it no more—

I hear the tread of her feet in the apartment above. Did she know what passes in my mind!—the study in which I sit, seems the cave of a demon.

Lonquillez has relieved me again. He has this moment got from her maid the following letter, addressed to her friend, Mademoiselle de Roncilles. What a sex it is! but I have heard of their alliances of intrigue. It is not that these things are uncommon, but that Montauban is a fool—a husband—a—— perdition seize her!

"Is my friend too leagued against me? Alas! my virtue was too feeble before, and needed not the addition of Maria's arguments to be overcome. Savillon's figure, you say, aided by that languid paleness, which his late illness had given it, was irresistible. Why, is not Julia sick?—yet, wretched as she is, irretrievably wretched, she breathes, and walks, and speaks, as she did in her most happy days!

"You entreat me, for pity's sake, to meet him.—'He hinted his design of soon leaving France to return to Martinique.' Why did he ever leave France? Had he remained contented with love and Julia, instead of this stolen, this guilty meeting—What do I say?—I live but for Montauban!

"I will think no longer. This one time I will silence the monitor within me—Tell him I will meet him. On Thursday next, let him be at Lasune's in the evening: it will be dark by six.

"I dare not read what I have written. Farewell."

It will be dark by six! Yet I will keep my word, Segarva; they shall meet, that certainty may precede my vengeance; but, when they part, they part to meet no more! Lonquillez's fidelity I know; his soul is not that of a servant: he shall provide for Savillon. Julia is a victim above him—Julia shall be the charge of his master.

Farewell! when I write again, it shall not be to threaten.

LETTER XLIV.

Savillon to Herbert.

After an interval of torture, I have at last received an answer from Madame de Montauban. Have I lived to write that name!—but it is fit that I be calm.

Her friend has communicated her resolution of allowing me to see her in the house of that good Lasune, whom I have mentioned to you in some of our conversations, as the common nurse of both. Were it not madness to look back, and that, at present, I need the full possession of myself, the idea of Lasune's house would recall such things——but they are past, never, never to return.

I have recovered, and can go on calmly. I set out tomorrow morning! Thursday next is the day she has appointed for our interview. I have but to despatch this one great business, and then depart from my native country for ever. Every tie that bound me to this world is now broken, except that which accident gave me in your friendship: before I cross the Atlantic, I would once more see my Herbert; when I have indulged myself in that last throb of affection, which our friendship demands at parting, there remains nothing for me to do, but to shrink up from all the feelings of life, and look forward, without emotion, to its close!

I feel, at this moment, as if I were on my deathbed, the necessity of a manly composure; that stifled sigh was the last sacrifice of my weakness! I am now thinking what I have to do with the hours that remain: meet me like a man, and help me to employ them as I ought. Nothing shall drag me back to Europe, and therefore I would shake off every occasion to revisit it.

Though the externals of place and distance are not of much importance to me, yet there is something in large towns that I wish to avoid. As you mention a design of being in Dorsetshire some time soon, may I ask you to make next week that time, and meet me at the town of Poole in that county? Inconsider-

able and unknown as I am, there are circumstances that might mark me out in Picardy; and therefore I shall go by Dieppe to that part of England, where I know I shall, at this season, find an opportunity of getting over the Atlantic.

I enclose a letter to a merchant in London, relating to some business, in which my uncle was concerned, with the house of which he is a partner. Be so kind to forward it, and let him know, that I desire the answer may be committed to your care. As I see, by his correspondence, that he is not altogether a man of business, he may perhaps be desirous of meeting with you, to ask some questions about the nephew of his old acquaintance. He will wonder, as others will, at so rich a man returning to Martinique. If a reason is necessary, invent some one; it is peculiar to misery like mine to be incapable of being told. I shall relapse, if I continue to write. You will, if it is possible, meet me at Poole; if not, write to me thither, where I shall find you. Let your letter wait me at the posthouse. Farewell.

LETTER XLV.

Julia to Maria.

THE hour has almost arrived! My husband has just left me: he came into my room in his riding dress.—"I shall not be at home," said he, "till supper time, and Rouillé's shooting party will detain him till it is late."—The consciousness of my purpose pressed upon my tongue while I answered him; I faltered, and could hardly speak. "You speak faintly," said Montauban. "You are not ill, I hope," taking my hand. I told him, truly, that my head ached a good deal, that it had ached all day, that I meant to try if a walk would do it service. "Perhaps it may," answered he; and methought he looked steadily, and with a sort of question, at me; or rather my own mind interpreted his look in that manner—I believe I blushed——

How I tremble as I look on my watch! Would I could recall my promise!

* * * * * * * * * *

I am somewhat bolder now; but it is not from having conquered my fear; something like despair assists me. It wants but a few minutes—the hand that points them seems to speak as I watch it—I come, Savillon, I come!

—How shall I describe our meeting? I am unfit for describing—it cannot be described—I shall be calmer by and bye.

I know not how I got to the house. From the moment I quitted my chamber, I was unconscious of every thing around me. The first object that struck my eye was Savillon! I recollect my nurse placing me in a chair opposite to where he sat—she left us—I felt the room turning round with me—I had fainted, it seems. When I recovered I found her supporting me in her arms, and holding a phial of salts to my nose. Savillon nad my hands in his, gazing on me with a countenance of distress and terror.—My eye met his, and, for some moments, I looked on him, as I have done in my dreams, unmindful of our situation.—The pressure of his hand awakened me to recollection. He looked on me more earnestly still, and breathed out the word Julia!—It was all he could utter; but it spoke such things, Maria!—You cannot understand its force. Had you felt it as I did!—I could not, indeed I could not, help bursting into tears.

"My dearest children," cried the good Lasune, taking our hands, which were still folded together, and squeezing them in her's. The action had something of that tender simplicity in it, which is not to be resisted. I wept afresh; but my tears were less painful than before.

She fetched a bottle of wine from a cupboard, and forced me to take a glass of it. She offered another to Savillon. He put it by with a gentle inclination of his head. "You shall drink it, indeed, my dear boy," said she; "it is a long time since you tasted any thing in this house."—He gave a deep sigh and drank it.

She had given us time to recover the power of speech; but I knew less how to begin speaking than before. My eyes now found something in Savillon's, which they were ashamed to meet. Lasune left us; I almost wished her to stay.

Savillon sat down in his former place; he threw his eyes on the ground—"I know not," said he, in a faltering voice, "how to thank you for the condescension of this interview—our former

friendship—" I trembled for what he seemed about to say.—"I have not forgotten it," said I, half interrupting him. I saw him start from his former posture, as if awaked by the sound of my voice.—"I ask not," continued he, "to be remembered; I am unworthy of your remembrance.—In a short time I shall be a voluntary exile from France, and breathe out the remains of life amidst a race of strangers, who cannot call forth those affections, that would henceforth be shut to the world!"—"Speak not thus," I cried, "for pity's sake, speak not thus! Live and be happy, happy as your virtues deserve, as Julia wishes you!" "Julia wishes me happy!"—"Oh! Savillon, you know not the heart that you wring thus!—If it has wronged you, you are revenged enough."—"Revenged! revenged on Julia! Heaven is my witness, I entreated this meeting, that my parting words might bless her!"—He fell on his knees before me—"May that Power," he cried, "who formed this excellence, reward it! May every blessing this life can bestow, be the portion of Julia! may she be happy, long after the tongue that asks it is silent for ever, and the heart that now throbs with the wish, has ceased its throbbing!"—Had you seen him, Maria, as he uttered this! What should I have done?—Weeping, trembling, unconscious, as it were, of myself, I spoke I know not what—told him the weakness of my soul, and lamented the destiny that made me another's. This was too much. When I could recollect myself, I felt that it was too much. I would have retracted what I had said: I spoke of the duty I owed to Montauban, of the esteem which his virtues deserved.—"I have heard of his worth," said Savillon; "I needed no proof to be convinced of it; he is the husband of Julia."—There was something in the tone of these last words that undid my resolution again.—I told him of the false intelligence I had received of his marriage, without which no argument of prudence, no partial influence, could have made me the wife of another.—He put his hand to his heart, and threw his eyes wildly to heaven.—I shrunk back at that look of despair, which his countenance assumed.—He took two or three hurried turns through the room; then, resuming his seat, and lowering his voice, "It is enough," said he, "I am fated to be miserable! but the contagion of my destiny shall spread no further.—This night I leave France for ever!"—"This night!" I exclaimed. "It must be so," said he with a determined calmness; "but before I go, let me deposit in your hands this paper. It is a memorial of that Savillon, who was the friend of Julia!"—I opened it: it was a will, bequeathing his fortune to me. "This must not be," said I, "this must not be. Think not, I conjure you, so despairingly of life; live to enjoy that fortune, which is so seldom the reward of merit like

thine. I have no title to its disposal." "You have the best one," returned Savillon, still preserving his composure, "I never valued wealth, but as it might render me, in the language of the world, more worthy of thee. To make it thine was the purpose of my wishing to acquire it: to make it thine, is still in my power." "I cannot receive this, indeed I cannot. Think of the situation in which I stand." I pressed the paper upon him: he took it at last, and pausing, as if he thought, for a moment—"You are right, there may be an impropriety in your keeping it.—Alas! I have scarce a friend to whom I can intrust any thing; yet I may find one, who will see it faithfully executed."

He was interrupted by Lasune, who entered somewhat hurriedly, and told me Lisette was come to fetch me, and that she had met my husband in her way to the house. "We must part then," said he, "for ever!—let not a thought of the unfortunate Savillon disturb the happiness which Heaven allots to Julia: she shall hear of him but once again—when that period arrives, it will not offend the happy Montauban, if she drops a tear to the memory of one, whose love was expiated by his sufferings." —Maria! was it a breach of virtue, if then I threw myself or his neck, if then I wept on his bosom? His look, his last look! I see it still! never shall I forget it!—

Merciful God! at whose altar I vowed fidelity to another! impute not to me as a crime the remembrance of Savillon! Thou canst see the purity of that heart, which bleeds at the remembrance!

Eleven at night.

You know my presentiments of evil; never did I feel them so strong as at present. I trembled to go to bed—the taper that burns by me is dim, and methinks my bed looks like a grave!

I was weak enough to call back Lisette. I pretended some little business for her; the poor girl observed that I looked ill and asked if she should sit by me: I had almost said Yes, but had courage enough to combat my fears in that instance. She bid me Good-night—there was somewhat solemn in her utterance of that Good-night; I fancy mine was not without its particular emphasis, for she looked back wistfully as I spoke.——

I will say my prayers, and forget it; pray for me too, my friend. I have need of your prayers, indeed I have. Good night to my dearest Maria!

If I have recollection enough—Oh! my Maria!—I will be calm—it was but a dream—will you blush for my weakness? yet hear me—if this should be the last time I shall ever write—the memory of my friends mingles with the thought! Yet methinks I could, at this time, beyond any other, die contented.

My fears had given way to sleep; but their impression was on my fancy still. Methought I sat in our family monument at Belville, with a single glimmering lamp, that showed the horrors of the place, when, on a sudden, a light like that of the morning burst on the gloomy vault, and the venerable figures of my fathers, such as I had seen them in the pictures of our hall, stood smiling benignity upon me! The attitude of the foremost was that of attention, his finger resting upon his lip. I listened—when sounds of more than terrestrial melody stole upon my ear, borne, as it were, on the distant wind, till they swelled at last to music so exquisite, that my ravished sense was stretched too far for delusion, and I awoke in the midst of the entrancement!

I rose, with the memory of the sounds full upon my mind; the candle I had ordered to stand by me was still unextinguished. I sat down to the organ, and, with that small soft stop you used to call seraphic, endeavored to imitate their beauty. And never before did your Julia play an air so heavenly, or feel such ecstasy in the power of sound! When I had catched the solemn chord that last arose in my dream, my fingers dwelt involuntarily on the keys, and methought I saw the guardian spirits around me, listening with a rapture like mine!——

But it will not last—the blissful delusion is gone, and I am left a weak and unhappy woman still!—

I am sick at heart, Maria, and a faintness like that of death—

The fit is over, and I am able to write again; and I will write while I am able. Methinks, my friend, I am taking farewell of you, and I would lengthen out the lingering words as much as I can. I am just now recalling the scenes of peaceful happiness we have enjoyed together. I imagine I feel the arm of my Maria thrown round my neck—her tears fall on my bosom!—Think of me when I am gone.—This faintness again!—Farewell! farewell! perhaps——

LETTER XLVI.

Montauban to Segarva.

It is done, Segarva, it is done ;—the poor unthinking—Support me, my friend, support me with the thoughts of that vengeance I owe to my honor—the guilty Julia has but a few hours to live.

I did but listen a moment at the door; I thought I heard her maid upon the stairs—it is not yet the time. Hark!—it was not my wife's bell—the clock struck eleven—never shall she hear it strike that hour again!——

Pardon me, my Segarva; methinks I speak to you, when I scrawl upon this paper. I wish for somebody to speak to; to answer, to comfort, to guide me.

Had you seen her, when these trembling hands delivered her the bowl!—She had complained of being ill, and begged to lie alone; but her illness seemed of the mind, and when she spoke to me, she betrayed the embarrassment of guilt. I gave her the drug as a cordial. She took it from me, smiling, and her look seemed to lose its confusion. She drank my health! She was dressed in a white silk bedgown, ornamented with pale pink ribands. Her cheek was gently flushed from their reflection; her blue eyes were turned upwards as she drank, and a dark brown ringlet lay on her shoulder. Methinks I see her now—how like an angel she looked! Had she been innocent, Segarva!—You know, you know, it is impossible she can be innocent.

Let me recollect myself—a man, a soldier the friend, of Segarva!—

At the word *innocent* I stopped; I could scarce hold my pen: I rose from my seat, I knew not why. Methought some one passed behind me in the room. I snatched up my sword in one hand, and a candle in the other. It was my own figure in a mirror that stood at my back. What a look was mine!—Am I a murderer?—Justice cannot murder, and the vengeance of Montauban is just.

Lonquillez has been with me. I durst not question him when he entered the apartment—but the deed is not done; he ould not find Savillon. After watching for several hours, he met a peasant, whom he had seen attending him the day before, who informed him, that the strange gentleman had set off, some time after it grew dark, in a postchaise, which drove away at full speed. Is my revenge then incomplete? or is one victim sufficient to the injured honor of a husband?—What a victim is that one!

I went down stairs to let Lonquillez out by a private passage, of which I kept the key. When I was returning to my apartment, I heard the sound of music proceeding from my wife's chamber; there is a double door on it; I opened the outer one without any noise, and the inner has some panes of glass a-top, through which I saw part of the room. Segarva! she sat at the organ, her fingers pressing on the keys, and her look upraised with enthusiastic rapture!—the solemn sounds still ring in my ear! such as angels might play when the sainted soul ascends to heaven! I am the fool of appearances, when I have such proofs—Lisette is at my door.

It is now that I feel myself a coward; the horrid draught has begun to operate!—She thinks herself in danger; a physician is sent for, but he lives at a distance; before he arrives—Oh! Segarva!

She begged I would quit the chamber; she saw my confusion, and thought it proceeded from distress at her illness.—Can guilt be thus mistress of herself?—let me not think that way—my brain is too weak for it?—Lisette again!

She is guilty, and I am not a murderer! I go to——

LETTER XLVII.

Monsieur de Rouillé to Mademoiselle de Roncilles.

MADAME,—The writer of this letter has no title to address you, except that which common friendship and common calamity may give him.

Amidst the fatal scenes, which he has lately witnessed, his recollection was lost; when it returned, it spoke of Mademoiselle de Roncilles, the first, he believes, and dearest friend of the most amiable, but most unfortunate, Madame de Montauban. The office he now undertakes is terrible; but it is necessary. You must soon be told that your excellent friend is no more! Here it then from one who knew her excellence, as you did; who tells the horrid circumstances of her death with a bleeding heart. Yes, Madame, I must prepare you for horrors; and, while the remembrance tears my own bosom, assume the calmness that is necessary for yours.

On the evening of Thursday last, I was told Madame de Montauban was a good deal indisposed, and had gone to bed before her usual time. At a very short and silent supper, I perceived her husband uncommonly agitated, and, as soon as decency would allow me, withdrew and left him. Between eleven and twelve o'clock (I had not yet gone to bed), one of the maidservants came to my room, begging I would instantly attend her to the chamber of her mistress, who was so extremely ill, that without immediate assistance, they feared the very worst consequences. I had formerly a little knowledge of physic, and had been in use to practise it in some particular campaigns, when abler hands could not be had. I ran down stairs with the servant, desiring my own man to seek out a little case of lancets and follow us. The girl informed her mistress of my being at the door of her apartment. She desired I might come in, and, with that smile which sickness could not quench, stretched out her hand to me. I found her pulse low and weak, and she complained of a strange fluttering at her heart, which hardly allowed her to speak. I was afraid to venture on bleeding, and only gave her a little of some common restoratives that were at hand. She found herself somewhat relieved, and sat up in her bed supported by her maid. Montauban entered the room: his countenance surprised me: it was not that of distress alone, it was marked with turbulence and horror. It seemed to hurt his wife. At that moment she was scarce able

to speak; but she forced out a few broken words, begging him to leave the room, for that her illness affected him too much. He withdrew in silence. In a little time, she seemed a good deal easier; but her pulse was still lower than before. She ordered her maid to call Monsieur de Montauban again: "I dare not trust to future moments," said she, "and I have something important to reveal to him."—I offered to leave the room as he entered.—"His friend may hear it," she said, in a faltering voice. She fixed her eye languidly, but steadily, on Montauban. He advanced towards her with an eager gaze, without uttering a word. When she would have spoken, her voice failed her again, and she beckoned, but with a modesty in her action, signifying her desire that he should sit down by her. She took his hand; he seemed unconscious of her taking it, and continued to bend a look of earnestness upon her.

When she had recovered the power of utterance, "I feel, Sir," said she, "something in this illness productive of the worst; at any rate, I would prepare for it. If I am now to die, I hope," lifting up her eyes with a certain meek assurance which it is impossible to paint, "I die in peace with Heaven! there is one account which I wish to settle with you. These moments of ease, which I enjoy, are allowed me to confess my offence, and entreat your forgiveness."

"Thou wert guilty then?"—exclaimed her husband, starting from his seat. She paused in astonishment at the impassioned gesture he assumed. "Speak!" cried Montauban, recovering himself a little, his voice suffocated with the word.

"When you have heard me," said Julia, "you will find I am less guilty than unfortunate; yet I am not innocent, for then I should not have been the wife of Montauban.

"When I became yours, my heart owned you not for the lord of its affections; there was an attachment——yet look not so sternly on me—He, in whose favor that prepossession was formed, would not have wronged you if he could. His virtues were the objects of my affection; and had Savillon been the thing you fear, Julia had been guiltless even of loving him in secret. Till yesterday he never told me his love; till yesterday he knew not I had ever loved him."—

"But yesterday," cried Montauban, seeming to check the agitation he had shown before, and lowering his voice into a tone of calm severity.

"For the offence of yesterday," said she, "I would obtain your pardon, and die in peace. I met Savillon in secret; I saw the anguish of his soul, and pitied it. Was it a crime thus to meet him? Was it a crime to confess my love, while I received the last farewell of the unfortunate Savillon? This is

my offence—perhaps the last that Julia can commit or you forgive?"

He clasped his hands convulsively together, and throwing up to heaven a look of despair, fell senseless into my arms. Julia would have sprung to his assistance, but her strength was unequal to the effort; her maid screamed for help, and several of the servants rushed into the room. We recovered the hapless Montauban; he looked round wildly for a moment, then fastening his eyes on Julia—"I have murdered thee," he cried; "that draught I gave thee——that draught was death! He would have pressed her to his bosom; she sunk from his embrace—her closing eye looked piteous upon him——her hand was half stretched to his—and a single sigh breathed out her soul to heaven!

"She shall not die," he cried, eagerly catching hold of her hand, and bending over her lifeless body with a glare of inconceivable horror in his aspect. I laid hold of his arm, endeavoring to draw his attention towards me; but he seemed not to regard me, and continued that frightful gaze upon the remains of his much-injured wife. I made a sign for the servants to assist me, and taking his hand, began to use a gentle sort of violence to lead him away. He started back a few paces, without, however, altering the direction of his eye, "you may torture me," cried he wildly, "I can bear it all—Ha! Segarva there!—let them prove the handwriting if they can—mark it, I say, there is no blood in her face—let me ask one question of the doctor—you know the effects of poison—her lips are white—bid Savillon kiss them now——they shall speak no more—Julia shall speak no more!"

Word was now brought me, that the physician, who had been sent for to the assistance of Julia, was arrived. He had come, alas! too late for her; but I meant to use his skill on behalf of Montauban. I repeated my endeavors, to get him away from the dreadful object before him; and at last, though he seemed not to heed the entreaties I made use of, he allowed himself to be conducted to his own apartment, where the doctor was in waiting. There were marks of confusion in this man's countenance, which I wished to dissipate. I made use of some expressive looks, to signify that he should appear more easy; and, assuming that manner myself, begged Montauban to allow him to feel his pulse. "You come to see my wife," said he, turning towards him—"tread softly—she will do well enough when she wakes. There! (stretching out his arm)—your hand trembles sadly; I will count the beatings myself—here is something amiss; but I am not mad. Your name is Arpentier, mine is Montauban—I am not mad." The physician desired him to get

undressed and g[illegible] been [illegible] as [illegible] ars
ad slept these two nights——but I [illegible] no[illegible]
some point across the ground——but we should [illegible]
well thought on."

His servant had begun to undress him. He was [illegible]
minutes and as close as returns will [illegible]
and his face assumed more [illegible]
formerly. He made a sign [illegible]
see me when I was [illegible]——I [illegible]
self to me and squeezing my [illegible]
just now. I know I am [illegible]——
perhaps as servant to stay [illegible]
but at any rate not to leave [illegible]

I know not how I was [illegible]
The moment I set [illegible]
witnessed rushed upon my mind [illegible]
what passed till I found myself [illegible]
remains of the ill-fated [illegible]
with a letter in his hand [illegible]
been found upon the [illegible]
me, saying, I [illegible]
only to the [illegible]
dreadful torments of [illegible]
tracted wife of [illegible]
less. his pet [illegible]
by poison. [illegible]
that I have [illegible]

But [illegible]
us to leave [illegible]
was dead. [illegible]
Montalieu was [illegible]
out hope, [illegible]
success. I [illegible]
the fatal [illegible]
ing on the [illegible]
examining the [illegible]
the count [illegible]
table, a [illegible]
the face of [illegible]
LAUDANUM: [illegible]
ium, before he went [illegible]

Such was the [illegible]
cise of every [illegible]
stained with a [illegible]
amiable wife, I recall [illegible]
friend, and would shelter it [illegible]

that honor which he worshipped plead in his defence. That honor we have worshipped together, and I would not weaken its sacred voice; but I look on the body of Montauban—I weep over the pale corpse of Julia! I shudder at the sacrifices of mistaken honor, and lift up my hands to pity and to justice.

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END OF JULIA DE ROUBIGNÉ.

PAPERS FROM THE MIRROR:

A PERIODICAL PAPER,

PUBLISHED AT EDINBURGH IN THE YEARS 1779-80.

PAPERS FROM THE MIRROR.

[No. 12. Saturday, March 6, 1779.]

To the Author of the Mirror:

Sir—I am a plain country gentleman, with a small fortun and a large family. My boys, all except the youngest, I have contrived to set out into the world in tolerably promising situations. My two eldest girls are married; one to a clergyman, with a very comfortable living, and a respectable character; the other to a neighbor of my own, who farms most of his own estate, and is supposed to know country business as well as any man in this part of the kingdom. I have four other girls at home, whom I wish to make fit wives for men of equal rank with their brothers-in-law.

About three months ago, a great lady in our neighborhood (at least as neighborhood is reckoned in our quarter) happened to meet the two eldest of my unmarried daughters at the house of a gentleman, a distant relation of mine, and, as well as myself, a freeholder in our county. The girls are tolerably handsome, and I have endeavored to make them understand the common rules of good-breeding. My Lady —— rang out to my kinsman, who happens to have no children of his own, in praise of their beauty and politeness, and, at parting, gave them a most pressing invitation to come and spend a week with her during the aproaching Christmas holidays. On my daughters' return from their kinsman's, I was not altogether pleased of hearing of this invitation; nor was I more satisfied with the very frequent quotations of my Lady ——'s sayings and sentiments, and the descriptions of the beauty of her complexion, the elegance of her dress, and the grandeur of her equipage. I opposed, therefore, their design of paying this Christmas visit pretty warmly. Upon this, the honor done them by the invitation, the advantages to be derived from the acquaintance with the great lady, and the benefit that might accrue to my family from the influence of her lord, were immediately rung in my

ears, not only by my daughters, but also by their mother, whom they had already gained over to their side; and I must own to you, Mr. Mirror, though I would not have you think me henpecked, that my wife, somehow or other, contrives to carry most points in our family; so my opposition was over-ruled; and to —— the girls went; but not before they had made a journey to the metropolis of our county, and brought back a portmanteau full of necessaries, to qualify them for appearing decently, as my wife said, in the company they should meet there.

In about a month, for their visit was drawn out to that length, my daughters returned. But had you seen, Mr. Mirror, what an alteration that month had made on them! Instead of the rosy complexions, and sparkling eyes, they had carried with them, they brought back cheeks as white as a curd, and eyes as dead as the beads in the face of a wax baby.

I could not help expressing my surprise at the sight; but the younger of the two ladies immediately cut me short, by telling me that their complexion was the only one worn at ——.

And no wonder, Sir, it should, from the description which my daughters sometimes give us of the life people lead there. Instead of rising at seven, breakfasting at nine, dining at three, supping at eight, and getting to bed by ten, as was their custom at home, my girls lay till twelve, breakfasted at one, dined at six, supped at eleven, and were never in bed till three in the morning. Their shapes had undergone as much alteration as their faces. From their bosoms (*necks* they call them), which were squeezed up to their throats, their waists tapered down to a very extraordinary smallness; they resembled the upper half of an hourglass. At this, also, I marvelled; but it was the only shape worn at ——. Next day, at dinner, after a long morning preparation, they appeared with heads of such a size, that my little parlor was not of height enough to let them stand upright in it. This was the most striking metamorphosis of all. Their mother stared; I ejaculated; my other children burst out a laughing; the answer was the same as before; it was the only head worn at ——.

Nor is their behaviour less changed than their garb. Instead of joining in the good-humored cheerfulness we used to have among us before, my two *fine* young ladies check every approach to mirth, by calling it *vulgar*. One of them chid their brother the other day for laughing, and told him it was monstrously ill-bred. In the evenings, when we were wont, if we had nothing else to do, to fall to blindman's-buff, or cross-purposes, or sometimes to play at loo for cherry-stones, these two get a pack of cards to themselves, and sit down to play for any

little money their visit has left them, at a game none of us know any thing about. It seems, indeed, the dullest of all amusements, as it consists in merely turning up the faces of the cards, and repeating their names from an ace upwards, as if the players were learning to speak, and had got only thirteen words in their vocabulary. But of this and every other custom at ——, nobody is allowed to judge but themselves. They have got a parcel of phrases, which they utter on all occasions as decisive, French, I believe, though I can scarce find any of them in the dictionary, and am unable to put them upon paper; but all of them mean something extremely fashionable, and are constantly supported by the authority of my lady, or the countess, his lordship, or Sir John.

As they have learned many foreign, so have they unlearned some of the most common and best understood home phrases. When one of my neighbors was lamenting the extravagance and dissipation of a young kinsman who had spent his fortune, and lost his health in London and at Newmarket, they called it *life*, and said it showed spirit in the young man. After the same rule they lately declared, that a gentleman could not *live* on less than 1000*l.* a year, and called the account which their mantuamaker and milliner sent me, for their fineries purchased for their visit at ——, a trifle, though it amounted to 59*l.* 11*s.* 4*d.*; exactly a fourth part of the clear income of my estate.

All this, Mr. Mirror, I look upon as a sort of pestilential disorder, with which my poor daughters have been infected in the course of this unfortunate visit. This consideration has induced me to treat them hitherto with lenity and indulgence, and try to effect their cure by mild methods, which indeed suit my temper (naturally of a pliant kind, as every body, except my wife, says) better than harsh ones. Yet I confess, I could not help being in a passion t'other day, when the disorder showed symptoms of a more serious kind. Would you believe it, Sir, my daughter Elizabeth (since her visit she is offended if we call her Betty) said it was fanatical to find fault with card playing on Sunday; and her sister Sophia gravely asked my son-in-law, the clergy man, if he had not some doubts of the soul's immortality.

As certain great cities, I have heard, are never free from the plague, and at last come to look upon it as nothing terrible or extraordinary; so, I suppose, in London, or even your town, Sir, this disease always prevails, and is but little dreaded. But, in the country, it will be productive of melancholy effects indeed: if suffered to spread there, it will not only embitter our lives, and spoil our domestic happiness, as at present it does mine, but, in its most violent stages, will bring our estates to market, our daughters to ruin, and our sons to the gallows. Be

so humane, therefore, Mr. Mirror, as to suggest some expedient for keeping it confined within those limits in which it rages at present. If no public regulation can be contrived for that purpose (though I cannot help thinking this disease of the great people merits the attention of government, as much as the distemper among the *horned cattle*,) try, at least, the effects of private admonition, to prevent the sound from approaching the infected; let all little men like myself, and every member of their families, be cautious of holding intercourse with the persons or families of dukes, earls, lords, nabobs, or contractors, till they have good reason to believe that such persons and their households are in a sane and healthy state, and in no danger of communicating this dreadful disorder. And, if it has left such great and noble persons any feelings of compassion, pray put them in mind of that well known fable of the boys and the frogs, which they must have learned at school. Tell them, Sir, that, though the making fools of their poor neighbors may serve them for a Christmas gambol, it is matter of serious wretchedness to those poor neighbors in the afterpart of their lives; "It is sport to them, but death to us."

I am, Sir, &c.

JOHN HOMESPUN.

[No. 17. TUESDAY, MARCH 23, 1779.]

Insanit veteres statuas Damasippus emendo.—*Hor.*

To the Editor of the Mirror:

SIR—As I am persuaded that you will not think it without the province of a work such as yours, to throw your eye sometimes upon the inferior ranks of life, where there is any error that calls loud for amendment, I will make no apology for sending you the following narrative.

I was married, about five years ago, to a young man in a good way of business, as a grocer, whose character, for sobriety and diligence in his trade, was such as to give me the assurance of a very comfortable establishment in the meantime, and, in case Providence should bless us with children, the prospect of making a tolerable provision for them. For three years after our marriage there never was a happier couple. Our shop was so well frequented, as to require the constant attendance of both of us; and, as it was my greatest pleasure, to see the cheerful

activity of my husband, and the obliging attention which he showed to every customer, he has often, during that happy time, declared to me, that the sight of my face behind the counter (though, indeed, Sir, my looks are but homely) made him think his humble condition far more blessed than that of the wealthiest of our neighbors, whose possessions deprived them of the high satisfaction of purchasing, by their daily labor, the comfort and happiness of a beloved object.

In the evenings, after our small repast, which, if the day had been more than usually busy, we sometimes ventured to finish with a glass or two of punch; while my husband was constantly engaged with his books and accounts, it was my employment to sit by his side knitting, and, at the same time, to tend the cradle of our first child, a girl, who is now a fine prattling creature of four years of age, and begins already to give me some little assistance in the care of a younger brother and sister.

Such was the picture of our little family, in which we once enjoyed all the happiness that virtuous industry, and the most perfect affection can bestow. But those pleasing days, Mr. Mirror, are now at an end.

The sources of unhappiness in my situation are very different from those of other unfortunate married persons. It is not of my husband's idleness or extravagance, his ill-nature or his avarice, that I have to complain; neither are we unhappy from any decrease of affection, or disagreement in our opinions. But I will not, Sir, keep you longer in suspense. In short, it is my misfortune that my husband is become a *man of taste*.

The first symptom of this malady, for it is now become a disease indeed, manifested itself, as I have said, about two years ago, when it was my husband's ill-luck to receive one day from a customer, in payment of a pound of sugar, a crooked piece of silver, which he, at first, mistook for a shilling, but found, on examination, to have some strange characters upon it, which neither of us could make any thing of. An acquaintance coming in, who, it seems, had some knowledge of those matters, declared it at once to be a very curious coin of Alexander the Third; and, affirming that he knew a virtuoso who would be extremely glad to be possessed of it, bid him half a guinea for it on the spot. My poor husband, who knew as little of Alexander the Third as of Alexander the Great, or his other namesake, the Coppersmith, was nevertheless persuaded, from the extent of the offer, and the opinion he had of his friend's discernment, that he was possessed of a very valuable curiosity; and in this he was fully confirmed, when, on showing it to the virtuoso above mentioned, he was immediately offered triple the former sum. This too was rejected, and the crooked coin was

now judged inestimable. It would tire your patience, Mr. Mirror, to describe minutely the progress of my husband's delirium. The neighbors soon heard of our acquisition, and flocked to be indulged with a sight of it. Others who had valuable curiosities of the same kind, but were prudent enough not to reckon them quite beyond all price, were, by much entreaty, prevailed on by my husband to exchange them for guineas, half guineas, and crown pieces; so that, in about a month's time, he could boast of being possessed of twenty pieces, all of inestimable value, which cost him only the trifling sum of 18*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

But the malady did not rest here; it is a dreadful thing, Mr. Mirror, to get a taste. It ranges from "heaven above, to the earth beneath, and to the waters under the earth." Every production of nature, or of art, remarkable either for beauty or deformity, but particularly, if either scarce or old, is now the object of my husband's avidity. The profits of our business, once considerable, but now daily diminishing, are expended, not only in coins, but on shells, lumps of different colored stones, dried butterflies, old pictures, ragged books, and worm-eaten parchments.

Our house, which it was once my highest pleasure to keep in order, it would be now equally vain to attempt cleaning as the ark of Noah. The children's bed is supplied by an Indian canoe; and the poor little creatures sleep three of them in a hammock, slung up to the roof between a stuffed crocodile, and the skeleton of a calf with two heads. Even the commodities of our shop have been turned out to make room for trash and vermin. Kites, owls, and bats are perched upon the top of our shelves; and, it was but yesterday, that, putting my hand into a glass jar that used to contain pickles, I laid hold of a large tarantula in place of a mango.

In the bitterness of my soul, Mr. Mirror, I have been often tempted to revenge myself on the objects of my husband's phrenzy, by burning, smashing, and destroying them without mercy; but, besides that such violent procedure might have effects too dreadful upon a brain which, I fear, is already much unsettled, I could not take such a course, without being guilty of a fraud to our creditors, several of whom will, I believe, sooner or later, find it their only means of reimbursement, to take back each man his own monsters.

Meantime, Sir, as my husband constantly peruses your paper, (one instance of his taste which I cannot object to) I have some small hopes that a good effect may be produced by giving him a fair view of himself in your moral looking glass. If such should be the happy consequence of your publishing this letter,

you shall have the sincerest thanks of a grateful heart, from your now disconsolate humble servant,*

REBECCA PRUNE.

I cannot help expressing my suspicion that Mrs. Rebecca Prune has got somebody to write her letter. If she wrote it herself, I am afraid it may be thought that the grocer's wife, who is so knowing in what she describes, and can joke so learned on her spouse's ignorance of the three Alexanders, has not much reason to complain of her husband's being a *man of taste.*

Her case, however, is truly distressful, and in the particular species of her husband's disorder, rather uncommon. The taste of a man in his station, generally looks for some reputation from his neighbors and the world, and walks out of doors to show itself to both.

I remember, a good many years ago, to have visited the villa of a citizen of Bath, who had made a considerable fortune by the profession of a toyman in that city. It was curious to observe how much he had carried the ideas of his trade into his house and grounds, if such might be called a kind of gothic building, of about eighteen feet by twelve, and an enclosure, somewhat short of an acre. The first had only a few closets within; but it made a most gallant and warlike show without. It had turrets about the size of the king at ninepins, and battlements like the side crust of a Christmas goose pie. To complete the appearance of a castle, we entered by a drawbridge, which, in construction and dimensions, exactly resembled the lid of a travelling trunk. To the right of the house was a puddle, which, however, was dignified with the name of a harbor, defended by two redoubts, under cover of which lay a vessel of the size of an ordinary bathing tub, mounting a parcel of old toothpick cases, fitted up into guns, and manned with some of the toyman's little family of plaything figures, with red jackets, and striped trowsers, whom he had impressed into the service. The place where this vessel lay, a fat little man, whom I had met on the shore, who seemed an intimate acquaintance of the proprietor, informed me was called Spithead, and the ship's name, he told me, pointing to the picture on her stern, was The Victory.

This gentleman afterwards conducted me, not without some fear, across a Chinese bridge, to a pagoda, in which it was necessary to assume a posture of devotion, as there was not

* The foregoing letter was written by Mr. Fraser Tytler, now Lord Woodhouselee; the rest of the paper by Mr. Mackenzie.

room to stand upright. On the sides of the great serpentine walk, as he termed it, by which we returned from this edifice, I found a device, which my cicerone looked upon as a master-stroke of genius. The ground was shaped into the figures of the different suits of cards; so that here was the heart walk, the diamond walk, the club walk, and the spade walk; the last of which had the additional advantage of being sure to produce a pun. On my observing how pleasant and ingenious all this was, my conductor answered, "Ay, ay, let him alone for that: he has given them a little of every thing, you see; and so he may, Sir, for he can very well afford it."

I believe we must rest the matter here. In this land of freedom, there is no restraining the liberty of being ridiculous; I would only entreat Mr. Prune, and, indeed, many of his betters, to have some regard for their wives and families, and not to make fools of themselves, till, like the Bath toyman, they can very well afford it.

[No. 23. Tuesday, April 13, 1779.]

——————— Et isti
Errori nomen virtus posuisset honestum.—*Hor.*

I was lately applied to by a friend, in behalf of a gentleman, who, he said, had been unfortunate in life, to whom he was desirous of doing a particular piece of service, in which he thought my assistance might be useful: "Poor fellow," said he, "I wish to serve him, because I always knew him, dissipated and thoughtless as he was, to be a good-hearted man, guilty of many imprudent things, indeed, but without meaning any harm! In short, no one's enemy but his own."

I afterwards learned more particularly the circumstances of this gentleman's life and conversation, which I will take the liberty of laying before my readers, in order to show them what they are to understand by the terms used by my friend—terms, which, I believe, he was nowise singular in using.

The person, whose interests he espoused, was heir to a very considerable estate. He lost his father when an infant; and being, unfortunately, an only son, was too much the darling of his mother ever to be contradicted. During his childhood he was not suffered to play with his equals, because he was to be the king of all sports, and to be allowed a sovereign and arbitrary dominion over the persons and properties of his playfellows. At school he was attended by a servant, who helped

him to thrash boys who were too strong to be thrashed by himself; and had a tutor at home, who translated the Latin which was too hard for him to translate. At college he began to assume the man, by treating at taverns, making parties to the country, filling his tutor drunk, and hiring blackguards to break the windows of the professor with whom he was boarded. He took in succession the degrees of a wag, a pickle, and a lad of mettle. For a while, having made an elopement with his mother's maid, and fathered three children of other people, he got the appellation of a dissipated dog; but at last, betaking himself entirely to the bottle, and growing red-faced and fat, he obtained the denomination of an honest fellow; which title he continued to enjoy as long as he had money to pay, or indeed much longer, while he had credit to score for his reckoning.

During this last part of his progress, he married a poor girl, whom her father, from a mistaken idea of his fortune, forced to sacrifice herself to his wishes. After a very short space, he grew too indifferent about her to use her ill, and broke her heart with the best-natured neglect in the world. Of two children whom he had by her, one died at nurse soon after the death of its mother; the eldest, a boy of spirit like his father, after twice running away from school, was at last sent on board a Guineaman, and was knocked on the head by a sailor, in a quarrel about a negro wench, on the coast of Africa.

Generosity, however, was a part of his character, which he never forfeited. Besides lending money genteelly to many worthless companions, and becoming surety for every man who asked him, he did some truly charitable actions to very deserving objects. These were told to his honor; and people who had met with refusals from more considerate men, spoke of such actions as the genuine test of feeling and humanity. They misinterpreted scripture for indulgence to his errors on account of his charity, and extolled the goodness of his heart in every company where he was mentioned. Even while his mother, during her last illness, was obliged to accept of money from her physician, because she could not obtain payment of her jointure, and while, after his decease, his two sisters were dunning him every day, without effect, for the small annuity left them by their father, he was called a good-hearted man by three-fourths of his acquaintance; and when, after having pawned their clothes, rather than distress him, those sisters commenced a lawsuit to enforce him to do them justice, the same impartial judges pronounced them hardhearted and unnatural: nay, the story is still told to their prejudice, though they now prevent their brother from starving, out of the profits of a little shop which they were then obliged to set up for their support.

The abuse of the terms used by my friend, in regard to the character of this unfortunate man, would be sufficiently striking from the relation I have given, without the necessity of my offering any comment on it. Yet the misapplication of them is a thousand times repeated by people who have known and felt instances, equally glaring, of such injustice. It may seem invidious to lessen the praises of any praiseworthy quality; but it is essential to the interests of virtue, that insensibility should not be allowed to assume the title of good nature, nor profusion to usurp the honors of generosity.

The effect of such misplaced and ill-founded indulgence is hurtful in a double degree. It encourages the evil which it forbears to censure, and discourages the good qualities which are found in men of decent and sober characters. If we look into the private histories of unfortunate families, we shall find most of their calamities to have proceeded from a neglect of the useful duties of sobriety, economy, and attention to domestic concerns, which, though they shine not in the eye of the world, nay, are often subject to its obloquy, are yet the surest guardians of virtue, of honor, and of independence.

"Be just before you are generous," is a good old proverb, which the profligate hero of a much admired comedy is made to ridicule, in a well-turned, and even a sentimental period. But what right have those squanderers of their own and other men's fortunes to assume the merit of generosity? Is parting with that money, which they value so little, generosity? Let them restrain their dissipation, their riot, their debauchery, when they are told that these bring ruin on the persons and families of the honest and the industrious; let them sacrifice one pleasure to humanity, and then tell us of their generosity and their feeling. A transient instance, in which the prodigal relieved want with his purse, or the thoughtless debauchee promoted merit by his interest, no more deserves the appellation of generosity, than the rashness of a drunkard is entitled to the praises of valor, or the freaks of a madman to the laurels of genius.

In the character of a man, considered as a being of any respect at all, we immediately see a relation to his friends, his neighbors, and his country. His duties only confer real dignity, and, what may not be so easily allowed, but is equally true, can bestow real pleasure. I know not an animal more insignificant, or less happy, than a man without any ties of affection, or any exercise of duty. He must be very forlorn, or very despicable, indeed, to whom it is possible to apply the phrase used by my friend, in characterizing the person whose story I have related as above, and to say,—that he is no one's enemy but his own.

[No. 25. Tuesday, April 20, 1779.]

To the Author of the Mirror:

Sir—Some time ago, I troubled you with a letter, giving an account of a particular sort of grievance felt by the families of men of small fortunes, from their acquaintance with those of great ones. I am emboldened by the favorable reception of my first letter, to write you a second upon the same subject.

You will remember, Sir, my account of a visit which my daughters paid to a great lady in our neighborhood, and of the effects which that visit had upon them. I was beginning to hope that time, and the sobriety of manners which home exhibited, would restore them to their former situation, when, unfortunately, a circumstance happened, still more fatal to me than their expedition to ——. This, Sir, was the honor of a visit from the great lady in return.

I was just returning from the superintendence of my ploughs in a field I have lately enclosed, when I was met, on the green before my door, by a gentleman (for such I took him to be) mounted upon a very handsome gelding, who asked me, by the appellation of honest friend, if this was not Mr. Homespun's; and, in the same breath, whether the ladies were at home? I told him, my name was Homespun, the house was mine, and my wife and daughters were, I believed, within. Upon this, the young man, pulling off his hat, and begging my pardon for calling me honest, said, he was despatched by Lady ——, with her compliments to Mrs. and Misses Homespun, and that, if convenient, she intended herself the honor of dining with them, on her return from B—— park (the seat of another great and rich lady in our neighborhood).

I confess, Mr. Mirror, I was struck somewhat of an heap with the message; and it would not, in all probability, have received an immediate answer, had it not been overheard by my eldest daughter, who had come to the window on the appearance of a stranger. "Mr. Papillot," said she immediately, "I rejoice to see you; I hope your lady and all the family are well." "Very much at your service, Ma'am," he replied, with a low bow; "my lady sent me before, with the offer of her best compliments, and that, if convenient," and so forth, repeating his words to me. "She does us infinite honor," said my young madam; "let her ladyship know how happy her visit will make us; but, in the meantime, Mr. Papillot, give your horse to one of the servants

and come in and have a glass of something after your ride." "I am afraid," answered he, (pulling out his righthand watch, for, would you believe it, Sir! the fellow had one in each fob,) "I shall hardly have time to meet my lady at the place she appointed me." On a second invitation, however, he dismounted, and went into the house, leaving his horse to the care of the servants; but the servants, as my daughter very well knew, were all in the fields at work; so I, who have a liking for a good horse, and cannot bear to see him neglected, had the honor of putting Mr. Papillot's in the stable myself.

After about an hour's stay, for the gentleman seemed to forget his hurry within doors, Mr. Papillot departed. My daughters, I mean the two polite ones, observed how handsome he was; and added another observation, that it was only to particular friends my lady sent messages by him, who was her own body servant, and not accustomed to such offices. My wife seemed highly pleased with this last remark: I was about to be angry; but on such occasions it is not my way to say much; I generally shrug up my shoulders in silence; yet, as I said before, Mr. Mirror, I would not have you think me henpecked.

By this time, every domestic about my house, male and female, were called from their several employments to assist in the preparations for her ladyship's reception. It would tire you to enumerate the various shifts that were made, by purchasing, borrowing, &c., to furnish out a dinner suitable to the occasion. My little gray poney, which I kept for sending to market, broke his wind in the cause, and has never been good for any thing since.

Nor was there less ado in making ourselves and our attendants fit to appear before such company. The female part of the family managed the matter pretty easily; women, I observe, having a natural talent that way. My wife took upon herself the charge of apparelling me for the occasion. A laced suit, which I had worn at my marriage, was got up for the purpose; but the breeches burst a seam at the very first attempt of pulling them on, and the sleeves of the coat were also impracticable: so she was forced to content herself with clothing me in my Sunday's coat and breeches, with the laced waistcoat of the abovementioned suit, slit in the back, to set them off a little. My gardener, who has been accustomed, indeed, to serve in many capacities, had his head cropped, curled, and powdered, for the part of butler: one of the best-looking ploughboys had a yellow cape clapped to his Sunday's coat, to make him pass for a servant in livery; and we borrowed my son-in-law the parson's man for a third hand.

All this was accomplished, though not without some tumult

and disorder, before the arrival of the great lady. She gave us, indeed, more time for the purpose than we looked for, as it was near six o'clock before she arrived. But this was productive of a misfortune on the other hand; the dinner my poor wife had bustled, sweated, and scolded for, was so overboiled, overstewed, and over roasted, that it needed the appetite of so late an hour to make it go down well even with me, who am not very nice in these matters; luckily, her ladyship, as I am told, never eats much, for fear of spoiling her shape, now that small waists have come into fashion again.

The dinner, however, though spoiled in the cooking, was not thrown away, as her ladyship's train made shift to eat the greatest part of it. When I say her train, I do not mean her servants only, of which there were half a dozen in livery, besides the illustrious Mr. Papillot, and her ladyship's maid, gentlewoman I should say, who had a table to themselves. Her parlor attendants were equally numerous, consisting of two ladies and six gentlemen, who had accompanied her ladyship in this excursion, and did us the honor of coming to eat and drink with us, and bringing their servants to do the same, though we had never seen or heard of them before.

During the progress of this entertainment, there were several little embarrassments which might appear ridiculous in description, but were matters of serious distress to us. Soup was spilled, dishes overturned, and glasses broken, by the awkwardness of our attendants; and things were not a bit mended by my wife's solicitude (who, to do her justice, had all her eyes about her) to correct them.

From the time of her ladyship's arrival, it was impossible that dinner could be over before it was dark; this, with the consideration of the bad road she had to pass through in her way to the next house she meant to visit, produced an invitation from my wife and daughters to pass the night with us; which, after a few words of apology for the trouble she gave us, and a few more of the honor we received, was agreed to. This gave rise to a new scene of preparation, rather more difficult than that before dinner. My wife and I were dislodged from our own apartment, to make room for our noble guest. Our four daughters were crammed in by us, and slept on the floor, that their rooms might be left for the two ladies and four of the gentlemen who were entitled to the greatest degree of respect; for the remaining two, we found beds at my son-in-law's. My two eldest daughters had, indeed, little time to sleep, being closeted the greatest part of the night with their right honorable visiter. My offices were turned topsy-turvy for the accom-

modation of the servants of my guests, and my horses turned into the fields, that theirs might occupy my stable.

All these are hardships of their kind, Mr. Mirror, which the honor that accompanies them seems to me not fully to compensate; but these are slight grievances, in comparison with what I have to complain of as the effects of this visit. The malady of my two eldest daughters is not only returned with increased violence upon them, but has now communicated itself to every other branch of my family. My wife, formerly a decent discreet woman, who liked her own way, indeed, but was a notable manager, now talks of this and that piece of expense as necessary to the rank of a gentlewoman, and has lately dropped some broad hints, that a winter in town is necessary to the accomplishments of one. My two younger daughters have got the heads that formerly belonged to their eldest sisters, to each of whom, unfortunately, the great lady presented a set of feathers, for which new heads were essentially requisite.

The inside of all of them has undergone a very striking metamorphosis, from this one night's instruction of their visiter. There is, it seems, a fashion in morality, as well as in dress; and the present mode is not quite so strait-laced as the stays are. My two fine ladies talked, a few mornings ago, of such a gentleman's connexion with Miss C——, and such another's arrangement with Lady G——, with all the ease in the world; yet these words, I find, being interpreted, mean nothing less than fornication and adultery. I sometimes remonstrate warmly, especially when I have my son-in-law to back me, against these newfangled freedoms; but another doctrine they have learned is, that a father and a parson may preach as they please, but are to be followed only according to the inclination of their audience. Indeed, I could not help observing, that my Lady —— never mentioned her absent lord, (who, I understand, is seldom of her parties,) except sometimes to let us know how much she differed in opinion from him.

This contempt of authority, and affectation of fashion, has gone a step lower in my household. My gardener has tied his hair behind, and stolen my flour to powder it, ever since he saw Mr. Papillot: and yesterday he gave me warning that he should leave me next term, if I did not take him into the house, and provide another hand for the work in the garden. I found a great hoyden, who washes my daughters' linens, sitting the other afternoon, dressed in one of their cast fly-caps, entertaining this same oaf of a gardener, and the wives of two of my farm-servants, with tea, forsooth; and when I chid her for it, she replied, that Mrs. Dimity, my Lady ——'s gentlewoman, told

her, all the maids at —— had tea, and saw company of an afternoon.

But I am resolved on a reformation, Mr. Mirror, and shall let my wife and daughters know, that I will be master of my own house and my own expenses, and will neither be made a fool or a beggar, though it were after the manner of the greatest lord in christendom. Yet I confess I am always for trying gentle methods first. I beg, therefore, that your will insert this in your next paper, and add to it some exhortations of your own to prevail on them, if possible, to give over a behaviour, which I think, under favor, is rather improper even in great folks, but is certainly ruinous to little ones.

I am, Sir, &c.

JOHN HOMESPUN

[No. 42. SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1779.]

WHEN I first undertook this publication, it was suggested by some of my friends, and, indeed, accorded entirely with my own ideas, that there should be nothing of religion in it. There is a sacredness in the subject that might seem profaned by its introduction into a work, which, to be extensively read, must sometimes be ludicrous, and often ironical. This consideration will apply, in the strongest manner, to any thing mystic or controversial; but it may, perhaps, admit of an exception, when religion is only introduced as a feeling, not a system, as appealing to the sentiments of the heart, not to the disquisitions of the head. The following story holds it up in that light, and is therefore, I think, admissible into the Mirror. It was sent to my editor as a translation from the French. Of this my readers will judge. Perhaps they might be apt to suspect, without any suggestion from me, that it is an original, not a translation. Indeed, I cannot help thinking, that it contains in it much of that picturesque description, and that power of awakening the tender feelings, which so remarkably distinguish the composition of a gentleman whose writings I have often read with pleasure. But, be that as it may, as I felt myself interested in the narrative, and believed that it would affect my readers in the like manner, I have ventured to give it entire as I received it, though it will take up the room of three successive papers

To the Author of the Mirror :

Sir—More than forty years ago, an English philosopher, whose works have since been read and admired by all Europe, resided at a little town in France. Some disappointments in his native country had first driven him abroad, and he was afterwards induced to remain there, from having found, in this retreat, where the connexions even of nation and language were avoided, a perfect seclusion and retirement highly favorable to the development of abstract subjects, in which he excelled all the writers of his time.

Perhaps, in the structure of such a mind as Mr. ——'s, the finer and more delicate sensibilities are seldom known to have place, or, if originally implanted there, are in a great measure extinguished by the exertions of intense study and profound investigation. Hence the idea of philosophy and unfeelingness being united, has become proverbial, and, in common language, the former word is often used to express the latter. Our philosopher had been censured by some, as deficient in warmth and feeling: but the mildness of his manners has been allowed by all; and it is certain, that, if he was not easily melted into compassion, it was, at least, not difficult to awaken his benevolence.

One morning, while he sat busied in those speculations, which afterwards astonished the world, an old female domestic, who served him for a housekeeper, brought him word, that an elderly gentleman and his daughter had arrived in the village, the preceding evening, on their way to some distant country, and that the father had been suddenly seized in the night with a dangerous disorder, which the people of the inn where they lodged feared would prove mortal: that she had been sent for, as having some knowledge of medicine, the village surgeon being then absent; and that it was truly piteous to see the good old man, who seemed not so much afflicted by his own distress as by that which it caused to his daughter.—Her master laid aside the volume in his hand, and broke off the chain of ideas it had inspired. His nightgown was exchanged for a coat, and he followed his gouvernante to the sick man's apartment.

It was the best in the little inn where they lay, but a paltry one notwithstanding. Mr. —— was obliged to stoop as he entered it. It was floored with earth, and above were the joists not plastered, and hung with cobwebs. On a flock-bed, at one end, lay the old man he came to visit; at the foot of it sat his daughter. She was dressed in a clean white bedgown; her dark locks hung loosely over it as she bent forward, watching

the languid looks of her father. Mr. —— and his housekeeper had stood some moments in the room without the young lady's being sensible of their entering it. "Mademoiselle!" said the old woman at last, in a soft tone. She turned and showed one of the finest faces in the world. It was touched, not spoiled with sorrow; and when she perceived a stranger, whom the old woman now introduced to her, a blush at first, and then the gentle ceremonial of native politeness, which the affliction of the time tempered, but did not extinguish, crossed it for a moment, and changed its expression. It was sweetness all, however, and our philosopher felt it strongly. It was not a time for words; he offered his services in a few sincere ones. "Monsieur lies miserably ill here," said the gouvernante; "if he could possibly be moved any where."—"If he could be moved to our house," said her master. He had a spare bed for a friend, and there was a garret room unoccupied, next to the gouvernante's. It was contrived accordingly. The scruples of the stranger, who could look scruples, though he could not speak them, were overcome, and the bashful reluctance of his daughter gave way to her belief of its use to her father. The sick man was wrapped in blankets, and carried across the street to the English gentleman's. The old woman helped his daughter to nurse him there. The surgeon, who arrived soon after, prescribed a little, and nature did much for him; in a week he was able to thank his benefactor.

By that time his host had learned the name and character of his guest. He was a protestant clergyman of Switzerland, called La Roche, a widower, who had lately buried his wife, after a long and lingering illness, for which travelling had been prescribed, and was now returning home, after an ineffectual and melancholy journey, with his only child, the daughter we have mentioned.

He was a devout man, as became his profession. He possessed devotion in all its warmth, but with none of its asperity; I mean that asperity which men, called devout, sometimes indulge in. Mr. ——, though he felt no devotion, never quarrelled with it in others. His gouvernante joined the old man and his daughter in the prayers and thanksgivings which they put up on his recovery; for she, too, was a heretic, in the phrase of the village. The philosopher walked out, with his long staff and his dog, and left them to their prayers and thanksgivings. "My master," said the old woman, "alas! he is not a Christian; but he is the best of unbelievers." "Not a Christian!"—exclaimed Mademoiselle La Roche, "yet he saved my father! Heaven bless him for it; I would he were a Christian!" "There is a pride in human knowledge, my child,"

said her father, "which often blinds men to the sublime truths of revelation; hence opposers of Christianity are found among men of virtuous lives, as well as among those of dissipated and licentious characters. Nay, sometimes, I have known the latter more easily converted to the true faith than the former, because the fume of passion is more easily dissipated than the mist of false theory, and delusive speculation." "But Mr. ——," said his daughter, "alas! my father, he shall be a Christian before he dies——." She was interrupted by the arrival of their landlord.——He took her hand with an air of kindness:——She drew it away from him in silence; threw down her eyes to the ground, and left the room.——"I have been thanking God," said the good La Roche, "for my recovery." "That is right," replied his landlord. "I would not wish," continued the old man, hesitatingly, "to think otherwise; did I not look up with gratitude to that Being, I should barely be satisfied with my recovery, as a continuation of life, which, it may be, is not a real good:—Alas! I may live to wish I had died, that you had left me to die, Sir, instead of kindly relieving me;" he clasped Mr. ——'s hand—"but, when I look on this renovated being as the gift of the Almighty, I feel a far different sentiment—my heart dilates with gratitude and love to him: it is prepared for doing his will, not as a duty but as a pleasure, and regards every breach of it, not with disapprobation, but with horror." "You say right, my dear Sir," replied the philosopher; "but you are not yet re-established enough to talk much—you must take care of your health, and neither study nor preach for some time. I have been thinking over a scheme that struck me to-day, when you mentioned your intended departure. I never was in Switzerland: I have a great mind to accompany your daughter and you into that country. I will help to take care of you by the road; for as I was your first physician, I hold myself responsible for your cure." La Roche's eyes glistened at the proposal; his daughter was called in and told of it. She was equally pleased with her father; for they really loved their landlord—not perhaps the less for his infidelity; at least that circumstance mixed a sort of pity with their regard for him—their souls were not of a mould for harsher feelings; hatred never dwelt in them.

[No. 43. Tuesday, June 22, 1779.]

Continuation of the story of La Roche.

They travelled by short stages; for the philosopher was as good as his word, in taking care that the old man should not be fatigued. The party had time to be well acquainted with one another, and their friendship was increased by acquaintance. La Roche found a degree of simplicity and gentleness in his companion, which is not always annexed to the character of a learned or a wise man. His daughter, who was prepared to be afraid of him, was equally undeceived. She found in him nothing of that self-importance which superior parts, or great cultivation of them, is apt to confer. He talked of every thing but philosophy and religion; he seemed to enjoy every pleasure and amusement of ordinary life, and to be interested in the most common topics of discourse; when his knowledge of learning at any time appeared, it was delivered with the utmost plainness, and without the least shadow of dogmatism.

On his part, he was charmed with the society of the good clergyman and his lovely daughter. He found in them the guileless manner of the earliest times, with the culture and accomplishment of the most refined ones. Every better feeling, warm and vivid; every ungentle one repressed or overcome. He was not addicted to love; but he felt himself happy in being the friend of Mademoiselle La Roche, and sometimes envied her father the possession of such a child.

After a journey of eleven days, they arrived at the dwelling of La Roche. It was situated in one of those valleys of the canton of Berne, where nature seems to repose, as it were, in quiet, and has enclosed her retreat with mountains inaccessible. A stream, that spent its fury in the hills above, ran in front of the house, and a broken waterfall was seen through the wood that covered its sides; below it circled round a tufted plain, and formed a little lake in front of a village, at the end of which appeared the spire of La Roche's church, rising above a clump of beeches.

Mr. —— enjoyed the beauty of the scene; but, to his companions, it recalled the memory of a wife and parent they had lost. The old man's sorrow was silent; his daughter sobbed and wept. Her father took her hand, kissed it twice, pressed it to his bosom, threw up his eyes to heaven; and, having wiped off a tear that was just about to drop from each, began to point

out to his guest some of the most striking objects which the prospect afforded. The philosopher interpreted all this; and he could but slightly censure the creed from which it arose.

They had not been long arrived when a number of La Roche's parishioners, who had heard of his return, came to the house to see and welcome him. The honest folks were awkward, but sincere in their professions of regard. They made some attempts at condolence;—it was too delicate for their handling; but La Roche took it in good part.—"It has pleased God,"—said he; and they saw he had settled the matter with himself. Philosophy could not have done so much with a thousand words.

It was now evening, and the good peasants were about to depart, when a clock was heard to strike seven, and the hour was followed by a particular chime. The country folks, who had come to welcome their pastor, turned their looks towards him at the sound; he explained their meaning to his guest. "That is the signal," said he, "for our evening exercise: this is one of the nights of the week in which some of my parishioners are wont to join in it; a little rustic saloon serves for the chapel of our family, and such of the good people as are with us:—if you choose rather to walk out, I will furnish you with an attendant; or here are a few old books that may afford you some entertainment within."—"By no means," answered the philosopher; "I will attend Mademoiselle at her devotions."—"She is our organist," said La Roche; "our neighborhood is the country of musical mechanism; and I have a small organ fitted up for the purpose of assisting our singing."—"'Tis ar additional inducement," replied the other; and they walked into the room together. At the end stood the organ mentioned by La Roche; before it was a curtain, which his daughter drew aside, and placing herself on a seat within, and drawing the curtain close, so as to save her the awkwardness of an exhibition, began a voluntary, solemn and beautiful in the highest degree. Mr. —— was no musician, but he was not altogether insensible to music; this fastened on his mind more strongly, from its beauty being unexpected. The solemn prelude introduced a hymn, in which such of the audience as could sing, immediately joined; the words were mostly taken from holy writ; it spoke the praises of God, and his care of good men. Something was said of the death of the just, of such as die in the Lord. The organ was touched with a hand less firm;—it paused, it ceased;—and the sobbing of Mademoiselle La Roche was heard in its stead. Her father gave a sign for stopping the psalmody, and rose to pray. He was discomposed at first, and his voice faltered as he spoke; but his heart was in his words, and its warmth overcame his embarrassment. He addressed a Being

whom he loved, and he spoke for those he loved. His parishioners catched the ardor of the good old man; even the philosopher felt himself moved, and forgot, for a moment, to think why he should not.

La Roche's religion was that of sentiment, not theory, and his guest was averse from disputation; their discourse, therefore, did not lead to questions concerning the belief of either; yet would the old man sometimes speak of his, from the fulness of a heart impressed with its force, and wishing to spread the pleasure he enjoyed in it. The ideas of his God, and his Saviour, were so congenial to his mind, that every emotion of it naturally awakened them. A philosopher might have called him an enthusiast; but, if he possessed the fervor of enthusiasts, he was guiltless of their bigotry. "Our Father which art in heaven!" might the good man say—for he felt it—and all mankind were his brethren.

"You regret, my friend," said he to Mr. ——, "when my daughter and I talk of the exquisite pleasure derived from music; you regret your want of musical powers and musical feelings; it is a department of soul, you say, which nature has almost denied you, which, from the effects you see it have on others, you are sure must be highly delightful. Why should not the same thing be said of religion? Trust me, I feel it in the same way—an energy, an inspiration, which I would not lose for all the blessings of sense, or enjoyments of the world; yet, so far from lessening my relish of the pleasures of life, methinks I feel it heighten them all. The thought of receiving it from God, adds the blessing of sentiment to that of sensation in every good thing I possess; and when calamities overtake me—and I have had my share—it confers a dignity on my affliction—so lifts me above the world. Man, I know, is but a worm; yet, methinks, I am then allied to God!" It would have been inhuman in our philosopher to have clouded, even with a doubt, the sunshine of this belief.

His discourse, indeed, was very remote from metaphysical disquisition, or religious controversy. Of all men I ever knew, his ordinary conversation was the least tinctured with pedantry, or liable to dissertation. With La Roche and his daughter, it was perfectly familiar. The country round them, the manners of the villagers, the comparison of both with those of England, remarks on the works of favorite authors, on the sentiments they conveyed, and the passions they excited, with many other topics in which there was an equality, or alternate advantage, among the speakers, were the subjects they talked on. Their hours too of riding and walking were many, in which Mr. ——, as a stranger, was shown the remarkable scenes and curiosities

of the country. They would sometimes make little expeditions to contemplate, in different attitudes, those astonishing mountains, the cliffs of which, covered with eternal snows, and sometimes shooting into fantastic shapes, form the termination of most of the Swiss prospects. Our philosopher asked many questions as to their natural history and productions. La Roche observed the sublimity of the ideas which the view of their stupendous summits, inaccessible to mortal foot, was calculated to inspire, which naturally, said he, leads the mind to that Being by whom their foundations were laid.—"They are not seen in Flanders!" said Mademoiselle with a sigh. "That's an odd remark," said Mr. ——, smiling. She blushed, and he inquired no farther.

It was with regret he left a society in which he found himself so happy; but he settled with La Roche and his daughter a plan of correspondence; and they took his promise, that, if ever he came within fifty leagues of their dwelling, he should travel those fifty leagues to visit them.

[No. 44. Saturday, June 26, 1779.]

Conclusion of the story of La Roche.

About three years after, our philosopher was on a visit at Geneva; the promise he made to La Roche and his daughter, on his former visit, was recalled to his mind, by the view of that range of mountains, on a part of which they had often looked together. There was a reproach, too, conveyed along with the recollection, for his having failed to write to either for several months past. The truth was, that indolence was the habit most natural to him, from which he was not easily roused by the claims of correspondence, either of his friends or of his enemies; when the latter drew their pens in controversy, they were often unanswered as well as the former. While he was hesitating about a visit to La Roche, which he wished to make, but found the effort rather too much for him, he received a letter from the old man, which had been forwarded to him from Paris, where he had then fixed his residence. It contained a gentle complaint of Mr. ——'s want of punctuality, but an assurance of continued gratitude for his former good offices; and, as a friend whom the writer considered interested in his family, it informed him of the approaching nuptials of Mademoiselle La Roche, with a young man, a relation of her own, and formerly

a pupil of her father's, of the most amiable dispositions, and respectable character. Attached from their earliest years, they had been separated by his joining one of the subsidiary regiments of the canton, then in the service of a foreign power. In this situation, he had distinguished himself as much for courage and military skill, as for the other endowments which he had cultivated at home. The time of his service was now expired, and they expected him to return in a few weeks, when the old man hoped, as he expressed it in his letter, to join their hands, and see them happy before he died.

Our philosopher felt himself interested in this event; but he was not, perhaps, altogether so happy in the tidings of Mademoiselle La Roche's marriage, as her father supposed him. Not that he was ever a lover of the lady's; but he thought her one of the most amiable women he had seen, and there was something in the idea of her being another's for ever, that struck him, he knew not why, like a disappointment. After some little speculation on the matter, however, he could look on it as a thing fitting if not quite agreeable, and determined on this visit to see his old friend and his daughter happy.

On the last day of his journey different accidents had retarded his progress: he was benighted before he reached the quarter in which La Roche resided. His guide, however, was well acquainted with the road, and he found himself at last in view of the lake, which I have before described, in the neighborhood of La Roche's dwelling. A light gleamed on the water, that seemed to proceed from the house; it moved slowly along as he proceeded up the side of the lake, and at last he saw it glimmer through the trees, and stop at some distance from the place where he then was. He supposed it some piece of bridal merriment, and pushed on his horse that he might be a spectator of the scene; but he was a good deal shocked, on approaching the spot, to find it proceed from the torch of a person clothed in the dress of an attendant on a funeral, and accompanied by several others, who, like him, seemed to have been employed in the rites of sepulture.

On Mr. ——'s making inquiry who was the person they had been burying? one of them, with an accent more mournful than is common to their profession, answered, "Then you knew not Mademoiselle, Sir?—you never beheld a lovelier"—"La Roche!" exclaimed he, in reply—"Alas it was she indeed!"—The appearance of surprise and grief which his countenance assumed, attracted the notice of the peasant with whom he talked. He came up closer to Mr. ——; "I perceive, Sir, you were acquainted with Mademoiselle La Roche." "Acquainted with her!—Good God!—when—how—where did she die?

Where is her father?" "She died, Sir, of heart-break, I believe; the young gentleman to whom she was soon to have been married, was killed in a duel by a French officer, his intimate companion, and to whom, before their quarrel, he had often done the greatest favors. Her worthy father bears her death, as he has often told us a Christian should; he is even so composed, as to be now in his pulpit, ready to deliver a few exhortations to his parishioners, as is the custom with us on such occasions;—Follow me, Sir, and you shall hear him."—He followed the man without answering.

The church was dimly lighted, except near the pulpit, where the venerable La Roche was seated. His people were now lifting up their voices in a psalm to that Being whom their pastor had taught them ever to bless and to revere. La Roche sat, his figure bending gently forward, his eyes half-closed, lifted up in silent devotion. A lamp placed near him, threw its light strong on his head, and marked the shadowy lines of age across the paleness of his brow, thinly covered with gray hairs.

The music ceased; La Roche sat for a moment, and nature wrung a few tears from him. His people were loud in their grief. Mr. —— was not less affected than they. La Roche arose. "Father of mercies!" said he, "forgive these tears; assist thy servant to lift up his soul to thee; to lift to thee the souls of thy people? My friends, it is good so to do; at all seasons it is good; but, in the days of our distress, what a privilege it is! Well saith the sacred book, 'Trust in the Lord; at all times trust in the Lord.' When every other support fails us, when the fountains of worldly comfort are dried up, let us then seek those living waters which flow from the throne of God. 'Tis only from the belief of the goodness and wisdom of a Supreme Being, that our calamities can be borne in that manner which becomes a man. Human wisdom is here of little use; for, in proportion as it bestows comfort, it represses feeling, without which we may cease to be hurt by calamity, but we shall also cease to enjoy happiness. I will not bid you be insensible, my friends! I cannot, I cannot if I would," his tears flowed afresh—"I feel too much myself, and I am not ashamed of my feelings; but therefore may I the more willingly be heard; therefore have I prayed God to give me strength to speak to you; to direct you to Him, not with empty words, but with these tears; not from speculation but from experience,—that while you see me suffer, you may know also my consolation.

"You behold the mourner of his only child, the last earthly stay and blessing of his declining years! Such a child too! —It becomes not me to speak of her virtues; yet it is but gratitude to mention them because they were exerted toward

myself. Not many days ago you saw her young, beautiful, virtuous, and happy; ye who are parents will judge of my felicity then,—ye will judge of my affliction now. But I look towards Him who struck me; I see the hand of a father amidst the chastenings of my God. Oh! could I make you feel what it is to pour out the heart, when it is pressed down with many sorrows, to pour it out with confidence to Him, in whose hands are life and death—on whose power awaits all that the first enjoys, and in contemplation of whom disappears all that the last can inflict! For we are not as those who die without hope; we know that our Redeemer liveth,—that we shall live with Him, with our friends, His servants, in that blessed land where sorrow is unknown, and happiness is endless as it is perfect. Go then, mourn not for me; I have not lost my child: but a little while, and we shall meet again never to be separated. But ye are also my children: would ye that I should not grieve without comfort? So long as she lived—that, when your death cometh, it may be the death of the righteous, and your latter end like his."

Such was the exhortation of La Roche: his audience answered it with their tears. The good old man had dried up his at the altar of the Lord: his countenance had lost its sadness and assumed the glow of faith and hope. Mr. —— followed him into his house. The inspiration of the pulpit was past; at sight of him the scenes they had last met in rushed again on his mind; La Roche threw his arms around his neck, and watered it with his tears. The other was equally affected; they went together, in silence, into the parlor, where the evening service was wont to be performed. The curtains of the organ were open; La Roche started back at the sight. "Oh! my friend!" said he, and his tears burst forth again. Mr. —— had now recollected himself; he stepped forward, and drew the curtains close—the old man wiped off his tears, and taking his friend's hand, "You see my weakness," said he, "'tis the weakness of humanity; but my comfort is not therefore lost." "I heard you," said the other, "in the pulpit; I rejoice that such consolation is yours." "It is, my friend," said he; "and I trust I shall ever hold it fast; if there are any who doubt our faith, let them think of what importance religion is to calamity, and forbear to weaken its force; if they cannot restore our hapiness, let them not take away the solace of our affliction."

Mr. ——'s heart was smitten; and I have heard him, long after, confess, that there were moments when the remembrance overcame him even to weakness; when, amidst all the pleasures of philosophical discovery, and the pride of literary fame, he recalled to his mind the venerable figure of the good La Roche, and wished that he had never doubted.

[No. 49. Tuesday, July 13, 1779.]

As I walked one evening, about a fortnight ago, through St. Andrew's square, I observed a girl, meanly dressed, coming along the pavement at a slow pace. When I passed her, she turned a little towards me, and made a sort of halt; but said nothing. I am ill at looking any body full in the face; so I went on a few steps before I turned my eye to observe her. She had, by this time, resumed her former pace. I remarked a certain elegance in her form which the poorness of her garb could not altogether overcome. Her person was thin and genteel, and there was something not ungraceful in the stoop of her head, and the seeming feebleness with which she walked. I could not resist the desire which her appearance gave me, of knowing somewhat of her situation and circumstances: I therefore walked back, and repassed her with such a look (for I could bring myself to nothing more) as might induce her to speak what she seemed desirous to say at first. This had the effect I wished.—"Pity a poor orphan!" said she, in a voice tremulous and weak. I stopped, and put my hand in my pocket: I had now a better opportunity of observing her. Her face was thin and pale; part of it was shaded by her hair of a light brown color, which was parted, in a disordered manner, at her forehead, and hung loose upon her shoulders; round them was cast a piece of tattered cloak, which, with one hand, she held across her bosom, while the other was half outstretched to receive the bounty I intended for her. Her large blue eyes were cast on the ground: she was drawing back her hand as I put a trifle into it: on receiving which she turned them up to me, muttered something which I could not hear, and then letting go her cloak, and pressing her hands together, burst into tears.

It was not the action of an ordinary beggar, and my curiosity was strongly excited by it. I desired her to follow me to the house of a friend hard by, whose beneficence I have often had occasion to know. When she arrived there, she was so fatigued and worn out, that it was not till after some means used to restore her, that she was able to give us an account of her misfortunes.

Her name, she told us, was Collins; the place of her birth one of the northern counties of England. Her father, who had died several years ago, left her remaining parent with the charge of her, then a child, and one brother, a lad of seventeen. By his industry, however, joined to that of her mother, they were

tolerably supported, their father having died possessed of a small farm, with the right of pasturage on an adjoining common, from which they obtained a decent livelihood; that, last summer, her brother having become acquainted with a recruiting sergeant, who was quartered in a neighboring village, was by him enticed to enlist as a soldier, and soon after was marched off, along with some other recruits, to join his regiment: that this, she believed, broke her mother's heart, for that she had never afterwards had a day's health, and, at length, had died about three weeks ago: that, immediately after her death, the steward employed by the squire of whom their farm was held, took possession of every thing for the arrears of their rent: that, as she had heard her brother's regiment was in Scotland when he enlisted, she had wandered hither in quest of him, as she had no other relation in the world to own her! But she found, on arriving here, that the regiment had been embarked several months before, and was gone a great way off, she could not tell whither.

"This news," said she, "laid hold of my heart; and I have had something wrong here," putting her hand to her bosom, "ever since. I got a bed and some victuals in the house of a woman here in town, to whom I told my story, and who seemed to pity me. I had then a little bundle of things, which I had been allowed to take with me after my mother's death; but the night before last, somebody stole it from me while I slept; and so the woman said she would keep me no longer, and turned me out into the street, where I have since remained, and am almost famished for want."

She was now in better hands; but our assistance had come too late. A frame, naturally delicate, had yielded to the fatigues of her journey, and the hardships of her situation. She declined by slow and uninterrupted degrees, and yesterday breathed her last. A short while before she expired, she asked to see me; and taking from her bosom a little silver locket, which she told me had been her mother's, and which all her distresses could not make her part with, begged I would keep it for her dear brother, and give it him, if ever he should return home, as a token of her remembrance.

I felt this poor girl's fate strongly; but I tell not her story merely to indulge my feelings; I would make the reflections it may excite in my readers, useful to others who may suffer from similar causes. There are many, I fear, from whom their country has called brothers, sons, or fathers, to bleed in her service, forlorn, like poor Nancy Collins, with "no relation in the world to own them." Their sufferings are often unknown, when they are such as most demand compassion. The mind

that cannot obtrude its distresses upon the eye of pity, is formed to feel their poignancy the deepest.

In our idea of military operations, we are too apt to forget the misfortunes of the people. In defeat, we think of the fall, and in victory, of the glory of commanders; we seldom allow ourselves to consider, how many, in a lower rank, both events make wretched: how many, amidst the acclamations of national triumph, are left to the helpless misery of the widowed and the orphan; and, while Victory celebrates her festival, feel, in their distant hovels, the extremities of want and wretchedness!

It was with pleasure I saw, among the resolutions of a late patriotic assembly in this city, an agreement to assist the poor families of our absent soldiers and seamen. With no less satisfaction I read in some late newspapers, a benevolent advertisement for a meeting of gentlemen, to consider of a subscription for the same purpose. At this season of general and laudable exertion, I am persuaded such a scheme cannot fail of patronage and success. The benevolence of this country requires not argument to awaken it; yet the pleasures of its exertion must be increased by the thought, that pity to such objects is patriotism; that, here, private compassion becomes public virtue. Bounties for the encouragement of recruits to our fleets and armies, are highly meritorious donations. These, however, may sometimes bribe the covetous, and allure the needy; but that charity which gives support and protection to the families they leave behind, addresses more generous feelings; feelings which have always been held congenial to bravery and to heroism. It endears to them that home which their swords are to defend, and strengthens those ties which should ever bind the soldiers of a free state to his country.

Nor will such a provision be of less advantage to posterity than to the present times. It will save to the state many useful subjects which those families thus supported may produce, whose lives have formerly been often nurtured by penury to vice, and rendered not only useless but baneful to the community; that community which, under a more kindly influence, they might, like their fathers, have enriched by their industry, and protected by their valor.

[No. 53. Tuesday, July 26, 1779.]

To the Author of the Mirror:

Sir—I am one of the young women mentioned in two letters which you published in your 12th and 25th numbers, though I did not know till very lately that our family had been put into print in the Mirror. Since it is so, I think I too may venture to write you a letter, which, if it be not quite so well written as my father's, (though I am no great admirer of his style neither,) will at least be as true.

Soon after my Lady ——'s visit to our house, of which the last of my father's letters informed you, a sister of his, who is married to a man of business here in Edinburgh, came with her husband to see us in the country; and, though my sister Mary and I soon discovered many vulgar things about them, yet, as they were both very good-humored sort of people, and took great pains to make themselves agreeable, we could not help looking with regret to the time of their departure. When that drew near, they surprised us, by an invitation to me, to come and spend some months with my cousins in town, saying, that my mother could not miss my company at home, while she had so good a companion and assistant in the family as her daughter Mary.

To me there were not so many allurements in this journey as might have been imagined. I had lately been taught to look on London as the only capital worth visiting; besides that, I did not expect the highest satisfaction from the society I should meet with at my aunt's, which, I confess, I was apt to suppose none of the most genteel. I contrived to keep the matter in suspense, (for it was left entirely to my own determination,) till I should write for the opinion of my friend, Lady ——, on the subject; for, ever since our first acquaintance, we had kept up a constant and regular correspondence. In our letters, which were always written in a style of the warmest affection, we were in the way of talking with the greatest freedom of every body of our acquaintance. It was delightful, as her ladyship expressed it, "to unfold one's feelings in the bosom of friendship;" and she accordingly was wont to send me the most natural and lively pictures of the company who resorted to ——; and I, in return, transmitted her many anecdotes of those persons which chance or greater intimacy, gave me an opportunity of learning. To prevent discovery, we corresponded under the signatures of

Hortensia and Leonora; and some very particular intelligence her ladyship taught me not to commit to ink, but to set down in lemon juice.—I wander from my story, Mr. Mirror; "but I cannot help fondly recalling (as Emilia, in the novel, says,) those halcyon days of friendship and felicity."

When her ladyship's answer arrived, I found her clearly of opinion, that I ought to accept of my aunt's invitation. She was very jocular on the manners which she supposed I should find in that lady's family; but she said I might take the opportunity of making some acquirements, which, though London alone could perfect, Edinburgh might, in some degree, communicate. She concluded her letter with requesting the continuation of my correspondence, and a narrative of every thing that was passing in town, especially with regard to some ladies and gentlemen of her acquaintance, whom she pointed out to my particular observation.

To Edinburgh, therefore, I accompanied my aunt, and found a family very much disposed to make me happy. In this they might, perhaps, have succeeded more completely, had I not acquired, from the instructions of Lady ——, and the company I saw at her house, certain notions of polite life, with which I did not find any thing at Mr. ——'s correspond. It was often, indeed, their good-humor which offended me as coarse, and their happiness that struck me as vulgar. There was not such a thing as hip, or low spirits, among them; a sort of finery which, at ——, I found a person of fashion could not possibly be without.

They were at great pains to show me any sights that were to be seen, with some of which I was really little pleased, and with others I thought it would look like ignorance to seem pleased. They took me to the playhouse, where there was little company, and very little attention. I was carried to the concert, where the case was exactly the same. I found great fault with both; for though I had not much skill, I had got words enough for finding fault from my friend Lady ——: upon which they made an apology for our entertainment, by telling me, that the playhouse was, at that time, managed by a fiddler, and the concert was allowed to manage itself.

Our parties at home were agreeable enough. I found Mr. ——'s and my aunt's visiters very different from what I had been made to expect, and not at all the cockneys my Lady ——, and some of her humorous guests, used to describe. They were not, indeed, so polite as the fashionable company I had met at her ladyship's; but they were much more civil. Among the rest was my uncle-in-law's partner, a good looking young man, who, from the first, was so particularly attentive to

me, that my cousins jokingly called him my lover; and even my aunt sometimes told me, she believed he had a serious attachment to me; but I took care not to give him any encouragement, as I had always heard my friend Lady —— talk of the wife of a *bourgeois* as the most contemptible creature in the world.

The season at last arrived, in which I was told, the town would appear in its gayety, a great deal of good company being expected at the races. For the races I looked with anxiety, for another reason; my dear Lady —— was to be here at that period. Of this I was informed by a letter from my sister. From her ladyship I had not heard for a considerable time, as she had been engaged in a round of visits to her acquaintance in the country.

The very morning after her arrival, (for I was on the watch to get intelligence of her,) I called at her lodgings. When the servant appeared, he seemed doubtful about letting me in; at last he ushered me into a little darkish parlor, where, after waiting about half an hour, he brought me word, that his lady could not try on the gown I had brought then, but desired me to fetch it next day at eleven. I now perceived there had been a mistake as to my person; and telling the fellow, somewhat angrily, that I was no mantuamaker, desired him to carry to his lady a slip of paper, on which I wrote with a pencil the well-known name of Leonora. On his going up stairs, I heard a loud peal of laughter above, and soon after he returned with a message, that Lady —— was sorry she was particularly engaged at present, and could not possibly see me. Think, Sir, with what astonishment I heard this message from Hortensia. I left the house, I know not whether most ashamed or angry; but afterwards I began to persuade myself, that there might be some particular reasons for Lady ——'s not seeing me at that time, which she might explain at meeting; and I imputed the terms of the message to the rudeness or simplicity of the footman. All that day, and the next, I waited impatiently for some note of explanation or inquiry from her ladyship, and was a good deal disappointed when I found the second evening arrive, without having received any such token of her remembrance. I went, rather in low spirits, to the play. I had not been long in the house, when I saw Lady —— enter the next box. My heart fluttered at the sight; and I watched her eyes, that I might take the first opportunity of presenting myself to her notice. I saw them, soon after, turned towards me, and immediately curtsied, with a significant smile, to my noble friend, who, being shortsighted, it would seem, which, however, I had never remarked before, stared at me for some moments, without

taking notice of my salute, and at last was just putting up a glass to her eye, to point it at me, when a lady pulled her by the sleeve, and made her take notice of somebody on the opposite side of the house. She never afterwards happened to look to that quarter where I was seated.

Still, however, I was not quite discouraged, and, on an accidental change of places in our box, contrived to place myself at the end of the bench next her ladyship's so that there was only a piece of thin board between us. At the end of the act I ventured to ask her how she did, and to express my happiness at seeing her in town; adding, that I had called the day before, but had found her particularly engaged. "Why, yes," said she, "Miss Homespun, I am always extremely hurried in town, and have time to receive only a very few visits; but I will be glad if you will come some morning and breakfast with me—but not to-morrow, for there is a morning concert; nor next day, for I have a musical party at home—In short, you may come some morning next week, when the hurry will be over; and, if I am not gone out of town, I will be happy to see you." I don't know what answer I should have made; but she did not give me an opportunity; for a gentleman in a green uniform coming into the box, she immediately made room for him to sit between us. He, after a broad stare full in my face, turned his back my way, and sat in that posture all the rest of the evening.

I am not so silly, Mr. Mirror, but I can understand the meaning of all this. My lady, it seems, is contented to have some humble friends in the country whom she does not think worthy of her notice in town; but I am determined to show her, that I have a prouder spirit than she imagines, and shall not go near her either in town or country. What is more, my father shan't vote for her friend at next election, if I can help it.

What vexes me beyond every thing else, is, that I had been often telling my aunt and her daughters of the intimate footing I was on with Lady ——, and what a violent friendship we had for each other; and so, from envy, perhaps, they used to nickname me the countess, and Lady Leonora. Now that they have got the story of the mantua-maker and the playhouse, (for I was so angry I could not conceal it,) I am ashamed to hear the name of a lady of quality mentioned, even if it be only in a book from the circulating library. Do write a paper, Sir, against pride and haughtiness, and people forgetting their country friends and acquaintance, and you will very much oblige,

Yours, &c.

ELIZABETH HOMESPUN.

P. S. My uncle's partner, the young gentleman I mentioned

above, takes my part when my cousins joke upon intimacies with great folks; I think he is a much genteeler and better bred man than I took him for at first.

[No. 72. Saturday, January 15, 1780.]

Sunt lacrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.—*Virgil.*

The consideration of death has been always made use of, by the moralist and the divine, as a powerful incentive to virtue and to piety. From the uncertainty of life, they have endeavored to sink the estimation of its pleasures, and if they could not strip the seductions of vice of their present enjoyment, at least to load them with the fear of their end.

Voluptuaries, on the other hand, have, from a similar reflection endeavored to enhance the value, and persuade to the enjoyment of temporal delights. They have advised us to pluck the roses which would otherwise soon wither of themselves, to seize the moments which we could not long command, and, since time was unavoidably fleeting, to crown its flight with joy.

Of neither of these persuasives, whether of the moral or the licentious, the severe or the gay, have the effects been great. Life must necessarily consist of active scenes, which exclude from its general tenor the leisure of meditation, and the influence of thought. The schemes of the busy will not be checked by the uncertainty of their event, nor the amusements of the dissipated be either controlled or endeared by the shortness of their duration. Even the cell of the anchorite, and the cloister of the monk, have their business and their pleasures; for study may become business and abstraction pleasure, when they engage the mind and occupy the time. A man may even enjoy the present, and forget the future, at the very moment in which he is writing of the insignificancy of the former, and the importance of the latter.

It were easy to show the wisdom and benignity of Providence —Providence, ever wise and benign, in this particular of our constitution; but it would be trite to repeat arguments too obvious not to have been often observed, and too just not to have been always allowed.

But, though neither the situation of the world, nor the formation of our minds, allow the thoughts of futurity or death a constant or prevailing effect upon our lives, they may surely

sometimes, not unseasonably, press upon our imagination, even exclusive of their moral or religious use, there is a sympathetic enjoyment which often makes it not only better, but more delightful to go to the house of mourning, than to the house of feasting.

Perhaps I felt it so, when but a few days since, I attended the funeral of a young lady, who was torn, in the bloom of youth and beauty, from the arms of a father who doated on her, of a family by whom she was adored; I think I would not have exchanged my feelings at that time, for all the mirth which gayety could inspire, or all the pleasures which luxury could bestow.

Maria was in her twentieth year. To the beauty of her form, and excellence of her natural disposition, a parent equally indulgent and attentive had done the fullest justice. To accomplish her person, and to cultivate her mind, every endeavor had been used; and they had been attended with that success which they commonly meet with, when, not prevented by mistaken fondness or untimely vanity. Few young ladies have attracted more admiration; none ever felt it less: with all the charms of beauty, and the polish of education, the plainest were not less affected, nor the most ignorant less assuming. She died when every tongue was eloquent of her virtues, when every hope was ripening to reward them.

It is by such private and domestic distresses, that the softer emotions of the heart are most strongly excited. The fall of more important personages is commonly distant from our observation; but even where it happens under our immediate notice, there is a mixture of other feelings by which our compassion is weakened. The eminently great, or extensively useful, leave behind them a train of interrupted views, and disappointed expectations, by which the distress is complicated beyond the simplicity of pity. But the death of one, who, like Maria, was to shed the influence of her virtues over the age of a father, and the childhood of her sisters, presents to us a little view of family affliction, which every eye can perceive, and every heart can feel. On scenes of public sorrow and national regret, we gaze as upon those gallery pictures which strike us with wonder and admiration; domestic calamity is like the miniature of a friend, which we wear in our bosoms, and keep for secret looks and solitary enjoyment.

The last time I saw Maria was in the midst of a crowded assembly of the fashionable and the gay, where she fixed all eyes by the gracefulness of her motions, and the native dignity of her mien; yet so tempered was that superiority which they conferred with gentleness and modesty, that not a murmur was

heard, either from the rivalship of beauty, or the envy of homeliness. From that scene the transition was so violent to the hearse and the pall, the grave and the sod, that once or twice my imagination turned rebel to my senses: I beheld the objects around me as the painting of a dream, and thought of Maria as living still.

I was soon, however, recalled to the sad reality. The figure of her father bending over the grave of his darling child; the silent suffering composure in which his countenance was fixed; the tears of his attendants, whose grief was light, and capable of tears; these gave me back the truth, and reminded me that I should see her no more. There was a flow of sorrow with which I suffered myself to be borne along, with a melancholy kind of indulgence; but when her father dropped the cord with which he had helped to lay his Maria in the earth, its sound on the coffin chilled my heart, and horror for a moment took the place of pity!

It was but for a moment. He looked eagerly into the grave; made one involuntary motion to stop the assistants who were throwing the earth into it; then suddenly recollecting himself, clasped his hands together, threw up his eyes to heaven; and then first I saw a few tears drop from them. I gave language to all this. It spoke a lesson of faith, and piety, and resignation. I went away sorrowful, but my sorrow was neither ungentle nor unmanly; cast on this world a glance rather of pity than of enmity; on the next, a look of humbleness and hope!

Such, I am persuaded, will commonly be the effect of scenes like that I have described, on minds neither frigid nor unthinking; for, feelings like these, the gloom of the ascetic is as little susceptible as the levity of the giddy. There needs a certain pliancy of mind, which society alone can give, though its vices often destroy, to render us capable of that gentle melancholy which makes sorrow pleasant, and affliction useful.

It is not from a melancholy of this sort, that men are prompted to the cold unfruitful virtues of monkish solicitude. These are often the effects rather of passion secluded than repressed, rather of temptation avoided than overcome. The crucifix and the rosary, the death's head and the bones, if custom has not made them indifferent, wilt rather chill desire than excite virtue; but, amidst the warmth of social affection, and of social sympathy, the heart will feel the weakness, and enjoy the duties of humanity.

Perhaps it will be said, that such situations, and such reflections as the foregoing, will only affect minds already too tender, and be disregarded by those who need the lessons they impart. But this, I apprehend, is to allow too much to the force of habit,

and the resistance of prejudice. I will not pretend to assert that rooted principles, and long-established conduct, are suddenly to be changed by the effects of situation, or the eloquence of sentiment; but if it be granted that such change ever took place who shall determine by what imperceptible motive, or accidental impression, it was first begun? And, even if the influence of such a call to thought can only smother, in its birth, one allurement to evil, or confirm one wavering purpose to virtue, I shall not have unjustly commended that occasional indulgence of pensiveness and sorrow, which will thus be rendered not only one of the refinements, but one of the improvements of life.

[No. 101. Tuesday, April 25, 1780.]

To the Author of the Mirror:

Sir—In books, whether moral or amusing, there are no passages more captivating, both to the writer and the reader, than those delicate strokes of sentimental morality, which refer our actions to the determination of feeling. In these the poet, the novel writer, and the essayist, have always delighted; you are not, therefore, singular, for having dedicated so much of the Mirror to sentiment and sensibility. I imagine, however, Sir, there is much danger in pushing these qualities too far: the rules of our conduct should be founded on a basis more solid, if they are to guide us through the various situations of life: but the young enthusiast of sentiment and feeling is apt to despise those lessons of vulgar virtue and prudence, which would confine the movements of a soul formed to regulate itself by finer impulses. I speak from experience, Mr. Mirror; with what justice you shall judge, when you have heard the little family history I am going to relate.

My niece, Emilia ——, was left to my care by a brother whom I dearly loved, when she was a girl of about ten years old. The beauty of her countenance, and the elegance of her figure, had already attracted universal notice; as her mind opened, it was found not less worthy of admiration. To the sweetest natural disposition, she united uncommon powers both of genius and of understanding; these I spared no pains to cultivate and improve; and I think I so far succeeded, that, in her eighteenth year, Emilia was inferior to few women of her age, either in personal attractions or in accomplishments of the mind.

My fond hopes (for she was a daughter to me, Mr. Mirror,) looked now for the reward of my labor, and I pictured her future life as full of happiness as of virtue.

One feature of her mind was strongly predominant; a certain delicacy and fineness of feeling which she had inherited from nature, and which her earliest reading had tended to encourage and increase. To this standard she was apt to bring both her own actions and the actions of others; and allowed more to its effects, both in praise and blame, than was consistent with either justice or expediency. I sometimes endeavored gently to combat these notions. She was not always logical, but she was always eloquent in their defence; and I found her more confirmed on their side, the more I obliged her to be their advocate. I preferred, therefore, being silent on the subject, trusting that a little more experience and knowledge of the world would necessarily weaken their influence.

At her age, and with her feelings, it is necessary to have a friend: Emilia had found one at a very early period. Harriet S—— was the daughter of a neighbor of my brother's, a few years older than my niece. Several branches of their education the two young ladies had received together; in these the superiority lay much on the side of Emilia. Harriet was nowise remarkable for fineness of genius or quickness of parts; but though her acquirements were moderate, she knew how to manage them to advantage, and there was often a certain avowal of her inferiority, which conciliated affection the more, as it did not claim admiration. Her manners were soft and winning, like those of Emilia, her sentiments as delicate and exalted; there seemed, however, less of nature in both.

Emilia's attachment to this young lady I found every day increase, till, at last, it so totally engrossed her as rather to displease me. When together, their attention was confined almost entirely to each other; or what politeness forced them to bestow upon others, they considered as a tax which it was fair to elude as much as possible. The world, a term which they applied indiscriminately to almost every one but themselves, they seemed to feel as much pride as happiness in being secluded from; and its laws of prudence and propriety, they held the invention of cold and selfish minds, insensible of the delights of feeling, of sentiment, and of friendship. These ideas were, I believe, much strengthened by a correspondence that occupied most of the hours (not many, indeed,) in which they were separated. Against this I ventured to remonstrate in a jocular manner, with Emilia; she answered me in a strain so serious, as convinced me of the danger of so romantic an attachment. Our discourse on the subject grew insensibly warm; Emilia at last

burst into tears; and I apologized for having, I knew not how offended her. From that day forth, though I continued her adviser, I found I had ceased to be her friend.

That office was now Harriet's alone; the tie only wanted some difficulty to rivet it closer, some secret to be entrusted with, some distress to alleviate. Of this an opportunity soon after presented itself. Harriet became enamored of a young gentleman of the name of Marlow, an officer of the dragoons, who had come to the country on a visit to her brother, with whom he had been acquainted at college. As she inherited several thousand pounds, independent of her expectations from her father, such a match was a very favorable one for a young man who possessed no revenue but his commission. But, for that very reason, the consent of the young lady's relations was not to be looked for. After some time, therefore, of secret and ardent attachment, of which my niece was the confidant, the young folks married without it, and trusted to the common relentings of parental affection, to forgive a fault which could not be remedied. But the father of Harriet remained quite inexorable; nor was his resentment softened even by her husband's leaving the army; a step which, it was hoped, might have mitigated his anger, as he had often declared it principally to arise from his daughter's marrying a soldier.

After some fruitless attempts to reinstate themselves in the old gentleman's affections, they took up their residence in a provincial town, in a distant part of the kingdom; where, as Harriet described their situation to Emilia, they found every wish gratified in the increasing tenderness of one another. Emilia, soon after, went to see them in their new abode: her description of their happiness, on her return, was warm to a degree of rapture. Her visit was repeated on occasion of Harriet's lying-in of her first child. This incident was a new source of delight to Emilia's friends, and of pleasure to her in their society. Harriet, whose recovery was slow, easily prevailed on her to stay till it was completed. She became a member of the family, and it was not without much regret on both sides, that she left, at the end of six months, a house from which, as she told me, the world was secluded, where sentiment regulated the conduct, and happiness rewarded it. All this while I was not without alarm, and could not conceal my uneasiness from Emilia: I represented the situation in which her friend stood, whom prudent people must consider as having, at least, made a bold step, if not a blameable one. I was answered rather angrily, by a warm remonstrance against the inhumanity of parents, the unfeelingness of age, and the injustice of the world.

That happiness, which my niece had described as the inmate of Harriet's family, was not of long duration. Her husband, tired of the inactive scene into which his marriage had cast him, grew first discontented at home, and then sought for that pleasure abroad which his own house could not afford him. His wife felt this change warmly, and could not restrain herself from expressing her feelings. Her complaints grew into reproaches, and riveted her husband's dislike to her society, and his relish for the society of others. Emilia was, as usual, the confidant to her friend's distress; it was now increased to a lingering illness, which had succeeded the birth of her second girl. After informing me of those disagreeable circumstances in which her Harriet was situated, Emilia told me she had formed the resolution of participating, at least, if she could not alleviate, her friend's distress, by going directly to reside in her house. Though I had now lost the affections of my niece, she had not yet forced me into indifference for her. Against this proposal I remonstrated in the strongest manner. You will easily guess my arguments; but Emilia would not allow them any force. In vain I urged the ties of duty, of prudence, and of character. They only produced an eulogium on generosity, on friendship, and on sentiment. I could not so far command my temper as to forbear some observations, which my niece interpreted into reflections upon her Harriet. She grew warm on the subject; my affection for her would not suffer me to be cool. At last, in the enthusiasm of her friendship, she told me I had cancelled every bond of relationship between us; that she would instantly leave my house, and return to it no more. She left it accordingly, and set out for Harriet's that very morning.

There, as I learned, she found that lady in a situation truly deplorable: her health declined, her husband cruel, and the fortune she had brought him wasted among his companions at the tavern and the gaming table. The last calamity the fortune of Emilia enabled her to relieve; but the two first she could not cure, and her friend was fast sinking under them. She was at last seized with a disorder which her weak frame was unable to resist, and which, her physicians informed Emilia, would soon put a period to her life. This intelligence she communicated to the husband in a manner suited to wring his heart for the treatment he had given his wife. In effect, Marlow was touched with that remorse which the consequences of profligate folly will sometimes produce in men more weak than wicked. He too had been in use to talk of feeling and of sentiment. He was willing to be impelled by the passions, though not restrained by the principles of virtue, and to taste the pleasures of vice, while he thought he abhorred its depravity His conversion was

now as violent as sudden. Emilia believed it sincere, because confidence was natural to her, and the effects of sudden emotion her favorite system. By her means a thorough reunion took place between Mr. and Mrs. Marlow; and the short while the latter survived, was passed in that luxury of reconcilement, which more than reinstates the injurer in our affection. Harriet died in the arms of her husband; and, by a solemn adjuration, left to Emilia the comfort of him, and the care of her children.

There is in the communion of sorrow one of the strongest of all connexions; and the charge which Emilia had received from her dying friend of her daughters, necessarily produced the freest and most frequent intercourse with their father. Debts, which his former course of life had obliged him to contract, he was unable to pay: and the demands of his creditors were the more peremptory, as, by the death of his wife, the hopes of any pecuniary assistance from her father were cut off. In the extremity of this distress, he communicated it to Emilia. Her generosity relieved him from the embarrassment, and gave him that further tie which is formed by the gratitude of those we oblige. Meanwhile, from the exertions of that generosity, she suffered considerable inconvenience. The world was loud, and sometimes scurrilous, in its censure of her conduct. I tried once more, by a letter written with all the art I was master of, to recall her from the labyrinth in which this false sort of virtue had involved her. My endeavors were vain. I found that sentiment, like religion, had its superstition, and its martyrdom. Every hardship she suffered she accounted a trial, every censure she endured she considered as a testimony of her virtue. At last my poor deluded niece was so entangled in the toils which her own imagination, and the art of Marlow, had spread for her, that she gave to the dying charge of Harriet the romantic interpretation of becoming the wife of her widower, and the mother of her children. My heart bleeds, Mr. Mirror, while I foresee the consequences! She will be wretched, with feelings ill-accommodated to her wretchedness. Her sensibility will aggravate that ruin to which it has led her, and the world will not even afford their pity to distresses, which the prudent may blame, and the selfish may deride.

Let me warn at least where I cannot remedy. Tell your readers this story, Sir. Tell them, there are bounds beyond which virtuous feelings cease to be virtue; that the decisions of sentiment are subject to the control of prudence, and the ties of friendship subordinate to the obligations of duty.

I am, &c.

LEONTIUS.

[No. 108. Saturday, May 20, 1780.]

Ah, vices! gilded by the rich and gay.—*Shenstone.*

If we examine impartially that estimate of pleasure, which the higher ranks of society are apt to form, we shall probably be surprised to find how little there is in it either of natural feeling or real satisfaction. Many a fashionable voluptuary, who has not totally blunted his taste or his judgment, will own in the intervals of recollection, how often he has suffered from the insipidity or the pain of his enjoyments; and that, if it were not for the fear of being laughed at, it were sometimes worth while, even on the score of pleasure, to be virtuous.

Sir Edward ——, to whom I had the pleasure of being introduced at Florence, was a character much beyond that which distinguishes the generality of English travellers of fortune. His story was known to some of his countrymen who then resided in Italy; from one of whom, who could now and then talk of something besides pictures and operas, I had a particular recital of it.

He had been first abroad at an early period of life, soon after the death of his father had left him master of a very large estate, which he had the good fortune to inherit, and all the inclination natural to youth to enjoy. Though always sumptuous, however, and sometimes, profuse, he was observed never to be ridiculous in his expenses; and though he was now and then talked of as a man of pleasure and dissipation, he always left behind more instances of beneficence than of irregularity. For that respect and esteem in which his character, amidst all his little errors, was generally held, he was supposed a good deal indebted to the society of a gentleman, who had been his companion at the university, and now attended him rather as a friend than a tutor. This gentleman was, unfortunately, seized at Marseilles with a lingering disorder, for which he was under the necessity of taking a sea voyage, leaving Sir Edward to prosecute the remaining part of his intended tour alone.

Descending into one of the valleys of Piedmont, where, notwithstanding the ruggedness of the road, Sir Edward, with a prejudice natural to his country, preferred the conveyance of an English hunter to that of an Italian mule, his horse unluckily made a false step, and fell with his rider to the ground, from which Sir Edward was lifted by his servants with scarce any signs of life. They conveyed him on a litter to the nearest

house, which happened to be the dwelling of a peasant rather above the common rank, before whose door some of his neighbors were assembled at a scene of rural merriment, when the train of Sir Edward brought up their master in the condition I have described. The compassion natural to his situation was excited in all; but the owner of the mansion, whose name was Venoni, was particularly moved with it. He applied himself immediately to the care of the stranger, and, with the assistance of his daughter, who had left the dance she was engaged in, with great marks of agitation, soon restored Sir Edward to sense and life. Venoni possessed some little skill in surgery, and his daughter produced a book of recipes in medicine. Sir Edward, after being blooded, was put to bed, and tended with every possible care by his host and his family. A considerable degree of fever was the consequence of his accident; but after some days it abated; and, in little more than a week, he was able to join in the society of Venoni and his daughter.

He could not help expressing some surprise at the appearance of refinement in the conversation of the latter, much beyond what her situation seemed likely to confer. Her father accounted for it. She had received her education in the house of a lady, who happened to pass through the valley, and to take shelter in Venoni's cottage (for his house was but a better sort of cottage) the night of her birth. "When her mother died," said he, "the Signora, whose name, at her desire, we had given the child, took her home to her own house: there she was taught many things, of which there is no need here, yet she is not so proud of her learning as to wish to leave her father in his old age; and I hope soon to have her settled near me for life."

But Sir Edward had now an opportunity of knowing Louisa better than from the description of her father. Music and painting, in both of which arts she was a tolerable proficient, Sir Edward had studied with success. Louisa felt a sort of pleasure from her drawings, which they had never given her before, when they were praised by Sir Edward; and the family concerts of Venoni were very different from what they had formerly been, when once his guest was so far recovered as to be able to join in them. The flute of Venoni excelled all the other music of the valley; his daughter's lute was much beyond it; Sir Edward's violin was finer than either. But his conversation with Louisa—it was that of a superior order of beings!—science, taste, sentiment!—it was long since Louisa had heard these sounds; amidst the ignorance of the valley, it was luxury to hear them; from Sir Edward, who was one of the most engaging figures I ever saw, they were doubly delightful. In his

countenance, there was also an expression animated and interesting; his sickness had overcome somewhat of the first, but greatly added to the power of the latter.

Louisa's was no less captivating—and Sir Edward had not seen it so long without emotion. During his illness he thought this emotion but gratitude; and, when it first grew warmer, he checked it, from the thought of her situation, and of the debt he owed her. But the struggle was too ineffectual to overcome; and, of consequence, increased his passion. There was but one way in which the pride of Sir Edward allowed of its being gratified. He sometimes thought of this as a base and unworthy one; but he was the fool of words which he had often despised, the slave of manners he had often condemned. He at last compromised matters with himself; he resolved, if he could, to think no more of Louisa; at any rate, to think no more of the ties of gratitude, or the restraints of virtue.

Louisa, who trusted to both, now communicated to Sir Edward an important secret. It was at the close of a piece of music, which they had been playing in the absence of her father. She took up her lute, and touched a little wild, melancholy air, which she had composed to the memory of her mother. "That," said she, "nobody ever heard except my father; I play it sometimes when I am alone, and in low spirits. I don't know how I came to think of it now; yet I have some reason to be sad." Sir Edward pressed to know the cause; after some hesitation she told it all. Her father had fixed on the son of a neighbor, rich in possessions, but rude in manners, for a husband. Against this match, she had always protested as strongly, as a sense of duty, and the mildness of her nature, would allow; but Venoni was obstinately bent on the match, and she was wretched from the thoughts of it.—"To marry, when one cannot love,—to marry such a man, Sir Edward!"—It was an opportunity beyond his power of resistance. Sir Edward pressed her hand; said it would be profanation to think of such a marriage; praised her beauty, extolled her virtues; and concluded by swearing that he adored her. She heard him with unsuspecting pleasure, which her blushes could ill conceal. Sir Edward improved the favorable moment; talked of the ardency of his passion, the insignificancy of ceremonies and forms, the inefficacy of legal engagements, the eternal duration of those dictated by love; and, in fine, urged her going off with him, to crown both their days with happiness. Louisa started at that proposal. She would have reproached him, but her heart was not made for it; she could only weep.

They were interrupted by the arrival of her father with his intended son-in-law. He was just such a man as Louisa had

represented him—coarse, vulgar, and ignorant. But Venoni, though much above his neighbors in every thing but riches, looked upon him as poorer men often look on the wealthy, and discovered none of his imperfections. He took his daughter aside, told her he had brought her future husband, and that he intended they should be married in a week at farthest.

Next morning Louisa was indisposed, and kept her chamber. Sir Edward was now perfectly recovered. He was engaged to go out with Venoni; but, before his departure, he took up his violin, and touched a few plaintive notes on it. They were heard by Louisa.

In the evening she wandered forth to indulge her sorrows alone. She had reached a sequestered spot, where some poplars formed a thicket, on the banks of a little stream that watered the valley. A nightingale was perched on one of them, and had already begun his accustomed song. Louisa sat down on a withered stump leaning her cheek upon her hand. After a little while, the bird was scared from its perch, and flitted from the thicket. Louisa rose from the ground, and burst into tears! She turned—and beheld Sir Edward. His countenance had much of its former languor; and, when he took her hand, he cast on the earth a melancholy look, and seemed unable to speak his feelings. "Are you not well, Sir Edward?" said Louisa, with a voice faint and broken. "I am ill indeed," said he, "but my illness is of the mind. Louisa cannot cure me of that. I am wretched, but I deserve to be so. I have broken every law of hospitality, and every obligation of gratitude. I have dared to wish for happiness, and to speak what I wished, though it wounded the heart of my dearest benefactress—but I will make a severe expiation. This moment I leave you Louisa! I go to be wretched; but you may be happy, happy in your duty to a father; happy, it may be, in the arms of a husband, whom the possession of such a wife may teach refinement and sensibility. I go to my native country, to hurry through scenes of irksome business, or tasteless amusement; that I may, if possible, procure a sort of half-oblivion of that happiness which I have left behind, a listless endurance of that life which I once dreamed might be made delightful with Louisa."

Tears were the only answer she could give. Sir Edward's servants appeared with a carriage, ready for his departure. He took from his pocket two pictures: one he had drawn of Louisa, he fastened round his neck, and kissing it with rapture, hid it in his bosom. The other he held out in a hesitating manner. "This," said he, "if Louisa will except of it, may sometimes put her in mind of him who once offended, who can never cease to adore her She may look on it, perhaps, after the original

is no more; when this heart shall have forgot to love, and cease to be wretched."

Louisa was at first overcome. Her face was first pale as death; then suddenly it was crossed with a crimson blush. "Oh! Sir Edward!" said she, "What—what would you have me do?" He eagerly seized her hand, and led her, reluctant, to the carriage. They entered it and driving off with furious speed, were soon out of sight of those hills which pastured the flocks of the unfortunate Venoni.

[No. 109. Tuesday, May 23, 1780.]

The story of Louisa Venoni continued.

The virtue of Louisa was vanquished, but her sense of virtue was not overcome. Neither the vows of eternal fidelity of her seducer, nor the constant and respectful attention which he paid her during a hurried journey to England, could allay that anguish which she suffered at the recollection of her past, and the thoughts of her present situation. Sir Edward felt strongly the power of her beauty, and of her grief. His heart was not made for that part which, it is probable, he thought it could have performed: it was still subject to remorse, to compassion, and to love. These emotions, perhaps, he might soon have overcome, had they been met by vulgar violence, or reproaches; but the quiet and unupbraiding sorrows of Louisa, nourished those feelings of tenderness and attachment. She never mentioned her wrongs in words; sometimes a few starting tears would speak them; and when time had given her a little more composure, her lute discoursed melancholy music.

On their arrival in England, Sir Edward carried Louisa to his seat in the country. There she was treated with all the observance of a wife; and had she chosen it, might have commanded more than the ordinary splendor of one. But she would not allow the indulgence of Sir Edward to blazon with equipage and show that state which she wished always to hide, and, if possible, forget. Her books and her music were her only pleasures, if pleasures they could be called, that served but to alleviate misery, and to blunt, for a while, the pangs of contrition.

These were deeply aggravated by the recollection of her father; a father left in his age to feel his own misfortunes and his

daughter's disgrace. Sir Edward was to generous no to think of providing for Venoni. He meant to make some atonement for the injury he had done him, by that cruel bounty which is reparation only to the base, but to the honest is insult. He had not, however, an opportunity of accomplishing his purpose. He learned that Venoni, soon after his daughter's elopement, removed from his former place of residence, and, as his neighbors reported, had died in one of the villages of Savoy. His daughter felt this with anguish the most poignant, and her affliction, for a while, refused consolation. Sir Edward's whole tenderness and attention were called forth to mitigate her grief; and, after its first transports had subsided, he carried her to London, in hopes that objects new to her, and commonly attractive to all, might contribute to remove it.

With a man possessed of feelings like Sir Edward's the affliction of Louisa gave a certain respect to his attentions. He hired her a house separate from his own, and treated her with all the delicacy of the purest attachment. But his solicitude to comfort and amuse her was not attended with success. She felt all the horrors of that guilt; which she now considered as not only the ruin of herself, but the murderer of her father.

In London, Sir Edward found his sister, who had married a man of great fortune, and high fashion. He had married her, because she was a fine woman, and admired by fine men; she had married him, because he was the wealthiest of her suitors. They lived, as is common to people in such a situation, necessitous with a princely revenue, and very wretched amidst perpetual gayety. This scene was so foreign from the idea Sir Edward had formed of the reception his country and friends were to afford him, that he found a constant source of disgust in the society of his equals. In their conversation fantastic, not refined, their ideas were frivolous, and their knowledge shallow; and with all the pride of birth and insolence of station, their principles were mean, and their minds ignoble. In their pretended attachments, he discovered only designs of selfishness: and their pleasures, he experienced, were as fallacious as their friendships. In the society of Louisa he found sensibility and truth; hers was the only heart that seemed interested in his welfare; she saw the return of virtue in Sir Edward, and felt the friendship which he showed her. Sometimes when she perceived him sorrowful, her lute would leave its melancholy for more lively airs, and her countenance assume a gayety it was not formed to wear. But her heart was breaking with that anguish which her generosity endeavored to conceal from him; her frame, too delicate for the struggle with her feelings, seemed to yield to their force; her rest forsook her; the color faded in

her cheek: the lustre of her eyes grew dim. Sir Edward saw those symptoms of decay with the deepest remorse. Often did he curse those false ideas of pleasure, which had led him to consider the ruin of an artless girl, who loved and trusted him, as an object which it was luxury to attain, and pride to accomplish. Often did he wish to blot out from his life a few guilty months, to be again restored to an opportunity of giving happiness to that family, whose unsuspecting kindness he had repaid with the treachery of a robber, and the cruelty of an assassin.

One evening, while he sat in a little parlor with Louisa, his mind alternately agitated and softened with this impression, a hand organ of a remarkably sweet tone, was heard in the street. Louisa laid aside her lute and listened; the airs it played were those of her native country; and a few tears, which she endeavored to hide, stole from her on hearing them. Sir Edward ordered a servant to fetch the organist into the room: he was brought in accordingly, and seated at the door of the apartment.

He played one or two sprightly tunes, to which Louisa had often danced in her infancy; she gave herself up to the recollection, and her tears flowed without control. Suddenly the musician, changing the stop, introduced a little melancholy air of a wild and plaintive kind. Louisa started from her seat, and rushed up to the stranger. He threw off a tattered coat, and black patch. It was her father!—She would have sprung to embrace him; he turned aside for a few moments, and would not receive her into his arms. But Nature at last overcame his resentment; he burst into tears, and pressed to his bosom his long lost daughter.

Sir Edward stood fixed in astonishment and confusion.—"I come not to upbraid you," said Venoni; "I am a poor, weak, old man, unable for upbraidings; I am come but to find my child, to forgive her and to die! When you saw us first, Sir Edward, we were not thus. You found us virtuous and happy; we danced and we sung, and there was not a sad heart in the valley where we dwelt. Yet we left our dancing, our songs, and our cheerfulness; you were distressed, and we pitied you. Since that day the pipe has never been heard in Venoni's fields; grief and sickness have almost brought him to the grave; and his neighbors, who loved and pitied him, have been cheerful no more. Yet, methinks though you robbed us of happiness, you are not happy; else why that dejected look, which, amidst all the grandeur around you, I saw you wear, and those tears which, under all the gaudiness of her apparel, I saw that poor deluded girl shed?"—"But she shall shed no more," cried Sir Edward; "you shall be happy, and I shall be just. Forgive, my venerable friend, the injuries which I have done thee; forgive me.

my Louisa, for rating your excellence at a price so mean. I have seen those high-born females to which my rank might have allied me; I am ashamed of their vices, and sick of their follies. Profligate in their hearts, amidst affected purity they are slaves to pleasure, without the sincerity of passion; and, with the name of honor, are insensible to the feelings of virtue. You, my Louisa!—but I will not call up recollections that might render me less worthy of your future esteem—Continue to love your Edward; but a few hours, and you shall add the title to the affections of a wife; let the care and tenderness of a husband bring back its peace to your mind, and its bloom to your cheek. We will leave for a while the wonder and the envy of the fashionable circle here. We will restore your father to his native home; under that roof I shall once more be happy; happy without alloy, because I shall deserve my happiness. Again shall the pipe and the dance gladden the valley and innocence and peace beam on the cottage of Venoni!"

THE END.

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